

LIPPINCOTT'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AUGUST 1907

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MARIE VAN VORST'S NEW NOVEL

COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER

"WHEN SPRING COMES LATE"

CAROLYN WELLS JOHNSON MORTON WILL COMFORT
MRS. JOHN VAN VORST JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS
AND TWENTY OTHERS

LONDON
5 HENRIETTA
STREET.
COVENT
GARDEN
PARIS
BRENTANO'S
37 AVENUE
DE L'OPERA

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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LIPPINCOTT'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1907



WHEN SPRING COMES LATE

by MARIE VAN VORST

I.

WHEN Dagget said that he would forgive his wife, he had meant it with the same sincerity he had meant the "love, honor, and cherish" in the marriage service which, quietly, with no emotion and a sense of calm satisfaction, he had three years before repeated after the rector in the Westminster Episcopal Church. The promise to love, honor, and cherish is one set of responsibilities—one might almost call them pleasures; the promise to forgive is quite a different affair! It is not in the marriage service, and is another consideration entirely.

As Dagget kept his churchly vows—and in reviewing his married years he fully acquitted his performance—so he intended to keep the other, made before no priest, but tacitly, simply given to the woman who had done him signal wrong.

When what he knew had come to his cognizance his first thought had been of his son, his second of his wife; then, calmly, with a mingling of scorn, disdain, and wonder, of the other man. Of himself, as a wronged man, he had not thought until these last days when, alone with his wife in a foreign country, under the influence of novel environments, he found himself cast upon his alien surroundings for

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diversion—and on the society of his wife for happiness. The sufficiency of these to constitute life and agreeable gaiety, he began to question, and to wonder what was so ultimately wrong in the reasonable state of affairs. Where was the agreeable state of mind his generous pardon should have produced?

Dagget, restless and sleepless, began to realize that he was not at peace. He slowly confessed that unhappiness was the logical cause of his moral condition, and began to ask himself why. Nowhere could he have found so congenial a climate. The air was balm; the sky as blue at nightfall as it had hung above them all day. Seen from the eminence of the great hotel, the Bay of Naples, in blue and gray and opal, melted before him into the far horizon; whilst just below, the closely built, irregular town, with its houses of pink, yellow, and blue stucco, looked like a tapestry mellowed with time; a woven city of monotones and softened colors, all its windows facing the sea.

As, towards seven o'clock, he stood in the glass pavilion of Bertolini's, waiting for his wife to come in with him to dinner, the city began to light here and there with electric lights. One by one the windows glowed like jewels fallen at the hill's foot, and sheer across the bay rose the black mass of Vesuvius, its scarred ancient sides red with the long, old wound. Dagget's eyes fixed themselves on the yawning gash from which the smoke rolled back in feathery waves. The mountain was like a gigantic tortured creature with wounded sides open to the pity of the world.

The man set his face, thinner and more serious of late, towards the beauty of which he saw little, and patiently waited for his wife. He was very near-sighted, and through brilliantly polished glasses, behind which his eyes looked thoughtful and meditative, he studied a world which he encountered with his reason and his intellect, and which his senses ignored.

At the present time he was much bewildered in his reflections, and the unaccustomed befogging of his thoughts troubled him.

Dagget was Doctor of Mathematics at one of the largest American universities, and so accurate in his mental operations that to find himself unable to grasp the psychic situation—above all, of his own mind—was as astonishing to him as it would have been to find a simple equation irreversible by the rule of three! It signified an abnormal state of matters. He murmured to himself: "I am ill; the air of Naples does not seem yet to agree with me; or else"—his habitual truthfulness made him in the same breath acknowledge—"I am not happy."

This admission presupposed that he *had been* happy. He had at least believed himself so to be. Absorbed in his university work, housed and sheltered in a pretty, tasteful home presided over by a beautiful young woman, he had never known a moment of keen suffering until

this moment in the great window of the Naples hotel. A new excitement, the fact of being brought instantly face to face with a problem that called upon his trained and responsive powers of mind to resolve, the stimulus of responsibility, the need for immediate action, and the sudden departure from his home in the university town, had acted like narcotics to his more personal self, never very keenly living or habitually considered or pampered. The voyage from New York to Italy on a fourteen-day boat had been made with a fellow-passenger engaged on a work of keenest scientific interest, and Dagget spent many hours with his colleague, sharing with him the services of a stenographer; for the professor himself had been correcting the last proofs of a mathematical treatise when his domestic tangle forced him to leave for a time his post in the university.

He had not, until now, once thought of himself as a man, and the personal Ego seemed to have been lying in wait at Naples, to have met him here, starting out with unearthly strides of a Frankenstein order. And certainly to-night the horror stood before him, invisible to all eyes but his own, and on the visage of the Image Dagget read acute unhappiness. There was nothing mathematical about it—this state of affairs—the presence of the Image; nor could its presence be solved by rule, although the professor thought it should be! The creature was human, flesh and blood, and if repressed and stereotyped, it had organs and nerves and capacities with which to suffer and to enjoy. The Image appeared to hold in its hand a paper whereon Dagget's near-sighted eyes read without difficulty:

"I have promised to forgive, and I can't do it—it is a lie."

Three or four guests of the hotel, men and women, were seated at a little table near him. One of them had a field-glass and through it was looking at Vesuvius. The others were drinking cocktails, and one pretty woman was smoking a fragrant cigarette. They were well-bred, quiet, and well-behaved, and their manners in no way accorded with the customs the professor thought repulsive, fast, and disgusting. Something in the attitude of the woman smoking recalled his wife to him, and a revulsion passed through him as he glanced at her and away. Mrs. Dagget was slenderer, her hair was not arranged as was this lady's, but her type was the same, softly pretty and weakly feminine, with a combination of assurance and timidity that had a charm for most men, and that Dagget considered dangerous.

He began to think that the setting was more in accordance with his wife's type than any in which he had yet seen her, and he reluctantly forced himself to believe it; he could easily believe her one of this rather irresponsible party. A few changes in her dress, and she would be like them. He could even fancy her smoking. Westminster had never been a suitable frame for Letty Dagget. Could it be possible that

as certain forms of life degenerate and become abnormal out of their climate and element, such was the explanation of her . . . ?

He stopped: in the farther door his wife appeared at last, and Dagget turned about as she advanced towards him. Alongside of the cosmopolitan group, Mrs. Dagget looked very simple indeed. Her dinner-dress was a white muslin shirt-waist and a blue serge skirt.

"Here you are!"—his voice had a note of affectionate condescension. "Shall we go in to dinner?"

She nodded, and preceded him into the dining-room to the right of the pavilion.

II.

LETTY THORPE had been scarcely nineteen when Dagget married her out of a little boarding-house where he had gone daily for several months to give her lessons in higher mathematics. The girl, penniless, had planned to start in the world and make her living as a governess. A letter from her father, a classmate of Dagget's, had confided her more or less to the professor's consideration and care. When the alternative of a marriage with her father's friend was placed before her, she had not hesitated to accept it. That is, Dagget could not recall that she had hesitated. On the contrary, she had seemed grateful and affectionate. Shortly before the wedding he inherited a comfortable fortune from an uncle, and in the house he built her and where their son was born they passed to his thinking three tranquil, consistent years. What had they been to Letty? How could he answer? He had never asked! He had no means of knowing. She had seemed interested in her household; an active, much-sought-for addition to college circles, a graceful hostess to his friends, and a good, loving mother. That she had been brooding, wretched, discontented, and desirous, he had no means to divine, for in so far as he remembered she had always appeared cheerful and contented.

Her good looks, her extreme good looks—he had himself thought them so—were indeed a certain source of anxiety to him, as well as of pride. "Pretty Mrs. Dagget"—even "beautiful Mrs. Dagget"—he knew they so called her, and he knew too that she had awakened more than one flame in the hearts of the different class members, from freshmen to seniors. It had never occurred to the professor to be jealous, and he would have done his wife injustice in so being at any time. When the thunder-bolt fell it was out of a sky as clear as a mild June day, and the stunned man had left himself only sufficient pause to make his decision, a decision made with his best, profoundest reason, a faculty ready at call through force of long habit. He had not himself yet swung to or regained the regular rhythm after the commotion.

"Letty," he observed as they sat at table, "you did not think well to change your dress?"

She excused it, saying she had gone out to another hotel, thinking there might be letters for them there, and had come in too late. As she made her explanation she looked at her husband, half questioning his expression, and then she blushed a terrible crimson.

"You don't believe me?"

He started.

"My dear!"

"No," she said suffocatingly; "you *don't* believe me!"

She looked down at her plate, and the red in her cheeks faded out in stripes, scarlet lines showing sharp against the white of her face. Dagget watched the tempest of color subside, dumfounded at her intense way of speaking. Above all, his honesty would not allow him too thoroughly to gainsay her. He knew that even as she had spoken a doubt instantly insinuated itself in his mind, and that, if only partially, he distinctly questioned her excuses. It was an uncomfortable dinner; he was thankful when it came to an end and he might make his way to his own room.

His bedroom adjoined his wife's, and in order to continue the scientific work so rudely broken in upon he had installed his table in an alcove like a little study, and now seated himself to work and meditate.

He managed to do some little reading, more or less absorbed until he found himself drawing designs of cubes and angles on his blotting paper. Then the professor stopped, and, without pushing his chair back, sat, his face buried in his hands, and rapidly, as though he had not at all left the subject, he resumed his reflections of an hour before. Everything Letty did, had done, since her husband *knew*, surprised him. She had daily revealed herself as a new person. Had he, then, never really known her?—never really understood her? . . . Could it be said that he had never understood his wife; that, unlike the exact and logical problems with which he was familiar, Letty was a mystery? He admitted to knowing little of women. He had been a thinker all his life, a deep, tireless student, and had it not been for the lonely circumstances of Letty Thorpe, and his need of a housekeeping companion, he would never have married. Her beauty had given him neither pride nor great pleasure. Indeed, after an absence from her of three months, when he had gone to Labrador with an exploring party, he had been amazed one day when writing to his wife to discover that he could not accurately recall the color of her eyes!

No doubt—his honesty acknowledged it now—there were other things more elusive, more interesting, than a gray eye or a blue! There were traits and tastes which he did not even know, much less remember.

It had been during this very same long absence that her intimate friendship with the other man had drifted into—love. The professor, in thinking, used the word quite calmly, and with measured precision.

followed the sequence, as he had done before. This evening he reached the climax less tranquilly, and his lips twitched. There were but two solutions; so he had decided for them both in Westminster: a divorce or—what the world calls forgiveness. Dagget chose the latter. There had been the question of his little boy.

As the child crossed his mind at this juncture, there was no perceptible softening of his face. He did not necessarily care for children. They baffled him even more than women did. The baby had been a source of distraction in his quiet, noiseless house. His study had been changed to make room for the nursery, and even then there were times when the baby's crying had come to his ears. He had finally taken to writing in the College Faculty Library, and this called him more than ever away from home. He was forty years older than his son. When the boy came to enter college the professor would be an old man. Still, in the sight of the unscientific and living problem so difficult to reduce to exact quantities, he had not faltered. It was his own. He had a strong sense of responsibility towards the child, and he would do his best for him, at no matter what sacrifice. He believed that this sacrifice involved that the home should not be broken.

The plan he had evolved for his wife's acceptance had been arbitrary and concise. She was to go with him to Europe for an indefinite length of time. They were to travel, and she was to leave her child with Professor Dagget's unmarried sister. Hedged by these conditions, the woman might, if she chose, accept the forgiveness of her husband. She was pardoned, and only her maternal rights were for the time taken away. There had been no cruel rigor in his planning of the situation, and no intention to wound Letty's motherhood. At all events, his wife had consented to the plan. . . . Dagget had been writing logarithms in succession on the pages before him. . . . They were clear and exact, and to him beautiful, but his mind could not hold to them. His meditations had brought him to the day when he had told his decision to his wife. Unimaginative as he was, the time came before him as clearly as the geometric forms stood out before his eyes on the white page.

It had been an autumn Sunday afternoon, two months after his knowledge. Neither of them had been to church, for Professor Dagget was an atheist, and his wife had lost the habit of church observance. He had come over from the college library and into the house, to the upstairs sitting-room, where as a rule, when she was at home, he was in the habit of finding Letty with her sewing, her baby near her on the floor. On this day she was alone, neither sewing nor reading, idly standing at the window that looked down over the campus where the old trees were growing brown.

Nothing about her suggestive of either wife or mother spoke that

day to the scientist. Whatever human feelings he had known towards her had been at the hour that her faithlessness declared itself to him suddenly sealed as though a giant boulder had been rolled against the source of a stream.

He saw in her only the most difficult phase of the most difficult problem he had ever been called upon to consider. Almost without looking at her he had put his decision before her, and after speaking had gone over to the table, where he feigned to arrange some papers, leaving her time for reflection.

"If you go with me, Letty, we sail the day after to-morrow." He remembered his words, and how singularly they had sounded in the quiet little sitting-room; and how much they meant. With the papers in his hand, Dagget had granted her quite ten minutes, and in the interval found the time to wonder what, in the event of her deciding to leave him, he would do with his house and his child. When she spoke he had started as at an unexpected sound. From where she stood, without turning from the window, Letty spoke as if she had been saying it to the campus and the trees:

"I will come with you."

She had not tried to alter his decision about the child. Only once during the day she asked:

"Do you think your sister quite understands the care of little children?"

And he had readily replied:

"Oh, quite!"

Miss Mary Dagget was an old maid, and if Letty had chosen to leave him, the professor had decided to ask Miss Dagget to come and take charge of his affairs.

Nothing more had been said. He could not bring to mind any tears at the parting with the child, or any sign of grief, and yet she must miss it, he mused, she had been so continually with it; and this brought him to the present and to the fact that she was here with him, and installed, and he regretted that his quick, inadvertent look at table should have needlessly wounded her.

III.

WHEN reading the professor had no idea of the passing of time. He thought he had just left his wife in the hall. He left his table and went across the room to the adjoining door and knocked, got no answer, saw that the door was ajar and the light bright. He called his wife's name, met with no reply, and went on into the empty room, where the bed had not been touched.

His first thought was that she had lingered in the reading-rooms or parlors of the hotel, and would presently come in. Then he looked

at his watch. It was half past two. A shock ran through him, more sharp and distinct than any sensation he had known in his life, and he stood blinking and staring at the empty bedroom and at the advanced hour. Where was she? Where could she be? Had she left him? Had she committed some desperate act in a mood which he could not understand? He felt it would be impossible to ring for hotel servants and let them enter upon the intimacy of this problem. Nevertheless, he was greatly disturbed. He waited for a long time before her window; he walked out into the quiet halls. There was nothing for him to do but to possess his uneasy soul in patience.

Towards five o'clock he went back to his own room and threw himself upon his bed, intending to sleep for an hour and then go out and make some effort to find his wife.

The professor, in spite of his uneasiness, slept for more than an hour. When he awoke he started from his pillow: the broad sunlight streamed into his room. The door which he had left open between his wife's apartment and his own was closed. He sprang up and put his hand on the knob. He heard the sound of singing. It was Letty. She had a pretty, carefully trained contralto voice. He recognized at once that she was humming a little air with which she had been used to quiet her child. The professor, dazed as though everything which had transpired had happened to him in a dream, stood with troubled brows, holding onto the door, for a few moments. Then he turned and went to make his morning toilet after his disturbing watch.

Pussy-cat's got on his snow-white shoes.

Pit-pat soft and slow.

Blue eyes, brown eyes, which shall I choose?

One, two, three, four—round we go!

In the adjoining room Mrs. Dagget finished a song of singular simplicity to come from the lips of a woman whose moral bias had created havoc in a university town. With the last notes she threw open the long window wide and went out on the balcony. Although it was only eight o'clock, the brilliancy of the sun cast an envelope of heat over the hillsides, and the soft, heavy air was warm as an American early summer day.

Below, along the hill's foot, and out onto the point, the lovely, multicolored city spread itself, varied and gay, whilst toward it the bay brought its dazzling expanse of blue.

"It was as if some giant child had built it!" Mrs. Dagget found it suggestive. "Built a little city as near the sea as he dared, but it isn't the sea he needs to fear—it's that old villain!" and she glanced up at Vesuvius, whose plumes curled lazily in the still air.

This infantine reflection showed nevertheless that in one respect

Mrs. Dagget differed from her spouse. Whilst the professor made accurate computations, his wife made figures as well, of a different order.

In her hand, as she stood on the balcony, Mrs. Dagget held a little red leather book, which she opened, turning over the pages written in a fine feminine hand.

June 1, 1904. Henry Dagget, Jr. Born at Westminster, at 4 o'clock in the morning.

Henry Dagget, Jr., was christened in the College Chapel according to special request of the Class of 19—. He wore the same dress his father wore at his christening—real lace, with a broad white sash. Although only two months old, Henry Junior smiled. Every one said he was beautiful. His mother thought he looked like a flower. The class gave him a loving cup filled with flowers.

Then followed, in words as softly written as if she had crooned them to the pages, the mother's record of Henry Junior's little life, until the book brought the pretty story to June 7, 1906, and then the entry ran:

To-day Henry Dagget, Jr., took leave of his father for a long time.

There was no word of herself—no word of her parting with her child.

For some time the professor's wife mused over what she had seen fit to enter in the Baby's Book, of the tragedy of their three lives. It may have struck her curiously in reading, that she had not deemed herself worthy of mention in the farewell or separation, for there was an inscrutable smile around her pretty mouth as she passed over the few pages in the book of which the rest was a blank. In size and shape and color the book had a mate kept in Letty's desk drawer under lock and key. If she had intended making further entries in the volume she held, Mrs. Dagget was interrupted by the entrance into her room of the servant with the breakfast tray. When it had been set down on the balcony, and the awning dropped until the distant line of blue bay was all there was visible of Naples between the crimson fringe and the balcony rail, Letty regarded the outlay of little rolls, golden honey, pot of fragrant coffee, with satisfaction, and then going in and over to the professor's door she knocked softly.

"You haven't had breakfast yet, have you, Henry? I've ordered for both of us, and it's ready on the balcony. It's too lovely there—not hot yet. Won't you come?"

Dagget, who was putting the last touches to his toilet, looked up at his wife. She had thrown on a simple wrapper, her hair was done with care, and she was smiling cordially at him, as he had not seen her

smile for a long time. The sunlight flooding the room, and the intonation of the woman's voice, were devoid of tragedy or of complications. She disappeared, leaving her husband storm-tossed: accusing, miserable, determined not to question her as to her absence from her room until she should force him to speak.

When, after a few moments, he started to join her, he could, through the balcony window, see her sitting waiting before the breakfast things; her elbow on the little table, her chin in her hand, her look fastened on all that there was to be seen of the sea between awning and rail. Her pose, the expression of her face, were new to him, as much of Letty—all of Letty, he was beginning to discover—was new. As well as the little books of whose existence Professor Dagget did not dream, there were other things she kept under lock and key.

He handled the foreign newspapers, determining to make himself familiar whilst abroad with the political situation in France. He was growing daily conscious of how ignorant his close university existence had kept him of the march of European events. Eager as he was before any new field of study that presented itself, his eyes brightened as he followed down the first column of the *Figaro*. He was decidedly rusty. He would read French daily for an hour or so. When he laid the paper by his plate he said:

"You remember that I told you I had arranged to meet a certain Italian gentleman, il Signore di Braccia, at the Aquarium about eleven o'clock? He is the head of the Piscatological Society here, and it will be important to go over the Aquarium with him. I dare say he would have included you if he had known I was not alone. Would it interest you to go?"

Mrs. Dagget looked out into the bright vivid sunlight.

"I think I won't go, thank you, Henry. I slept badly last night. I think I'll rest a little, and I have letters to write."

She had, so he saw, American letters in her hand. For a second his wife's words struck Dagget with something short of horror. He knew that she had been out of her room till morning broke, but where and in pursuit of what pleasure he had no means to know. A chill went through him in spite of the summer day, and, like ugly memories of faces we are loath to remember, lines in a letter from a colleague, Professor Watson, came to him:

One can't travel away from sentiment, Dagget. Absence is sometimes, I believe, an aggravation of feelings, and what is to prevent Faverhill's following on the next boat?

"But you will go?" Letty spoke from the room. "Don't trouble about me. I have plenty to do even if we *are* in a hotel!"

She had drawn up to a table and arranged her writing materials.

Dagget picked up his papers, folded them, and put them in his pocket. They represented not the more or less serious news of the day, but study and contemplation when he should be alone. But before the figure of the young woman at her writing he paused.

"You have letters from Mary?"

She was his sister.

"No."

From whom, then, were they—this batch of envelopes? He did not know her correspondents, or, indeed, that any one wrote regularly to his wife. He had thought of none of her friends until forced to think of one. Now every one known and unknown in Letty's environment became mysterious to him.

Still in her flowing wrapper, she had taken her place before her table. Not far away was the broad bed, untouched as it had been all night, behind her the open window and the golden morning, and the table spread with the remains of the little domestic meal. Husband and wife, they waited there—for what? They were as far apart as the poles. These were their rooms, their common habitations; no one had a right to break in upon their intimate life, and yet at any moment one might enter without risk of surprising a furtive embrace.

Letty drew a sheet of paper towards her and dipped her pen in the ink. Dagget still stood irresolute. He was a disturbance to her quiet. Her nonchalance spoke against her, her eagerness to be at her letters troubled his suspicions. She waited for her husband to go.

"Letty?"

"Yes, Henry."

She lifted her head. But Dagget did not know what to say or what he wished to say. He could not stoop to question her yet.

"If you're so tired, why not, then, rest at once?"

He was awkward in this—sudden thoughtfulness for her, what she did or when she did it, so rarely occupied him. "You would in that case be able to go out with me, perhaps, later; it's barely nine now."

Letty shook her head.

"Oh, I've only a few notes to write, and I want them to catch this boat. I can sleep this afternoon."

And he was obliged to go reluctantly; as he left she said: "It will be hot at noon. You might wear your white clothes and your Panama, Henry; everything is in order."

So they always were. Thanks to an inherent good taste in dress which no science or study had been able to affect, and to the care of a hand that was actuated by, let one say, *interest*, at least, Professor Dagget was the best dressed man in Westminster! But it is safe to say that no savant keen with the pleasure of ciceroning a distinguished

American through his beloved Aquarium ever conducted a more *distract* visitor than was Professor Dagget, whose eyes, indeed, were on the creatures with fins, scales, wings, and tails, but whose thoughts were on a little woman in a loose morning gown, her brown head bent over her correspondence. Dagget's mind was on a little woman whose thoughts he would have rather read than master all the mysterious evolutions of the crustacean and molecular life whose characteristics glibly fell from the lips of his Neapolitan friend.

IV.

LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

WESTMINSTER, MASS., Feb. 2, 1903.

I SUPPOSE this is a nice enough boarding house, but, never having been out of my own home, it seems dreadfully strange to me—dreadfully strange to sit down with fifteen people one has never seen before and break bread with them; to share with strangers whom one would never think of choosing as friends so sweet a thing as home! I don't like to write the word "home" here; it's too sweet to me, too dear. I've a room about an inch wide, and my trunk, which is all there is of New Orleans left, stands out in the hall. There are no Southerners here. I'm glad. I wish I were the only Southerner in the world without a home.

WESTMINSTER, MASS., Feb. 4, 1903.

I'm studying here. I'm to follow a general course of mathematics under the direction of a man I haven't seen as yet. Indeed, I haven't presented my letter to him. I'm afraid. Nobody has penetrated my solitude; not even the fifteen boarders have really disturbed it. All day I read and work in my room, and in the afternoon I take a walk up the college grounds way. The buildings are beautiful, built after the Oxford halls, and the parks and gardens would be lovely, only they are so cold and bare. Every stern man I see, I wonder if he is Professor Dagget.

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 5, 1903.

There are quantities of men everywhere, all young, and most of them look girlish, and they are all, of course, smooth-faced. Several come here in the evenings to call, and stay to supper, often. There are two pretty girls here. The other night the proprietress asked me if I wouldn't stay down and have some music with them. I was so lonely that I accepted. We sang college songs, and I played for them on a bad piano, but it was better than another desolate evening alone in my hall room.

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 6, 1903.

Professor Dagget (who, by the way, is the only man in Westminster with a mustache) is stern and old. I learned this to-day from one of the Sophomores. They say he never smiles, and never speaks unless on a subject of mathematics, and he is so absent-minded and forgetful that he often goes out in winter without his hat. I asked if he were beloved by the students, and then Mr. Macy laughed at the word.

"Dagget beloved? Good Lord! Why, Miss Thorpe, he isn't unpopular, but you might as well speak of a *cube* or a *triangle* being beloved!"

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 7, 1903.

I've only money enough to stay here three months, and if I am to accomplish anything I shall have to send my letter to Professor Dagget. It has given me a bad headache to make myself decide. But if I flunk before seeing him, how shall I ever be able to start out all alone to face a whole world of Daggets, and worse! This place is less and less home to me; it grows terrifying. One of the seniors asked me to marry him; he is very rich, and doesn't look more than seventeen years old. But of course he is! Perhaps after years of drudgery in other people's houses I shall regret not having accepted him. But I can't *now*—when I am so young and think I know what it might be to love some day.

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 8, 1903.

Professor Dagget came to see me this afternoon. I received him in the general parlor, and one of the pretty girls was receiving two men in another corner. The professor stayed about seven minutes. He asked me my full name, my age, and everything I had studied, and wrote it all down in a note-book. Then he said:

"I am at liberty every afternoon from five to six. If it would meet with your plans, I will come myself and go over the branch of mathematics in which you most need to perfect yourself."

My father and he were classmates, and Professor Dagget said: "I remember your father" (as if it were one of the few things he really did remember!) "and I shall be glad to do something for his child." As Professor Dagget was the only human being who had said father's name for weeks to me, and is indeed the only human being on whom I have any claim in the world, I wanted to cry, but I knew he would have hated it.

During the seven minutes he stayed he never looked at me, but above my head, and when he went I felt sure he had seen me through and through, and nevertheless would have passed me without knowing me in the street!

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 10, 1903.

One of the pretty girls lends me her sitting-room every day from five to six. I have my lessons there. My head is hot and my feet are cold, and I haven't a very clear idea of anything during the hour, but afterwards, on thinking it over, I find it has been delightful! I never imagined mathematics could be poetical, but they can! They said I had a talent for it in school, and in the position which has been offered me it is required that I teach one girl of seventeen the highest branches. I feel like a Lilliputian in a giant sea at my lessons. I sink and choke, and the first thing I know, Professor Dagget has pulled me up and lands me high and dry. It is very, very good of him to do this for me. It is wonderful, for he is a great student, and works night and day. When he teaches he no longer looks over you, but at you—through you, right into you, and yet it is so impersonal you feel that he sees only figures in place of the human face.

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 24, 1903.

I feel like saying that I have learned more with Professor Dagget in two weeks than in all my school life put together. I work terribly hard for him, nearly all the time between, and although I never liked study, I want to be prepared for him, and, then, I must be prepared, for I am to make my livelihood with this little brain and all the will I possess.

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 25, 1903.

Professor Dagget never asks me a question about myself. He has never since referred to father or to my plans. He doesn't think of me as an entity at all. He has called me several different names—Miss Brown, Miss Thomas (I wonder who they are?) and once he called me "Mary," and I still more wonder who *she* is! The other day as I was studying I stupidly scrawled "Letty" all across the pages of my pad, and left it among the sheets of fresh copy I gave the professor. How could one suppose he would observe it?—but he must have done so, for he *called me Letty*. I don't know why, but somehow my heart stopped almost; coming from his formal lips, the name sounded so little and so strange. He did it twice! He called me Letty all through the hour, as if he had done so all his life—would do so all his life! For several days he continued, and then called me Miss Thorpe again, and I was as struck then by its strangeness as I had been by the other, and liked it less. I don't know where I ever found the courage, but I said:

"Won't you go on calling me Letty, professor? No one does, of course. It was father's name for me."

He blushed, and, I believe, looked at me for the first time since

we've met, and I saw that he was quite unconscious of having called me anything or of ever having spoken to me. Then he smiled, actually laughed very agreeably, and said of course he would call me Letty if he could remember; and he made a note of it, I guess, for he has been good about it, and only calls me Mary now and then! Mary is Professor Dagget's sister, older than he, and as timid and shrinking as he is cold and assured. She came to call.

WESTMINSTER, Feb. 27, 1903.

It seems to be a very simple thing to ask a woman to marry you. Another young man has done so. I have flowers every day, and books and candy and notes and letters all the time. Neither of the pretty girls appears to harbor any jealousy or ill-will towards me. They take it as a joke, and giggle and make fun over it, and have renounced in one or two instances their rôle of flirting with their friends to play the part of confidante or confessor. They are all kind to me, too; and bring me books and flowers as well. The intense cold and snow keep me much indoors; I shrink from it horribly. This is nearly March. In the South it would be already soft and warm. When I open my windows at home the air seems like a beautiful gift that comes in to me full of sweetness. Here there are no good smells. Cooking odors all through the house, and a dead, flat smell of *cold* out of doors.

WESTMINSTER, March 1, 1903.

I asked Professor Dagget if he thought I could take my position in June, and he told me he was not yet prepared to say. If I can't, I don't know what *will* become of me, because I've only enough money to last till then.

WESTMINSTER, March 2, 1903.

Professor Dagget is beautiful. His class would laugh if they read this! Above all, Mr. Macy, who said he was "like a cube." He is very tall and a little bowed at the shoulders. Big and spare, with a great nervous force. He has thick, dark hair, with only a thread or two of gray at the temples. He wears it very short, and it has the dull quality of a shadow. His forehead is as white as a girl's. He looks as if he had never known or seen or felt a care, and as if all his thought and meditation and study were concentrated in his eyes. They are wonderful, dark and clear, set under his brows which look like caverns. He wears very powerful glasses, and when they are off his eyes look child-like and rather melancholy, as if they were suddenly unprotected and at the mercy of the world. I can't describe features, but his are good, and his face is thin. He has a thick, short mustache, and his mouth is very stern and cold except when he smiles. I've only seen him smile twice, and I shall never forget the times. I have wondered

what could come to him to waken often and at will that radiant look—and I have thought that it would be a wonderful happiness to be that cause.

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V.

DAGGET's code of honor would not permit him to exercise any surveillance over his wife. His conception of what the ordinary etiquette of mental thinking required would not allow him now to pursue her with accusing thoughts, and he would not, so he said to himself, further doubt her. He had forgiven her, and this, as well as other things, meant that he must thenceforth believe her worth forgiving, and to be the person of character and fibre still worthy to make salvation of her his care. But, annoyingly, none of his theories, or high planes of principle, or rules—as to how human beings under certain conditions should comport themselves—served Dagget any more in thinking of the woman whom he had left peacefully at her letter-writing task. He doubted her every thought. He mistrusted every look and word whose significance was not plain as day. Would it bring him peace to dog her footsteps, to discover where she passed her time—for she was scarcely ever within the hotel. Why should he not ask? He pardoned her not at all—and why?

After the visit to the Aquarium, in order to pursue his thoughts in quiet, he had refused the escort of his Italian friend and returned alone to his hotel, slowly following along the promenade to the sea. The crowd, taking advantage of the cool brightness of the day, fanned by a strong sea breeze, poured itself about him: well-dressed men and women in little social twos or threes, the typical, chattering Neapolitan throng of dandies and worldlings, enlivened now and then by the uniform of an officer, made picturesque by the dress of a priest. Smart little pony carts, whose tall drivers sat with knees bunched up to the chin, flashed by. *Contadini* with donkeys, the rabble of beggars on foot, mingled with the careless and well-fed.

To the left spread the bay, and to the right Naples climbed up a hill, where the villas hid behind darkling cypress and pine and a rocky ledge. Dagget's hotel gave its terraces to the vision of the bay.

The troubled gentleman saw no more than usual of the street scenes and the crowd, generally ignored by a mind absorbed in accurate calculations.

How would he be forced to treat the problem before him? What was the outcome to be? Would there be an ultimate wreck? Had he done wrong in not procuring a divorce and leaving Letty free to pursue her life as she would? She had not wished it; she herself had

chosen. If his son were destined to grow up, what an atmosphere of estrangement his home would be!

Dagget had crossed over from the sea wall, and now took the promenade between the files of closely trimmed trees of the Piazza. There were quantities of children about—sturdy, dark-eyed, pretty little things, with gaily beribboned nurses.

The gentleman was obliged to stop short, for in front of him rolled a white mass of lace and muslin, as a wilful child threw itself violently down on the path in a passion of tears. The nurse, with much loud Italian ejaculation, gathered up the bundle of kicking legs and laces, and the professor passed on; but his glance had rested a second on the struggling, crying child—a little boy some three years of age; it recalled his son, and yet he would scarcely have known his own in hat and coat, should he come upon him in the street unawares.

Dagget sighed, and, taking himself to task for an absorption both sentimental and emotional, vigorously pulled his mind in order and forced himself to think back to his visit with the savant at the Aquarium. But with the apparition of the first glass apartment where the slow-moving fish brilliantly disported their ruby scales came the decision that a foot pace was too mild for his state of mind, and that for the hour at least, the habits of cephalopodi in the bay of Naples were indifferent to him. He hailed a cab and told the *cocchiere* to drive briskly to Bertolini's.

VI.

LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

WESTMINSTER, April 5, 1903.

I HAVEN'T seen Professor Dagget for days and days. He has been to Boston. The little break, the little absence, shows me how much the friendship—if I can call it so—has been. I have lived for that one hour now for weeks. It made a circle, and the other twenty-three hours went heavily around it.

WESTMINSTER, April 7, 1903.

On Easter every one had been out to church to see the flowers, and I had not left my room all day. It was very warm for the season, and everybody wore new spring clothes. I had none. I couldn't even get a new hat, and I felt poor and shabby in my winter black.

Professor Dagget came at three o'clock, and asked me if I would like to take a walk with him. He was very kind. He talked delightfully about other things than mathematics. I never knew he had another thought. Then, all of a sudden, he dropped into his habitual silence, and never spoke once again until he left me at the boarding house.

WESTMINSTER, April 24, 1903.

For some time my lessons have gone shockingly. I don't seem able to prepare them—far less recite them. This street is bordered with elms, and, although it is late April, there isn't a leaf out, and it is black and cold. There have been flurries of rain and even snow, but yesterday in the afternoon the sun shone quite warmly, so that I opened my window, and when Professor Dagget came I was sitting in the soft, delicious air and sunlight. Sometimes he forgets to take his hat off for a long while, sometimes he forgets his book. He never has a pencil ready, and once he carried away my handkerchief in his pocket by mistake. I could have laughed about it if it had been one of the students, but not with him. To-day there was a bunch of primroses on the table, that one of the girls had sent me. Wonder of wonders, Professor Dagget saw them!

"I didn't know that there were any—" (he called them by their botanical name) "out yet. Spring comes late in Westminster."

I told him that he should see New Orleans now, that it was glowing like summer. He said that he thought the South was de-vitalizing, and I told him I thought the North was "be-numbing." He waited a little and then repeated:

"Benumbing to what?"

And I didn't know quite how to answer, so I said:

"To everything like feeling."

After a few moments he said:

"I never had my brain work better than in Labrador, where I went with a party of scientists. I did four times my usual amount of work, and the thermometer was below zero."

Sometimes I am sure that he hasn't a human feeling in his breast, and it makes me suffer to think it. Then I realize how very patient he has been with me, and how his cleverness must have been taxed, and I remember, above all, his smile, and I feel that under the hard, stern, methodical scientist there is another man, and

WESTMINSTER, April 30, 1903.

Professor Dagget has asked me to marry him. The last time we had lessons, he left the house without his hat, and he was in the street when I discovered it. Then he did not come at all for several days, and sent no word. On Saturday afternoon, when I had been waiting an hour before my window, watching the trolley cars and the passers-by, he came in. I got out my pen and my books to work, but he said: "I am not going to work with you to-day, Letty." I can remember every word he said. Nothing has meant so much to me in all my life—of course—of course.

"Next month you go to Brookline to the position you told me of?"

I said yes, if he thought I was prepared.

"You tell me you are not nineteen years old?"

"I shall be in a few weeks."

"I have another proposition to make you. You can think it carefully over and give me your answer on Monday. Would you consider marrying me and living here in Westminster? I have inherited some money—enough to make a comfortable home for you. In a year or two I shall resign from my position, and carry on my private research work. I am twenty years older than you are, but in many ways I am a young man. My father lived to be ninety-three." He got up here. "On Monday I will come to hear your answer at the usual hour, unless you send me a note telling me not to come."

When he got to the door I asked him to stop a moment.

I told him that it wasn't necessary for me to have till Monday, that I knew now what the answer would be.

He looked startled and surprised. "I would rather you thought it over," he urged; "but if you at once feel sure——"

I said I felt quite sure, and that if he wanted to marry me I would try to be a good wife.

I know that he didn't love me in the least, that he married me from kindness, from pity, because he saw I was too stupid and too timid to make my way in the world alone; because I was his friend's desolate orphan child. I knew that he never even dreamed that it was—might be—a sacrifice of my youth; that he never even wondered if I cared, had ever cared, for any one; and I said in spite of all that I would marry him.

I have no wedding clothes, not even a new wedding dress. He says we will be married in the Episcopal church, and that we will go to Boston and prolong his Easter vacation, as there is a certain professor there he wants to see.

I shall never wait for him any more to come at five o'clock to hear my stupid recitals. I shall never sit on Elm Street and watch for him to come. He will be at home, where I am, and with all my soul and strength I will try—try—to—be a good wife to my husband.

VII.

In Naples, following his meditations, poor Dagget fatuously said to himself: "If I only knew how she *felt*—what she *did*! If only I *understood*, I could then forget and continue my work and life, and let her lead her own."

If he only knew what? What did he wish to know? That here in Naples she was continuing her friendship with Faverhill? That he had come from America to her? It was incredible of them both! But in

case of such knowledge, he could then part from her irrevocably, at once, which would of course signify that he could take up his interesting work in peace. Or did he wish to be certain that she was wretched and unhappy? That she grieved for her child? Could he, then, in that case, forget? It was not so simple! He had thought that the fact of his pardon presupposed a faith in her, and precluded—given the fact that she had chosen to break the chain of her dishonor—that he should ever speak to her of the past, or even let her surmise a doubt. He must, at whatever cost, live up to this contract. Not entirely because his work dragged, or because the solitude of his room became for the first in his whole life intolerable, nor because he felt a sense of duty toward her now that he had thus planned their close companionship in this foreign town, but for other reasons, the professor began to seek Letty's society.

"Would you care," he suggested, "to do a little reading with me?"

"It would make me think of Mrs. Ransom's boarding house in Elm Street"—she smiled. "You will remember it—the sitting-room, with all the photographs of students around? Ah, those long winter afternoons!" Letty seemed to muse. "And how cold it was, after the South! And how I used to listen to the whirling wind and to the driving storms!"

Mr. and Mrs. Dagget sat over their dessert in the glass-covered dining-room, a metropolitan, cosmopolitan world around them. The room was warm, but Letty shivered as she spoke of Westminster. Dagget felt a pang, and the expression of his wife's mobile face, whose lights and shadows were beginning to be an agreeable, puzzling study for him, was one of keen sadness.

"You found them, those days, then, so long, Letty?"

"Oh, yes," she said gently; "you were there only an hour, you see, and before it and after it there were twenty-three of them, all one color. The South is so different, and I was always with my father; he made a companion of me—a friend. I adored him," she said. "*I adored* my father."

Dagget, as the tone of her voice came to him soft and sweet, was carried to the realization that he had never heard her speak like this before; never heard her speak of herself, of any intimate feeling. The extreme term, "adoration," fell warmly from her lips—sad as was the connection, she evidently loved to say it. He felt a sharp sting of jealousy at the word, a singular need of it—a wish for it, as if he saw given to another a jewel which he suddenly coveted. If she said it like this in filial affection, what had she said, and with what passion, to the man she loved?

Letty lifted her head and looked out now through the window.

"I like it here, it's so gay and bright. Everybody seems to be enjoying life—not puzzling out how to live, and whether it is right or wrong

to have a good time! Have you noticed the faces of the people one sees? They are all smiles and animation. And the soft, wonderful air, so full of delicious smells. To me, America has no smell but cold. I would like to live in Italy."

Dagget put down the apple he was peeling, took off his glasses, wiped them, and, putting them back, stared at his wife. Her enthusiasms! She had them, then! *Live in Italy!* He had not observed the Neapolitan faces other than to think them a self-indulgent, luxurious, idle people, behindhand in civilization, slow in commerce. But the face before him was, for the first perhaps in his life, clear before his eyes. It was mobile, sensitive; her thoughts and feelings passed as quickly over it as sun and shadow over a rippling pool.

"The strongest influence," Dagget said, "in Italy at present is the North American republic."

Mrs. Dagget murmured softly: "And the strongest influence on *this* North American is Italy."

He returned to his subject. "You haven't told me whether or not you will enjoy reading something."

"I should like to study Italian," she continued to play with his question. "There is a good teacher here. Don't you think I might take a few lessons?"

VIII.

LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, May 8, 1903.

THIS is my wedding day. I was married in Westminster at noon. I wore a brown dress for travelling, and a brown hat with violets. I think I must have looked a great deal older than nineteen. I tried to, for the professor's sake. On the train coming here Henry—I am to call him so—read letters and made notes, and now he has gone to meet some gentlemen from Cambridge. It is six o'clock, rainy and cold again. There is not yet a touch of spring in the air. Indeed, it feels like snow. They tell me at the North that when spring in certain seasons comes late, it comes with a rush, with a sudden surprise, and that it is all at once warm as summer. I have no one to write to except some school friends. I am quite alone in the world, and all my life depends on him. Although he does not love me, I am not yet unhappy. There were beautiful letters written to Professor Dagget, and I had some lovely marriage gifts, and the house he has bought for our home is on a hill overlooking Westminster. Not far away Henry's best friend, Jack Faverhill, has a beautiful place. My husband wore a gray suit at his wedding, and he looked handsome and distinguished and very absent-minded. I believe half the time he forgot where he was! There were only a few members of the faculty there, and their wives. The oldest of the pretty girls was

my bridesmaid, and afterwards, when we were alone a few moments before going away, she cried and kissed me. I knew how she felt, and I told her it wasn't the sacrifice that it seemed to her in any way, and not to cry, for I was not at all sad.

"You ought to be, poor darling!" she said. "Don't you realize—don't you know what life is?"

If I had been melancholy, it would not have been much help to me to have her talk like that! I only kissed her and thanked her for all her kindness, for the room she lent me for my lessons, for her friendship. But I couldn't help but wonder if she knew what life was half so well as I, who felt it over me like the tide of a sea that carried me to an unknown port. . . . I shall write her and tell her that Boston is cheerful and spring-like, and not let her hear the echo of the rain on the hotel windows, or see the shadow of the heavy sky across the page.

Mr. Faverhill was the best man, and he seemed as gay as if it were his wedding. He "jollied up" Henry, as he called it, and seems devoted to him. After the wedding he put us on the train and said:

"Please thank or scold me, as the case may be, Mrs. Dagget, if your Boston quarters aren't quite right. I'm the one in charge, and I hope you'll be comfortable."

There was the same look of pity that the pretty girl gave me, and I hated it from him. The rooms he had chosen for us are quite sumptuous: a parlor, where I am sitting, and the bedrooms, with a bath between. We are to dine here, and I shall be face to face alone with my husband, with whom I have never broken bread before. His timid little sister was not at the wedding; she is travelling in Europe, and will not be home for some months.

PARKER HOUSE, BOSTON, May 10, 1903.

We did not dine alone after all. At eight o'clock Henry came in with another gentleman, an old man about sixty, I should say, gray-haired and very gentle, and more *distrained* even than my husband. He is a celebrated German biologist, and he sails for Germany to-morrow. He spoke no English, and Professor Dagget and he talked German all through dinner. I left them at ten o'clock enveloped in a cloud of cigar smoke and talking through the haze. I think he must have stayed till past midnight, for the clock struck one when I heard Professor Dagget go to his room.

IX.

LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

WESTMINSTER, April, 1904.

I HAVE been married eleven months. It took a long while to settle and furnish the house, for Henry had things that his ancestors fetched from England, and some old furniture from Haverhill that belonged to

his father. It is the prettiest house in Westminster, I think; on a hill, with quite a garden, and not far from the university. Henry has only a few minutes' walk. Everybody has been kind to me—too kind, for if I liked I could be always out to teas and clubs and socials, and all sorts of amusements. Every woman here has some hobby besides her home. Henry leaves me quite free to join clubs or not, as I like, so I joined a literary circle which meets weekly, and that is all.

Henry's friends, the Faverhills, are charming—at least, Jack Faverhill is; his wife is an invalid. I think she is insane. No one seems to think Mr. Faverhill's duty is at home, and he is never there. He seems devoted to my husband, and every Sunday night he comes to supper, and often in the week, too. The Seniors come to call ridiculously often. I asked Henry if he objected, and he said that, on the contrary, it was a good influence for the fellows. One of the men who asked me to marry him is here on a post-graduate course. He says he returned to be near me. He makes doleful and melancholy love to me, and it is very amusing! The professors' wives all have children, and every one is absorbed in the gossip of the college. I would often be at a loss for something to do if it were not that I continue to read and to study. Henry is up at frightful hours. I hear him in his room at five o'clock; some nights I believe he does not go to bed at all. He hardly knows any of the rooms except his study, which I am the only person allowed to dust, for fear of disturbing his papers. There are moments, actually, when I regret Mrs. Ransom's boarding house and the four o'clock lessons, because then Henry belonged to me for an hour at least, and couldn't escape! I appreciate, as I see his busy life, how kind it was to give me that regular daily time. I have been so poor for years that it seems wonderful not to have to make my own clothes and to worry about cuts and styles. Henry allows me to give to charities here, and that pleases me, too.

I have no means to know whether or not my husband is happy with me, or regrets his marriage, because he never talks or addresses half a dozen words to me. I never trouble him with myself. I am sure he would not know if I were in the house or not. The time of the week when he most seems to thaw is on Sundays, when Jack Faverhill comes to tea. Mr. Faverhill is not a student, but he is a very clever man, and he makes Henry talk, and he talks to Henry. It is a delight when Henry will consent to leave his own subject and touch another! I wonder that, hemmed in by mathematics as he is, anything else has ever penetrated his absorption, but it seems he is informed on almost every subject. I sit and listen, and love Jack Faverhill for what he does for Henry. I could easily imagine a woman marrying Henry for his mind alone, as other women have married savants and men of letters, and as the pretty girls of the class of 19—, and, of course, Jack Faverhill, think I married my husband!

I went away and stayed two nights at the Faverhills'. Mrs. Faverhill was very ill, and they sent for me. I purposely didn't tell Henry, for I wanted to see if he would telephone me, but he never even asked where I was, and when I came home and told him I had been gone forty-eight hours he couldn't believe me. He is finishing his book, and it will make a great deal of stir—as much as any mathematical work ever does, Faverhill says.

There is no one in Westminster like Henry. The fellow who said he wasn't beloved is wrong, for I see how he is adored. His classes are the fullest in the college, and the best worked for. His salary has been advanced, they are so afraid they will lose him. In a year or so he will retire and carry on his work quite independently. He has been interested, too, in biology for many years, and I think that is what he intends to pursue. He shines out like a star among the other professors, and I know they are a little jealous of him. He speaks French and German, and is a wonderful Latin scholar. I compare him with Jack Faverhill—Jack has a keener and weaker face, but he is very handsome, too. He has a sense of humor, has travelled everywhere, and he has always time for me—more than I will accept.

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X.

DAGGET was perplexed to see how the routine of their life in Naples, so capably planned by him, was being controlled now by the woman. Mrs. Dagget it was who decided whether they should go to Pompeii, or whether her husband, with some archæologists, should pursue his studies and his enjoyment of antiquities without her. Letty, loving Italy as she professedly did, seemed to find Naples, the hotel, and an occasional walk on the esplanade all the diversion she needed. She haunted the shops in the Via Emanuele, the first European bazaars she had ever seen; bought herself some ravishingly pretty things; sometimes sang like a bird in the room next to her husband's, and sometimes he knew that she wept. Nevertheless, during the ordeal—the time which for her he felt should be a period of repentant self-condemnation and wifely devotion, when she should have tried to make him forget—Letty it was who flowered, who bloomed! She grew more lovely every day, and seemed to reflect the careless spirits of the natives whom she found so sympathetic.

Dagget, sleepless, nervous, *désorienté*, and miserable, wore all the symptoms of the culprit, and it was he who seemed the real victim of exile. Since the night when, on opening the door, he had found his wife to be absent from her room, he had never, after they bade each other good night, opened that door again. He preferred not to know.

After futile experiments with work, he gave up all idea of writing,

and relinquished himself to the task of winning his Letty's confidence. He put away his papers and his books, and his bare room became desolate to him. He went to the English library and bought a collection of Italian sketches, and determinedly, as one might put a great hand down over a butterfly, laid hold of Letty one day, and imprisoned her on the balcony, that he might read to her, willy-nilly. She sat near him in a low chair, the afternoon sun filling her hair. Her hands were busy with a bit of sewing—a garment for her child. The professor, who had not opened a book of this character since he was a young man touring in Europe, read aloud a sentimental, loosely-written story of travel among the Umbrian cities. Indifferent as the matter was, it began to entertain him. The contact with thought so unlike his own was interesting, and after a few pages the aspect and atmosphere of the cities described charmed him as the subject never could have done in Westminster—as it could, indeed, never have done if he had not been lately emancipated from his hard routine, if he had not lately been sensitive to other things than facts, if his feelings had not been for the first in question! At a Latin poem quoted on the paper, he paused, read it in the original, then ably translated it.

"How beautifully you read, Henry!"

He actually colored. "I haven't, I should say, read aloud in twenty years—not since I read aloud to my father, who was blind. Since you're so good as to compliment me, I'll read often."

"How I should like to see that Umbrian country! How lovely it sounds!"

The professor turned the leaves and found another sketch.

"Here's a bit about Oevieto."

But Mrs. Dagget had gathered up her work, and now rose.

"Why, you're not tired, Letty? We haven't read an hour."

She answered from the balcony door.

"I have to go out a little while. I have an appointment in the Via Emanuele, and there's just time before dinner."

Dagget leaned forward!

"Come and sit down again for a quarter of an hour, until I read this one sketch. It's a good plan to go on when one is in the mood, you know."

His wife smiled—the terrible smile of those who quite appreciate how much they are wanted, and at the same time quite intend to take themselves away.

"I'm sorry. I can't, really! It's almost five."

Dagget shut the book and followed her into the room. As he did so, he did not know himself. It was another Henry Dagget to the one who had been agreeably reading aloud, who entered the room where his wife was already making her preparations for going out.

Dagget did not speak. He felt as if a sea, hot and tempestuous, had surged through him up to his lips, and until he could dam it back he could not trust his voice.

It was a simple thing enough that Letty should go out. *He did not want her to go.* It was a simple thing that after an hour's reading she should plead an engagement made long before. He wanted her to remain.

She had put on her hat and veil.

"Letty."

His voice to himself sounded like a very young voice, high-tuned and thin.

"Yes, Henry."

"I don't want you to go out."

She did not turn from before the mirror until she had fastened her white veil over her face; under it her cheeks were pink as roses.

"Are you ill, Henry."

He could almost have pleaded that excuse.

"Not at all; but I should prefer that you remain."

The color deepened in her cheeks, she took up without reply her gloves and her parasol. He watched her.

"You're going, then?"

He stepped towards her. The professor of mathematics, icicle that he was, the "cube," the "angle," was so mastered by a feeling that he could not classify and pigeonhole, that he was like a child under the first storm of passion. He wanted to seize his wife by her delicate wrists, pinion her, say: "You shall not go! I am your husband. Where are you going—to whom, and *what*? I must know—I shall know!"

Letty spoke coldly:

"I have an engagement, Henry; there is no reason why I should break it."

Her eyes were beautiful and hostile, and she met his with what he felt was dislike, and in a second the look set him free as nothing else could have done. He seemed ridiculous to himself.

"You're not going to keep me by force, Henry?"

He bit his lip, stepped aside to let his wife pass him, and the door had closed after her some several minutes before he stirred.

XI.

LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

WESTMINSTER, April, 1904.

JACK loves my singing, and it is such a pleasure to sing for him by the hour. He plays delightfully, and fetches me the new songs.

Last night Henry was in Boston at a Harvard entertainment, and

Jack came to dinner. After coffee, when we were sitting in the drawing-room, "Letty," he said, "aren't you a very unusual woman?"

I told him that it seemed as if he must doubt it, since he so put the question.

"No," he said; "but I thought you would help me decide—and you will eventually; what I mean is, you seem so serene and so good, for no reason whatsoever."

Of course I asked him what he meant, and if I had not every reason for contentment.

"No," he said abruptly; "you have nothing! I knew Henry Dagget in Vienna, before he had turned into a stone—petrified. A more charming, delightful companion I never knew. If any one had told me he would fossilize like this . . . ! I hadn't seen him for years until I came here just before your marriage to him. Then I saw the change, and saw you too, Letty." He waited and did not go on with the sentence. "You *are* unusual, extraordinary—or else you are as senseless as he is."

"Jack," I said, "you find me always happy."

"No," he interrupted.

"You find me always tranquil, at least, and that is perhaps better—and I don't want you to discuss my life."

"You could be so happy! Letty!" He seemed to plead for it, to want it for me. "So radiantly, wonderfully happy."

"Come," I begged him—"come, Jack, and let us sing."

He had brought me a beautiful new song, which he played for me, reading the words as he played.

WHEN SPRING COMES LATE

When spring comes late on field and bough,
And winter seems to claim the year;
When birds are hushed, and no songs fill
The barren orchards, and the drear
Rain lingers crying at the pane,
And barren days come back again.

When spring comes late, let you and me
Find comfort in each other dear,
Nor seek the blossoms on the tree,
Nor music save our hearts to hear;
But find our beings' whole content
In our full loving's wonderment.

When he had finished, his eyes seemed to ask me a thousand questions; and I could not tell him my thoughts, or what the words of the song meant for me. But spring is sure to come, and it is like summer when it does come, and worth waiting for all the frosty year.

WESTMINSTER, May 8, 1904.

I have been married twelve months to-day. For most of the time there has been a bewilderment of my senses, a sort of sleep upon me. I feel as if I were blindfolded, and Henry were leading me wherever he would, to something we neither of us knew; but when the bandage slips I know I shall be in a beautiful place.

My husband breakfasts alone in his study, very early, before he goes to the university—he has already done several hours' work. I disturb none of his habits; I hardly come near his life, and certainly not into it. From my window I see him go over to the college at the hours of his lectures. He has a congenial study in the university buildings, and prefers writing there to here, where everything is new as yet, and where I am the newest of all—he isn't used to me. He is home for luncheon, as a rule, and we are usually alone. Many meals pass without his addressing a word to me. Sometimes he fetches his pamphlets to the table and reads throughout lunch; sometimes he forgets to eat and fasts till late afternoon.

Jack Faverhill says Henry is one of the great minds of the country, and that he will make some biological discoveries of value when he goes really into the work.

WESTMINSTER, May 20, 1904.

Little Mary Dagget stares at me as if I were some kind of specimen Henry had brought home, and which she could never understand. She is timid and faltering, and at everything I do or say she exclaims: "Why, Letty!" She is in a state of constant astonishment at something or other all the time.

Last night I waited in Henry's study until he should come home. It was a bold thing for me to venture. I put on my prettiest dress, and sat in the window. He came in quickly and with such an expression of strained thought that I was terrified lest he should suddenly see me and be interrupted. I never moved. I scarcely breathed, and sat until I ached in every bone and muscle. He worked for a long time before his table, and I watched him, fascinated at his face and its absorption. When I couldn't endure the cramped tension of keeping so still any longer, I got up softly and spoke his name.

He looked up as if he were in a charmed sleep, as if he saw me through a haze. He didn't speak to me, and as quickly as I could I passed out of the room.

July 1, 1904.

I cling to Mary Dagget. I want her always here. I watch her knitting work—ugly, dark, deformed-looking articles for charity boxes. Over the gray, dull work her little face is pinched and docile, and her

timid eyes are lost behind double glasses. Whilst she sits and works I talk to her as I have not been able to talk for months. I have told her all about my Southern home, and father, and I have made her tell me all about Henry and his childhood. She brought him up—she is fifteen years older than he.

July 2, 1904.

These souvenirs of Henry's youth, which Miss Dagget has told me as I lie on my divan in the corner of the sitting-room, are all she has of life or experience; yet I don't believe she has ever talked to Henry. She admires and reveres him, and is awfully afraid of him. How I ever dared to marry him, is, I am sure, a constant wonder to her!

July 4, 1904.

It is three months since I went to Henry's library and tried to talk with him. Several times I have tried to speak to him alone, in vain. There have been two German friends of his staying here with us for a fortnight. Henry is making some expert researches for a pamphlet which these professors are to read before the Vienna convention. Jack Faverhill is very sarcastic about the poor German gentlemen. He says they were not like that when he went to Germany as a student.

No one but Jack Faverhill has observed that I am pale and troubled. I think I could simply fade out of life before Henry's eyes, and he would never know that I had existed. To-day Mary Dagget, when she had finished her knitting, brought out a fresh bundle of ugly brown yarn, but before she unrolled it I said to her:

"Don't wind it, Mary."

She looked in great surprise through her double glasses.

"I've got some other work for you to do;" and I brought out some skeins of pale blue and white and pink wools.

"My dear Letty! What foolish colors!"

"Not foolish for some garments, Mary, and you're so clever with your fingers and your needles." I came over and sat down by her side. "Will you knit me some little things—some very little things?"

She flushed all over her pale old cheeks.

"Why, Letty—why, Letty!"

"Yes—yes " I was crying then.

And she was very gentle and put her arms around me, and I felt the mother heart of her as I put my head on her thin breast.

After a while I said:

"Mary, I want you to tell Henry for me."

"He doesn't know!"

"No, I have tried to tell him, but he—he has no time for me, Mary."

"My dear child, don't say that! You must tell your husband."

"I can't now."

"Why, Letty?"

"I could have—I wanted to do so, but I can't now. He doesn't love me enough."

"Letty, you are the only woman who has ever been in Henry's life."

"I'm not in it."

I saw how it disturbed her, and consoled her, but made her promise to tell my husband for me that I am to be a mother.

WESTMINSTER, May 8, 1905.

To-day was the second anniversary of our wedding. Henry remembered it no more than he did the first, but Jack Faverhill did! He brought me a flowering azalea, because I had said I liked them, and when this one is faded I am to have another. Jack said: "I want you always to have a flowering plant in this room, Letty. You came from a country of flowers: you must miss them." I do, and the winters here are so cruelly long! The big blaze of this splendid tree Jack brought me fills the room with its sun. It is a pinky-yellow Japanese azalea. The baby put his little hands out to it and laughed as if it were the sun; it seemed to dazzle him.

WESTMINSTER, May 20, 1905.

The baby looks like Henry, but he has my nature, which means that he will suffer. But he will also be able to make some one very happy, as I am sure I could. So far, at least, I have made my husband need me. I keep his house, and rear his son, and take care of his accounts. But as a woman I am apparently indifferent to him. Little Mary Dagget would take my place if I were not here. She would rather be ignored by Henry than remembered by some one else.

Since Mr. Faverhill comes so often and so regularly, the students come less. He is always here. The little college clique is very conventional, and I am sure his constant visits are criticised. I spoke to Henry of it one day. "Don't you think Jack comes too often, Henry?"

"Too often for whom?"

"It seems to me——"

Henry interrupted. "Does he come too often for you?"

"No; you see, I am so much alone, he entertains me."

"Well, then"—he smiled indulgently—"that's all that is important;" and he went on with his book.

Mr. Faverhill came in that very evening, and we played and sang for two hours. Henry was writing in the next room, and after Jack had gone I asked Henry if we had disturbed his quiet.

He looked up at me, dazed.

"Music? I heard none—Letty, you see what a boor a mathematician is!"

"Not a boor, but what he misses!"

Sometimes there is a look on my husband's face which if I could transfix for a moment would make him a beautiful human man; then it fades and is lost in his abstractions. When we are all three together, Henry becomes quite animated, and as he smiles and I see the illumination of my husband's face I crave more deeply to be able to light that torch myself; but how? I have never talked with him for half an hour. There is a wall between us. He scarcely knows his child. But, in spite of all, would I rather be forgotten by Henry than remembered by another man? No *I wish to be remembered by Henry.* That is what I intend to be before it is too late.

WESTMINSTER, May 21, 1905.

The university is sending Henry to Labrador with other celebrated scientists. The journey is in connection with his biological interests. He will be gone three months. He is going to-morrow, and only told me of it to-day. He forgot to tell me before. I cried a great deal, which of course he did not know. Three months is so long, and Labrador is so far! I would have liked to have this evening alone with him, but Jack Faverhill came, and I had to leave them together and go to arrange Henry's things. It took me all the evening, and it was midnight when I came into the study. Jack was still there. I went up to my husband and put my hand on his shoulder.

"Won't you take me with you, Henry?"

He started as if I were an utter stranger who had pleaded to go.

"Why, it's a man's party, my dear Letty. There are no comforts for women."

"I don't want any comforts."

I knew that Jack was looking at me eagerly, and that he was amazed at my request.

"Of course you are not serious? It's quite out of the question to take you, Letty."

"Then, don't go."

Henry turned full around to look at me. He seemed as embarrassed as if I were a wilful child who was making him trouble. Jack laughed at him.

"You're certainly not easily flattered, Dagget, I must say. I wish some woman cared a hang where I went or what I did."

He got up—I was grateful to him, and said before him to my husband: "Don't you know it's dangerous to leave a woman all alone for months?" And whether he meant to rebuke me for my vulgarity, or was really as blind as the words implied, Henry said:

"You have neighbors, a burglar alarm, and a telephone."

And Jack laughed. "Yes, Letty, and you have me—I will look out for you."

When we were alone and the door had shut behind him, leaving us alone at last, Henry asked:

"Is there a fire in the study, Letty? It was cold last night."

"Yes."

"Then I shall go to work. I have a dozen things still left to do."

"But you'll be exhausted . . . and you start away so early, Henry."

"I can rest on the train."

I left him at his study door, and he kissed me on the cheek and bade me good-night. "I shall write as often as the mails go out from Labrador, and if you need anything, call on Faverhill."

XII.

THE professor's equilibrium, extraordinarily disturbed, was slow to adjust itself. He was humiliated by the lack of control he had exhibited, still more overcome with surprise at the woman's will that had daunted him, at Letty's lack of consideration for his feelings, her cold refusal, and, above all, at a desire which in the face of determination on his part, whose very existence must be new to her, had made her pursue her own pleasure contrary to her husband's wish.

He wandered about the room his wife had left, profoundly troubled. How was it possible that a man who had been eminently equal to the situations of life hitherto should fail before the problem of a mere woman! But Dagget had a false appreciation of the relative difficulties of the situation, a total ignorance of human nature, and, above all, of the vagaries and subtleties of sex. The riddles of romance, even current events, were shut out from him by the close, painful application of years to one subject, and his devotion to a hobby. The man whom Letty's diary called her husband's best friend had said: "You would be an interesting man in any walk of life, Dagget. You have more possibilities than you know, and, curiously enough, you have chosen the one profession in which you can be the least interesting to others!"

Whether or not he was *interesting*, Dagget decided that he was dull, and that before the beautiful woman who by law and Gospel belonged to him he was a failure.

Letty's things lay all about the room. They were simple, for, although his income was large, their expenditures were regulated with economy as far as luxuries were concerned. Here and there were different objects of her wearing apparel. Thrown on the bed was her little

blue wrapper. The bureau top bore many feminine accessories to toilet, and Dagget in his walk regarded them with more than usual interest. A picture of the child in Letty's arms, a picture of her own mother—a sweet old miniature—were the ornaments. The elderly Southern lady had Letty's dark hair, her gentle eyes with less fire in them, Letty's full, lovely mouth, with more control in the lines. But she was an older woman than the one who, smiling and charming, held her baby in her arms. Letty looked very happy in the picture, very proud of the treasure she held.

This, Dagget reflected bitterly, was his wife, the mother of his son! No wonder they called her pretty Mrs. Dagget—even beautiful Mrs. Dagget. She was a very beautiful woman. He had never remarked it—and what had she done with her beauty and his honor?

Dagget put the picture down. A sharp spasm of pain contracted his muscles, and counter emotions rushed across the virgin field of his nature, trampling it, rending it, a host thousands strong. He knew little or nothing of women. He had been a lonely boy, a lonely, intense student, a close-thinking, absorbed man, and yet as nothing had ever before held his attention the little creature in Mrs. Ransom's boarding-house had made him think about her, had ensnared his interest and held it more than she or he was ever aware. Letty Thorpe had taken form until out of the labyrinth of problems she became a vivid illustration on the dull printed pages. As she had sat over her work, her pretty, soft figure, pliant, adorable, bent over the sheets of paper and her books, as every now and then she looked up at him, following his words with close attention, she penetrated his absorption, and the eternal feminine spoke to him—imperiously, appealingly. And Dagget believed now as he mused that he had married her because he wanted her, and not because, as he had then argued, he wanted to protect her from the world and to do his duty by her father's memory. Musing still, there rushed upon him the recollection of one night in the first year of their married life. He had been absorbed in bringing to a close an important volume destined to find place as text-book in the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and to win for him an English and Scotch decoration.

Letty had kept his home for him, quietly, capably, and well. Sweetly presiding at the end of his table at meals, softly moving through his house, she had been before him many months whilst he remained as unconscious of her as one is of the atmosphere, of the comfort and well-being of home, and the agreeable objects which one enjoys without even being grateful for them. On the especial night he now recalled, his book's last proof had been sent off to the printer, and he wandered home across the campus and up the hill in the mild April night. That season the summer had suddenly and capriciously come with a rush, and the weather was warm. He had dined, as a great honor to them, with a

class fraternity, and it was after twelve o'clock when at last he went home. Windows and doors all open, the house seemed deserted. No one was on the porch or in the parlor, or in the great rooms as he went through them. His study—his natural haunt—where, shut in for weeks and months, he had toiled like a slave, did not tempt him, and rather impatiently he turned from it, and in passing cautiously, so that if she were asleep he might not disturb her, he opened the door to Letty's room Letty's room—he hardly ever crossed its threshold! The full moon's quiet light flooded it—he remembered how it lay on the cold white bed and on the floor. Letty, who lay on the sofa before the window, started up with a little exclamation.

"I was waiting for you, Henry. Aren't you tired?"

He came over and sat down on the broad divan by her side. She was undressed and had thrown on a light wrapper; she looked very young and lovely, child-like and virginal—a child, not a wife.

"Aren't you tired, Henry? And now that the book has gone, can't you rest a little?"

He remembered that she had lifted his hands to her face gently, as though she put the roses of her cheeks between his palms, that he might gather them; and for the first conscious of the woman and of himself, the scales of labor fallen from his weary eyes, his wife had been like a marvellous spring of youth and delight to his lips. His arms full of her had been, as it were, full of flowers, and like a youth in a dream he had made his marriage night. He realized how potent her power must be, for after all the months that followed, after the year in which the sight of her dimmed and faded, as once again in harness he forgot her and life, the memory of the night could return as it did now and sway him like a tree in the storm.

He picked up her wrapper from the bed. Its soft texture met the face he buried in it. A fragrance came from it, like a key lost for years and suddenly found to open a treasure-box whose wonders dazzled the eyes.

Dagget drew a long breath and ran his fingers through his heavy hair. Going quickly into his own room, he took his hat and stick and went down to Naples.

XIII.

LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

WESTMINSTER, July 1, 1905.

HENRY has been gone two months. I have had just one letter from him. But I do not complain of my husband even to myself. That letter told me of his journey and of his interests as if I were a man, and at the end he had first written "I am, dear sir," and then it was scratched out, and instead, "Your affectionate husband."

My child is a great resource. He is beautiful and gay and sweet. I have his little arms to surround me and his little cheek against mine, but I am, nevertheless, more lonely than if I had never been married, for the only thing I want is a thing it is my right to have, and I am deprived in my own domain.

Jack comes to see me every day. At first he was more discreet, but my loneliness has drawn him, and I let him come.

WESTMINSTER, August 2, 1905.

It is criticised here—Jack's coming so often. I went out to the Browning Club to-day, and there was a distinct coldness among the ladies. I am so unhappy that their attitude could not make me more so, and nothing but Henry's forgetfulness and his absence exists for me. Professor Watson lives opposite us, and his wife sits in her front window all day. She has grown dry and withered and senseless after her long years of companionship with specimens. Her husband is the professor of biology, a great friend of Henry's, and during the period that the professor has been seeking the Secret of Life, the wife has died! So I shall do, I suppose, eventually! But it will be a hard struggle first to live—to live—to *make Henry see*.

At the Literary Class Mrs. Watson said quite frankly: "I would have come to see you, but you appear never to be alone." I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of thinking that she troubled me. "But you know Mr. Faverhill, don't you? My husband left me in his care." Mrs. Watson smiled and said that he seemed to be very faithful to his trust! I have asked all the old cats for tea next week.

Jack comes in the afternoon and stops on for tea. He reads to me, and I sew, or we play together and sing. I have written a little series of lullabies for my baby, and there is one the baby especially likes:

Pussy-cat's got on his snow-white shoes.

Pit-pat soft and slow.

Brown eyes, blue eyes, which shall I choose?

One, two, three, four—round we go!

A child's laugh is the sweetest thing on earth, and my little boy's voice is like music. He dances in the middle of the floor to the song, and at "one, two, three, four," whirls about like a tiny dervish. How little Henry knows what he misses! In me? Well, that is not for me to say; but in the joy of fatherhood and in his little growing child.

Jack Faverhill said: "There are times when I love the child and hate him—the last because he is Dagget's, the first because he is yours."

WESTMINSTER, August 5, 1905.

Although Henry married me so young, many men loved me before he came, and Jack Faverhill loves me more than any one has ever loved

me yet. Every act shows his feelings, and yet his loyalty has until now kept him silent. I have known it all winter, and it's all Henry's fault. His confidence in us both could come from nothing but indifference; he doesn't care, and I am trying myself. I have written Henry several times, of course, and I tell him of all Jack's visits—of his kindness. I am lonely—inexpressibly lonely. If Henry isn't man enough to know how dangerous solitude is for an unhappy woman, he isn't lover enough to care . . . he will have to learn to be, or I cannot bear the life he asks me to lead another month, another week—scarcely another day.

WESTMINSTER, August 10, 1905.

Jack has taken to coming entirely in the evenings. He rides over in the afternoons and stops to say how-do-you-do, or fetches me some books or flowers. But every night after dinner he comes early and stays until I send him home.

He sees how absorbed I am in my husband, and this, I now believe, is the sole reason that keeps him silent. His loyalty could not, for he seems to dislike Henry, and never speaks of him in any way. We talk of all manner of things, and I try not to let silences fall, because I am afraid of them now.

WESTMINSTER, August 13, 1905.

If Jack tells me that he loves me, I can, of course, never see him any more. He knows this, too, but he surrounds me with his devotion, and if he could prevent it I would never be desolate again.

WESTMINSTER, August 14, 1905.

So far my conscience has not troubled me. I have been, so I have argued, taking no man's goods in having so much of Jack Faverhill's care and society. But to-day I have heard that his wife is very ill. I told him that he was neglecting his wife.

"Other men don't scruple to neglect theirs," he replied, "and, at least, my wife is unconscious of my delinquencies."

I shall not see him to-night when he comes.

WESTMINSTER, August 15, 1905.

The Browning Club was to have met here to-day, and only two members came, the oldest ladies in the class. It was an insult as far as the others are concerned. I have created a scandal in the town where Henry is so honored and adored, and, strange to say, it does not make me feel wicked at all. I have done nothing wrong—nothing at all.

WESTMINSTER, August 18, 1905.

I have not seen Jack for several days. His wife has been much worse. He has written me daily letters, and they are heart-breaking.

It is not the woman who is going out of life that he is regretting—but one who in life can never be anything to him. With the letters he sends me flowers and books—always some little thought that cannot fail to touch me in my deserted life.

WESTMINSTER, August 19, 1905.

To-day I sat in Henry's study, just before dinner. It is lined with books, of course—all dull, dreary, lifeless essays and pamphlets. Scientific works of all kinds, as I believe, a very valuable collection. He has willed it to the university. His table is covered with papers and text-books. Except for careful dusting by me with fear and trembling, these papers are never disturbed. As I looked about amongst the books, I saw on a lower shelf near his table a line of volumes which greatly surprised me: the English poets, agreeably bound; and as I took out one and turned it over, it bore the marks of having been read and much opened, and indeed the very page I opened to was marked.

Henry read the poets? Oh, it isn't possible! What have they said to him that I may not hear—that should not sing to me of my husband's love?

There is a photograph on his table, a class group. He was a graduate then; Henry was the handsomest of all the class. He must have been splendid to look at then. He is now. In this picture his face, young and fresh, is far more that of a poet than of a man of science, dreamy and charming. The baby will be like that, and, since he has my nature, he will keep his dreams.

WESTMINSTER, August 20, 1905.

Sitting there at Henry's table, I dared to write him a letter—a love-letter. The sonnet made me do it. He must know it, since he marked it, and will remember it.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such frail fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers. . . . ?

Then I told him things I have never dared to say. I did it as a sort of armor against anything that might try to smite me in my loneliness, as a protection of Henry and of myself.

When I finished I felt that I could not see Jack Faverhill for a long, long time, as if I must shut my doors and keep myself in from all the world and wait for my husband to come as he would, cold and uncaring as ever—still, to come. So I wrote Jack Faverhill too:

It is not fair to let you come and not to tell you all I should. You must know how I love, how I can love. You have seen it all winter, although you would not see or acknowledge it. You must do so now.

This absence has given me courage to tell you this. All the love of my heart is given to another man. I do not call his name, for you will hate it so. But let this knowledge help you to forget and to understand. All during these long months it has been he and not you who was my constant companion; and my life shall be spent in trying to make him love me, as I do him. Forgive this cruel, cruel letter. I know all I owe you. I should have spared you. I have been selfish and cruel—can you forgive me? *Can* you? I can't have any right to your pardon, and yet that would be dear to me—it is all I can have a right to ask.

LETTY.

After I had written the letters, I hesitated some time about sending them. Henry may be home any time now. Finally I put them in their envelopes and addressed Henry's and left it on his table for him to find and read alone. And just as I was about to send Jack's to him, the maid came in and told me Mr. Faverhill was down-stairs. At his name, and the idea that he had come again so faithfully, so kindly, I could not send the letter. I tore it up and threw it into the waste basket. It would be easier to tell him than on cold paper hurt him so.

XIV.

NOT IN LETTY DAGGET'S RED BOOK.

WHEN Mrs. Dagget left her husband's library it was eleven o'clock. She had not marked the time, as at the table, absorbed in her writing of the letters of such different character, the gentle-hearted woman had given rein to her emotion, her loyalty, and her tears. For Letty had wept. Unused to transcribe in her intimate red book much of her own self, the tender little creature would never commit the confessions of her weakness to her diary. She had nevertheless cried, and bitterly, and her tears left her flushed and very lovely.

As on the warm summer night, in her dress of thin muslin, she came into the parlor where Faverhill stood waiting, she exhaled the sweetness of a tea-rose. On the piano there was a jar full of them; Faverhill had rifled his gardens for her, and he thought as she entered that she personified the flowers. Faverhill, who rarely permitted himself to look long on Letty, now opened his eyes wide that he might be satisfied with her, and looked his fill.

"Jack," she said, "isn't it late? Why do you come here so late? It's a mistake—I know it is. Is Mrs. Faverhill worse?"

He held firmly the greeting hand she gave.

"I've come to you like a creature possessed, Letty. These days have been full of horrors—horrors—shut up there with illness—and such a dreadful kind of illness, shut in for days and days, and away from you."

"Poor Jack!" she said softly.

"Poor indeed," he accepted bitterly, "the poorest man in the world, Letty."

Mrs. Dagget drew her hand away from his.

"It's very late."

"Not very," he hurried, "and I couldn't help it. Let me stay a moment. In mercy, Letty! I'm stealing no man's riches. We're both alone—desperately alone—and I'm just short of hell. Sing me one little song—something awfully simple—one of the kid's lullabies, and I'll sit away over here on the sofa and listen to you—as I've listened to you, Letty, up there on the hill, for days and days and days."

The windows were all open to the hot, sultry night. Faverhill threw himself on the sofa, and Letty went over to the piano, opened it, and began to play. She sang him one after another of the simple, pretty little songs, written with a mother's understanding of restlessness, infinitely quiet and full of rest. Half lying on the sofa, Faverhill listened. The light from the candles fell on the tea roses, on Letty's hair. As she finished and rose, she became conscious of a feeling of faintness in the extreme heat. Making her way out from behind the piano into the room, she wavered, grew dreadfully dizzy, and the room began to sway and the light to darken.

Jack Faverhill, who had left the sofa, came towards her. Letty tried to tell him she felt ill, tried to gain her equilibrium, whilst Faverhill, unconscious of her weakness, poured out his love for her in a torrent of words shaken from his soul. His vehemence, his passion, came upon her like a storm against a frail bark that has put too far out to sea. She tried to stop him—put out her trembling hands in vain, and then brought them both to cover her fainting heart.

Faverhill heard his name called in a supplicating cry, he saw her waver, sprang forward, and caught her in his arms.

As she came to herself she felt a great desire to weep and to be consoled, but at the sound of Faverhill's voice, at his touch, she started, roused herself vigorously, and, in spite of his entreaties, sat up and covered her face with her hands.

"Go."

"Letty!"

"Go."

His voice was pitiful. "Have you no mercy—no mercy, Letty? Didn't you hear what I said?"

"I love my husband."

Faverhill ground his teeth.

"He is as indifferent to you as the stones—more so—they would warm to you. He leaves you without any word or any regard."

"Hush, hush, I don't need you to tell me that. I love him in spite of the fact that he does not love me."

She leaned her head back on the sofa, still frightfully weak and trembling. The words she wanted to hear from Faverhill failed to come. She had a great fear that he would take her in his arms and that the human tenderness and strength would overcome her.

"You see how ill I am. Will you go?"

Faverhill knelt down beside her and tried to take her hands.

"I can't go, dearest—see how late it is. First of all, I can't leave you ill, and then I can't go out from here into the street at this hour."

Mrs. Dagget stirred, and the color came back to her cheeks. With all the force of which she was capable, she rose as in a dream.

"I don't care anything about the hour, or for the tongues of the people, if any one should see you. Henry will believe me, and not them. Even if you were seen, which is not likely, my husband will understand it."

She went towards the door.

"If you don't go, Jack, I will. I will go over to Mrs. Watson and ask her to take me in."

Out of reach of his hungry hands, she put her own behind her back. Faverhill bit his pale lips.

"Then there is no hope for me, Letty?"

"*Hope* for you?" Her mouth curled. "I adore my husband—don't you know it—know it—know it?"

Faverhill had opened the windows wide in order to give Letty all the air there was. Pale and beautiful, beyond him and lost to him, she tempted beyond his power to control, and with a maddened cry he caught her in his arms and crushed her to him, covered her with kisses, and then, almost letting her fall from him, rushed out of the house.

As he did so the shutters of the opposite windows were drawn closely to, and Mrs. Watson, who from the time Faverhill had entered three hours before had not left her post, now saw him rush out into the night.

XV.

DAGGET, who with utter fidelity had relinquished himself for twenty years to one mental occupation, now gave himself to his new state of mind with as complete abandon. He possessed a power of absorption in his subject to the extent that whilst he meditated and mused, analyzed and resolved, the world was dead to him. And now, as he started down into Naples, he had not omitted to put on his hat, but he narrowly escaped being cut in two by a tram-car, and passed the illustrious Signore di Braccia without recognition. He walked on air in a new country where there were no tram-cars, no files of rattling cabs or staring pedestrians; where, indeed, there were no obstacles to reverie of a certain kind, and where it is safe to say there were no scientific gentlemen with cognomens of crustacea and mollusks in their minds.

The country was so new to Dagget that, explorer as he was, he revelled in its discovery. The border crossed, he longed to traverse its enchantment, to press forward to its limits, and as he wilfully gave himself up he was invaded and possessed by the triumphant emotion that, repressed and denied expression for so long, rushed over him and claimed him.

But the first bright brilliancy of the invasion passed, and the retreat left the man in as melancholy a state as a field in shadow from which the dazzling lines of the reverie have melted away. The tragedy of the thing, its bare facts, were there, and they were to be reckoned with. It was all very charming and wonderful to find himself a man passionately in love; but with whom was he thus desperately entangled? His vision of his wife had come too late; the time was over when they two might present a pair whose happiness should tempt the gods. His love had come in a tragic time—it was too late! She had given herself to another man.

Dagget's strong face grew ashen as he forced the truth out before his eyes. The thing he had borne with extraordinary calmness now became a glowing coal that no part of his senses could touch without being seared to extreme anguish.

Was it only within the last few weeks that he had loved his wife? Yes; the emancipation from the scenes which had claimed him for fourteen years, his sudden freedom from excessive and regular labor, had given him leisure at length to see the woman he had asked to share his life. Not until his work, his lifeless, soulless book, had been completed, had he found time to take her to his arms; and even after he had so held her—as a mirage grows to the sight for a brief moment above the gray of the horizon—she had faded and cold reality had closed upon his sight again.

Meanwhile Letty had bloomed, grown more lovely, and whilst he had proved himself to be beyond the pale of human desire, indifferent and sexless as the science with which he was absorbed could make him, Faverhill had profited by the husband's neglect.

"Pardon her." How arch-ridiculous the words seemed! What, after all, did she care for his pardon? Why, indeed, had she come away with him? Jack Faverhill's wife was doomed—she would soon die—and Letty could be the wife of the man she loved. It was Dagget's duty to set her free. If there were another woman in the world towards whom he felt as he did to Letty, he'd break iron bars to reach her! Faverhill would no doubt do the same—only Faverhill wasn't capable of such love as his. With common egotism, this lover, new to all passion, set himself above the run of mankind. What did the ethics of the case demand? That he should give her freedom? Give her her child? She had done no wrong, she had only turned from starvation to daily

bread. Love was that daily bread—he knew it now, and knew too that he would starve without it. Dagget was no longer conscious of precise codes—Letty was what he wanted. Letty! And so long as Mrs. Faverhill lived—why, he would keep his wife, and with soul and life try to win her to him. Letty—Letty—the word was music to him. He said it over with a thrill every time its pretty form crossed his moving lips.

He had reached the Via Emanuele, with its crowd of shoppers and indolent foot-passengers, filthy beggars, crush of cabs and private equipages. Mechanically he had come thus far without the intention of following his wife, and suddenly remembered that this was where she had mentioned her rendezvous as taking place! His sight was good—he had on his most powerful glasses. Coming out of a glove shop on the opposite side of the street, he saw her familiar figure in a white dress and a large hat covered with roses; she crossed the Via Emanuele. Two flower venders offered Letty roses which flamed like crimson suns in the baskets in the women's hands. Letty smilingly refused to buy, and, passing within twenty feet of her husband, went into a *pasticceria*, the fashionable meeting place for shoppers in the town.

Drawn irresistibly after her, Dagget slowly walked in the same direction, and in front of the confectioner's came face to face with the man who had ruined his married life.

The shock was so sudden, the cold, terrible truth of it was so staggering, that Dagget, without moving a muscle of his face, made Faverhill no sign of recognition; he stood immovable on the sidewalk, stricken as it were to stone.

Dagget left the Via Emanuele to go whither he did not know, and the women and girls with baskets of roses and heliotrope, the crowd of beggars and the insolent leisured class, surged in behind him like a sea in a narrow channel on whose surface his wild turbulence had left no trace. He was torn between an insane desire to rush into the café and brutally seize the man whose bold following of his wife had led her again from him, and a desire to get as far as possible away from the present scene—from the street where Letty was holding her clandestine meeting with her lover. If Faverhill had come out then before him, he would have struck him in the face. He could have killed him and taken the woman savagely in his arms.

With these complications in his breast, the sorely tried man aimlessly directed his way towards the lower part of Naples, towards the sea. This time he was forcibly accosted by a hand on his own, and his abstraction broken as the genial face of his Italian friend Signore di Braccia met his.

"*Per dio*, professore, you are ill!"

The gentleman had been to the hotel for Professor Dagget—he even fancied he had passed him some minutes earlier in the street? Some

wonderful specimens of cephalopodi had been discovered in the direction of Capri, and a little party were at this moment to start out under di Braccia's direction in a launch to prospect. Wouldn't it interest Dagget to go with them?

Dagget did not hesitate. To wander the streets in his present state of mind was to court lunacy. To return to his hotel was impossible—the thought of it sickened him. This was a solution; he could think better or think less and grow calm if at only a few miles' distance from the city.

As, some fifteen minutes later, he stepped into the launch that rocked gently on the green waves of the bay, there were tears in his eyes; behind the high polish of his glasses that blurred with the mist, he saw the shore with its multi-colored houses and the old fort, and without hearing listened to the rhapsodies of Signore Vittorio di Braccia over deep-sea treasures. During the little voyage Professor Dagget was called upon to deliver up all his knowledge of piscatology, and the Italian found the savant profoundly ignorant, and that he himself knew far more than did the American of the fish in the waters of Bermuda and Florida.

"One peculiarity of the fish in the Mexican Gulf, Signore Daggetti"

He had promised to pardon her! Yes, but not to extend his grace and his protection to a life of open, continued revolt. He would never see her again. With an intensity all the more powerful because new and unworn in the battle of life, he swung in the tempest of feeling like a mechanism rudely shaken, its balance dashing from side to side. When he got back to Naples, he would not return to his hotel, but would write her from another and leave her free. He smiled bitterly to think how entirely he was, with all it cost him, doing only what she of course most devoutly wished. His accusations, as he held them against the mental whetstone, sharpened themselves. Letty! Who could have dreamed it of her?—the gentle, docile creature whose attitude of mute affection had flattered his masculine vanity whenever he had sufficiently come out of the world of meditation to remark her. Dagget felt as if he had been preserving and tending in the dark a specimen which he held to be of a certain variety, and on opening the shutters to the light, behold! the plant was another thing!

The prow of the naphtha launch cut clear into the waters whose transparent surface was blue as pale glass. It seemed to ride through a dilution of azure.

"*Ecco*," smiled the affable Italian, who had finished his particular exposition of the evolution and transition of a certain crustacea. His exclamation waited in the air for the professor's appreciation to follow.

"Ex—actly," Dagget ventured to say.

"Then you do think such a transformation possible, Signore?"

The poor fellow smiled vaguely. By his friend's expression, he saw how unhappy his abstraction had proved.

He would be obliged to return to Westminster, close up his affairs there, take his son to another city, and begin a new life. His plan had none of the simplicity of the past; the idea was dreadful to him. To admit failure after he had so ably undertaken to pilot the vessel safe to port! But it was not those chagrining phases that held his mind. Letty's lightness, her folly, her wrong, had ruined his career? He would at his age have to begin anew? This *débâcle* was not the overpowering cause of his unrest.

Di Braccia had signalled for the launch to stop, and it puffed gently to a final silence. They were surrounded by little gaudy fisher boats that looked like strange birds on the breast of the bay. The men were casting out nets. Di Braccia unrolled a queer little net of his own, and gave one to the American gentleman, who dutifully untangled his and let it down into the still, beautiful water.

The Italian's eyes were all animation, and in a husky whisper he explained the importance of the occurrence again.

"This specimen is indigenous here, but has never been taken. If we are fortunate, we will be the pioneers of the discovery."

Nothing of the excitement of his colleague and the eager attention of the peasant fishermen who bent over their boat's side communicated itself to Dagget; nothing in the realm of science could hold him at this hour. The discovery of the rubric of the vestal virgins under the golden dust of the Forum, the unrolling of Ptolemy from his cerement in the Tombs of the Kings, would have had no interest to his tortured and yet ecstatic mind. It was the result of his long life of restraint, of his denial of deafness and blindness to the great emotions, to the vital principles which make the universe.

The beauty of the falling night, the rich, sensuous color of the Italian scene, the purple island anchored like a ship of dreams in the glassy bay, the velvet blur of the shores, the spectacle of utter loveliness, were only an aggravation of his mood—it was not a mood; it ceased to be a reverie, a meditation, it was a war of passions. He had been indifferent to the woman he had married; he loved her now terribly—yes, that was the word; it was terrible to be like this. His feelings had none of the spirit of sacrifice, he had no wish to give her up to her happiness, and go out of the field himself. His point of view had none of the grace of pardon. It was a jealous anger at her wronging of him—an impotent misery at his loss of her. He did not *want* to give her up to Faverhill—he wanted her *here—here*, in the little, motionless boat, in the golden light, alone with him. He wanted to be alone with her at last. As his longing and desire overmastered for a moment his jeal-

ousy—as, unsatisfied, he still more than anything else longed for her—mixed with the tempest of selfish and natural passion came a tenderness for her, a gratitude sharp and delicious and cruelly sweet for the little he had had of her. For her motherhood—he thought of her child—his child. In a moment he became at once father, husband, lover—too late! Out of the wreck his child was left only to torture him with his likeness to her; but the wife, the woman, was lost to him. Letty, Letty—Letty!

He started with a nervous horror that he might cry out his grief to the stupid, dense creatures who surrounded him. His throat, his eyes, his heart, were full of tears.

“*Altro!*” whispered the Italian. “Now, professore! *Vede—vede—*”

He leaned wildly over the edge. “Lift up your net. Ah, gently—*per dio*—gently! You see? You feel? *Madonna!*”

Warily and delicately the two men dragged the light net through the water, drawing and fastening its edges together, and with a quick, sudden gesture it was seized by one of the boatmen to whom it was relinquished. The net was handed to the signore. A few jellyfish had floated in—pale and quivering, of no special consequence to the scientist. A mass of crimson brilliance lay at the bottom of the net of Professor Dagget.

“*Fortunato—fortunato!*” screamed the Italian. “*Complimenti—milli complimenti, illustrissimi.* You have taken the prize. For the Americans all is success!”

XVI.

AN accident to the little launch delayed the fishing party, and Dagget did not reach his hotel until after nine o'clock.

Mrs. Dagget, so he learned, was not in the restaurant, but in her room. There, without planning a campaign, and only yielding to his desire to see his wife again, he followed her.

She was at her table, writing; and hurriedly, as her husband came in, Letty drew a sheet of paper over her letter.

Thinking of her as he had been for hours, possessed mentally by the shifting images of her which his remembrances had furnished him, and thinking of her as lost to him, it was with more or less of a shock that he at length saw her alone; very pale and very agitated, with marks of weeping on her eyes and cheeks, the fact of her absorption in something which had no connection with him served, as could nothing else, to give Dagget control.

“It’s very late, isn’t it? Have you dined, Letty? It’s just nine o’clock.”

She did not ask her husband any questions about his day, or where he had been.

"Dined?" she wondered. "Oh, I think so; I must have had something to eat somewhere. I don't feel hungry, any way, Henry."

One of the characteristics of the new love in Dagget's heart was chivalry: her trouble and agitation touched him; there was something pathetic in her expression, and she seemed wonderfully young. Whatever intention he entertained of accusing or demanding an explanation altered at her appearance.

"You look very tired, Letty. Aren't you well? What can I do for you? Will you tell me?"

Her lip trembled, she bit it—would she confess to him? Speak at last of her own free will?

But Letty threw her head back with a nervous little laugh and, looking up at the clock, said:

"Oh, I'm not tired, Henry! I was only writing, as you came in, something that I must finish."

And it came to him then with a sudden inspiration that he might give her a chance to prove herself true to him.

"Letty," he said awkwardly, standing there before the table, his hand heavy on it, his face reddening, "you said something, if you will remember, the other day about liking to see Umbria. You are quite right. It would be a delightful excursion. There is a good motor here for rent. I should like to go very much myself."

"But," she faltered, "your notes, and the fish and things, Henry!"

"They're not important"—he discovered it then; "they can go."

There was certainly no evidence of delight on her face at this promise of an extended honeymoon.

"Oh, yes," she evaded; "I did think it would be nice, Henry—some time."

"It's the season." He advanced with eagerness. "I'm in the mood for a change. I'll go up and speak to them in the office, and give up our rooms. We'll get off to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

There was every pretext in her voice, every reluctance; he ached at her tone.

"Yes," he nodded and smiled. "You can pack in the morning, can't you, and we'll set off about four——"

"Oh, no, Henry, I couldn't—not to-morrow."

"Why, Letty?"

"It is too soon—I've got clothes being made, and all sorts of things—but the following——"

The pain and trouble in her face, the perplexity, struck him with a sharpness that amounted to physical pain. He controlled himself with gigantic effort.

"Then you do not really *care* to go?" He waited.

"No," she slowly admitted. "No, I don't believe I do just now, Henry. I love—Naples. I'm not half through with it yet."

She endeavored, it was plain, to take it off lightly, and to smile now, but Dagget's face was hard as wood. Beside himself with suspicion, certain of her falseness, he pressed his point stupidly.

"But suppose I were to ask you as a favor to *me*, Letty, to come—to come to-morrow?"

"I should think it was as unusual as your demand, and say that I should remain at home."

He saw again the hostility, the dread of him, that deepened hourly.

"Still, I do ask you, Letty."

Both pain and disappointment were clearly written on her face.

"I can't come, Henry—I can't. Don't ask it."

"You want more than anything, then, to be alone?"

She nodded.

He turned without further words and went back to his room. It didn't now occur to him to dine. He went blindly over to the window and stood there in the darkness, his hands in his pockets, his eyes on the night, where below in the valley Naples was aglow with her firefly lights, and where across the bay, whose waters were reddened by the reflection, the plumes and feathers of Vesuvius shook in crimson flame, and down through the mountain's black side cut the ruddy scars of the old wounds and the new.

So, he mused, he would bear across his heart the wound of the last months till death. He would be forced to set his wife free, but he must love her to the end.

The fact of Faverhill's appearance meant, of course, that Mrs. Faverhill had died—it could mean nothing else—and Dagget would ethically have no right to keep Letty and her lover from happiness.

"Ethically!"—he said the word between his teeth. Where was there any ethical solution for his hopeless misery? What philosophy or code of reason could teach him to master this late passion which, like spring floods set free at last, broke the bonds of ice and restraint, and came jubilant, if devastating, through his whole nature?

Now that he allowed his thoughts to devour him, there returned with all the distinctness they should first have possessed, and with the feelings that should first have awakened, the circumstances of his coming home from Labrador. The cold, stern neutrality of the work he had left was still with him. He had been keenly absorbed by his experiences. His companions, two Englishmen and a German, had found Dagget the light and spirit of the party. His work had been brilliant, and whatever had been added to the knowledge of the times in this exploration was due to Dagget. They had given him the credit, and he was full of his experience and of satisfaction with his voyage.

Parting with his friends on the warm September night, he had taken his train, and, his mind still far away in the country he had left, reached his own door before realizing that he was back in the familiar ways of the university town and had come home.

Could it be possible that without the least emotion he had seen his wife after three months? Could it be possible? After three months' famine he had not taken her in his arms? He had greeted her affectionately when he found her waiting on the porch for him. He remembered no other tenderness. Why, he had not been a human being until now. His asceticism grew hideous to him. He was suffering as he had never supposed he could suffer, but he also lived—and his memories, finding him responsive to sentiment, made good their moment and thronged around him.

The following day was disagreeably clear in his mind. Professor Watson had come to see him in his library at the college. Watson had reserved out of his day an hour for his interview with his colleague, and the visit consumed just five minutes! Dagget at that time was not a lover, and little of a husband, but his other qualities were strongly marked. Short as Professor Watson's conversation was, it had proved complete, for although cut across abruptly, brutally, by Dagget's anger and scathing retort, the illumining was perfect. Watson had not spent his life in being exact, accurate, and brief for nothing! The pith of his information in a small circumference gave itself to Dagget, who was more brilliantly enlightened by one flash in the dark than he would have been in the accustomed light of day. When Watson left, Dagget finished his work with more or less calm, put up his papers, and quietly went home at his appointed hour.

Standing here in Naples, his eyes fixed on the gaping sides of the volcano, how clearly now the Henry Dagget of Westminster came before him, and the Dagget of Italy couldn't understand him at all! He remembered that he had at once gone to his library, as if its familiar walls and its accustomed quiet were the atmosphere in which he best could envisage the question at hand. He had been unable to speak to his wife that night, or the next day. He had a vague idea that his sister, who had returned from Europe, was at the house the most of the time and the women were together. He asked Letty to come to his study the fourth day after dinner, as one would summon a culprit to judgment. Paler than ever, timid, and yet so lovely that even then he had observed her undoubted beauty as though it had needed another man's love to make Dagget see his wife, trembling and appealing, Letty came.

Dagget had spared her nothing. He told her all.

She had heard, with no denial, with no response, with only that frightened look which he took for guilt and for terror. At the end of

the damning story he had waited, hoping for a direct refutation, expecting one.

None came.

To spare her all the humiliation possible, he had kept his eyes from her—he could feel again the paper cutter which in his hand he had bent back and forth. After an unconscionable time, he had been obliged himself to break the silence.

"I want to tell Watson that his wife lies—to repeat it to him. I wish with your sanction to repeat to Watson my entire refutation of his scandal."

At this he had looked up at her, and had seen her lighten as if she had been grateful. But when Letty's answer fell at length, he had understood that it must have taken her a long time to frame it.

"All that Mrs. Watson says is true."

And then, as she spoke, he had realized with horror that he was not surprised! He had believed it! The words Watson said bore the stamp of truth on them. He stiffened with disgust as she spoke. He thought of his child, of his lifelong friend, and a judgment stern and relentless fell on him and on the woman. He had at his wife's words risen as if her confession put an end to any intimate conversation between them. He had been conscious that she now looked at him eagerly. He wanted time to be alone to think. He had asked for it.

"I must have time to look at this, to face it, to think for us both. You are young, and I have been very much to blame." And even then he had felt the responsibility of her, and that he must save her if he could; give her at least the chance to be saved. "I have Watson's word of honor," he said stiffly, "that this shall go no further—no further; and I can rely on this assurance."

He now remembered her pale silence and her loveliness must have forced from him the question, "You then love Faverhill?" and as in leaving the room she passed his table she had said:

"There's a letter there, Henry. Read it, will you? It will speak for me. I wrote it for you to read."

After the door had closed Dagget found among his papers the letter addressed to him:

It is not fair to let you come and not to tell you all I should. You must know how I love, how I can love. You have seen it all winter, although you would not see or acknowledge it. You must do so now. This absence has given me courage to tell you this. All the love of my heart is given to another man. I do not call his name, for you will hate it so. But let this knowledge help you to forget and to understand. All during these long months it has been he and not you who was my constant companion; and my life shall be spent in trying to make him love me, as I do him. Forgive this cruel, cruel letter. I
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know all I owe you. I should have spared you. I have been selfish and cruel—can you forgive me? *Can* you? I can't have any right to your pardon, and yet that would be dear to me—it is all I can have a right to ask.

LETTY.

By a strange caprice of fate, the love letter to her husband had been the one destroyed, and Letty had left her letter to Faverhill in its place!

When at midnight he passed her room on his way to his own, he had heard the sound of her sobbing in the darkness, and his heart towards her was hard as steel. Letty's letter, with what he had understood to be her confession of love for Faverhill, he had burned, and he had never let himself think of it. In the days which he had taken to decide their future, he had argued that she was very young, very impressionable, that he had neglected her, that she was a mother as well as a wife, and that her fancy for Faverhill might die a natural death in change of scene and under his watchful care. Just what subtlety had caused his decision to embrace the leaving of the child at home he would have been at a loss to tell himself. He regretted it now. He had done a foolish thing in thus leaving his wife with no ties, no responsibilities. He now felt he had made a grave mistake. No doubt she had thought him an inquisitor, more heartless than ever before.

Now, as he mused, here in Naples, his decision taken after two months' mature deliberation appeared absurd. Divorce should have been the solution, and Faverhill's appearance forced upon him the ultimatum he should have taken in Westminster. He must set Letty free—he drew himself up—unless in the letter she was writing she was herself grasping her freedom—*was taking leave of him to join Faverhill.*

This occurred to him with such violent force that, unable to endure the thought of the sudden loss of her, he hastened to her room. It was empty. He crossed it, and opened the door, to see Letty just disappearing around the first bend of the hall. Through the corridor of the deserted hotel her husband followed her to the elevator, and when the lift reached the ground floor Dagget was descending the last staircase. Letty did not leave the hotel, but quickly went along the long hallway, as if her haste were a fever, and at the last door she stopped, listened, did not even knock, but turned the knob and went in.

It was past midnight—*past midnight.*

Jealousy and passion had kept the husband close to the door. This then, of course, was where she had come weeks ago, where she had doubtless come night after night, and his delicacy had forbore to spy upon her! *Delicacy!* His overwhelming feelings scorned it now as well as any fear of a scandal or bruit, and yet for a second Dagget paused. What should he do, once in that room before the woman and her lover?

What a dreadful, unwelcome third he would prove! What would his anger lead him to do?

As he stood he heard his wife's voice within. There was no reply. Its tone was hushed, a whisper, low and caressing. The words he could not distinguish, but their message was the soul of tenderness. Then Letty began softly to sing—the melody was familiar to him, he had heard it before:

Pussy-cat got on his snow-white shoes.

Pit-pat soft and slow.

Brown eyes, blue eyes, which shall I choose?

One, two, three, four—round we go!

Noiseless as a thief Dagget opened the door—so noiselessly that the woman singing did not hear him.

The light from the candle carefully screened on the night stand was so dim that the figures in the room took form slowly. Dagget had seen pictures of phantom loveliness—Letty and her child were like them. She had taken the baby from his crib, and, sitting on the larger bed with him in her arms, she rocked and sang with him.

Her husband had half way crossed the floor—said her name reassuringly—before she saw him and gave a little cry. The baby, suddenly startled, sat up in his mother's arms.

"Hush, hush, Henry, he doesn't know you; you'll frighten him—he's been feverish all day. There, darling, don't be frightened; it's father."

But Dagget had come close to them, and softly knelt down at the woman's knees, at the feet of the child who, half uncovered in the warm night, lay like a rose on her lap. Perhaps the little thing who had seen the doctor all day—who had seen Jack Faverhill and bidden him good-by—was prepared for the advent of many masculine friends. At all events, he showed no signs of fear; again, possibly, the feelings in his father's heart, the expression of his face, through some subtle medium, touched the child's spirit, for he put out a friendly little hand and said the word he had been taught, had rehearsed so many times, for which he had had so little use.

"He's a great deal better to-night, but while I was out this afternoon they sent for two doctors."

Looking down at her husband, Letty said with a reproach as keen as it was gentle:

"Henry, you didn't really think I could leave my baby, did you? Why, he came on the same ship with us—he's been here all along, and you never knew! All the time I haven't spent with you I've been with him, and I've been so anxious lately because the hot weather is bad for him, and his nurse doesn't speak the language."

The mother's voice, modulated for sleepy ears, was soothing, and the child's eyes closed. Letty's care for him was pretty to watch. She drew his night clothes around his feet, she folded him as one might the leaves of a rose close in a loving hand; when she was sure that his sleep was sound, she lifted him to put him back in his crib. Then she came out in the room to her husband.

The Madonna, as it were, before whom Dagget for a moment had knelt, added to the love he felt to be hopeless a new adoration. Bending his eyes on her eagerly, almost appealingly, he said:

"I followed you in spite of myself. I couldn't reason—God knows—I didn't expect to see you like this! How could I dream it? I expected to find Faverhill with you, and I don't know what I should have done, Letty. There is only one thing at all in my mind that is clear to me—how I love you. I know that Faverhill is here. By chance to-day I saw him go to meet you. I suppose by his being here in Naples that his wife is dead and he is free. If he loves you—as I do—I pity him. If you love him as I love you, I pity you. But you love each other, and therefore I envy you both with all my soul. I leave you free, Letty—I shall leave you free, of course. I don't know what will become of me, but I want you to know—to hear first how I love you."

If Letty had thought her husband's voice beautiful when he read to her the story of Umbria, she must have thought it more beautiful now. Its low-whispered emotion sent the blood flying to her delicate cheeks. She had come nearer to him. They stood in the far end of the room, near the shaded light. Shadows of the man's and the woman's figures danced on the walls.

"Why must you give me up to him, Henry?"

"Because you love him."

"What makes you think so?"

Dagget stared.

"Not those vile stories the husband of that woman told you? Surely that could not have made you doubt me as you have?"

"You did not deny them, Letty."

"Deny them!" Her voice was deep with scorn. "To you who should have rather died than have thought them true! What Mrs. Watson said *was* true. Jack came daily in my loneliness—he came that night—I was ill, and he stayed until it was dreadfully late. He has loved me, he told me so. He is here because his wife is dead, and he is free—that is true, too—but why must you give me up to him, Henry?"

"Your letter, Letty——"

"My letter?"

"The letter you wrote me and asked me to read that night in my library."

He saw her bewilderment.

"Oh! What did it say?"

Dagget told her.

As she explained to him Dagget listened, drinking in her pretty, quick, uncertain words that were profound evidence of the waste and pity of months of doubt and suspicion and despair, the waste of love, the cruel, sterile waste of love and confidence and life and understanding.

But for philosophy and moralizing there was no place in his heart, nor for sadness then at the loss of life and the cheat of time—as he took his fill of looking at the little creature who with flushed cheeks and with eyes wonderfully deep and tender stood with lighted face and made the world clear for him and beautiful—and whose words created a new heaven and a new earth.

"Oh, Henry," she breathed, "how I have watched for the signs of love to come! With what pride and happiness I have seen here in Italy day by day that you were beginning to care a little what I did and where I was. The day you wanted me to stay with you, I nearly ran to your arms—but it wasn't time, it wasn't time! Is it time now, Henry? Oh, do you think you really care? You're so clever, and I'm such a silly little thing—I know—I know." She was weeping.

Dagget, who held one of her hands crushed in his as if it were a flower, would have drawn her to his arms, but she kept him away a little with gentle force.

"Why, when you said you would 'pardon me,' I could have died with grief that day. To think that you could believe of me what you did—could dream—could believe—didn't know and see. Jack Faverhill knew, he knew always, how I felt, and I have written him that I never want to see his face again. Oh, Henry," she cried, "how blind you were—how blind! Why, when you said that word '*pardon*' I knew how little you cared for me! Men who love *can't* pardon. It was the cruelest thing you ever said in your life."

Dagget overcame her resistance; he put both arms about her.

"Letty, I never pardoned you—you must believe it. I knew it after I began to realize how I loved you—I could have killed you, I think, if I had found you false. But listen, dearest, listen; if there is any pardon you can show or give to me, my darling——"

"Oh, hush!" she whispered.

He silenced her murmured words with his caresses, and for a long time stood so holding her to him.

The child called faintly from its dreams and quieted again. The fitful candle-light, quivering at last to a final flame, lit with its little glory the figures of husband and wife and then flickered out into the dark.

THE "GAMIN DE PARIS"

By Mrs. John Van Vorst

THE *gamin de Paris* has a world renowned personality. He is, if you like, only the street child of the French capital, but his peculiarities, brilliant, attractive, terrible, pitiful, fix him in our attention. *Cousin germain* to the "gutter snipe," you say with a shrug, preparatory to turning from us in deprecatory indifference. No, let us lay our hands upon your scornful, uprising shoulders and attempt to initiate you into the mentality of the part rogue, part comedian, part hero—the *gamin de Paris*.

Most children, even in less civilized towns than Paris, obtain their education by faithfully applying their minds to school books in the classrooms which the state affords. The *gamin* treats lightly this academic instruction. His great knowingness comes from the fact that he is born in the French metropolis. His *acte de naissance*, or baptismal certificate, bears the peculiar stamp of urban enlightenment. He must, of course, observe the law and follow his studies in school up to such time as he shall have passed certain examinations and acquired certain marks of knowledge. After school, which a boy may leave at ten or at fourteen, according to the aptitudes of his individual mind, there are two ways open: one for the more prosperous in the world of professional education and apprenticeship to a trade, the other for the less fortunate in some daily occupation which brings at once an added contribution to the family budget. The former young laborers belong to the aristocracy in industry. They "make their way" in the working world by the double advantages of training and a relative material ease. To the second category belong the *gamins de Paris*. They are taken from school at an early age, on some pretext, and put in that way where instantly the hand of toil and responsibility lies heavily upon them. But happily for their health, unhappily perhaps for their morals, the principal occupations to which they can devote themselves at the early age of twelve or thirteen years are precisely those which keep them in the street.

It must, first of all, be understood that in France time is not money. In the Latin country of greatest courtesy money is policy, money is psychology, money is honesty (not always voluntary, this latter, but obligatory since the people have long since made rigorous law which

the authorities enforce); money, in a word, is not so much time as everything that takes time. It is not, as in a new country, the merchant who "does it soonest" that gets the job, but the one who "does it best." He is the surest of being patronized where competition exacts perfection.

Thus, for example, the *miniscule* purchases which in America we would not dare ask our tradespeople to deliver are in Paris sent, not once but many times a day, by hand, to customers. Two cents' worth of cream delivered twice a day—fancy it! The morning coffee and the afternoon tea made possible for the solitary lodger, who does not need disturb himself in rain or shine. A roll for breakfast, hot and savory, and another roll for dinner—one cent each—deposited at the door in a tiny fold of paper. And as for eggs and butter, the same commodity exists. Such a wee slice of "*heurre d'Isigny*" as the thriftless American cook would consider fit trimmings for the ash barrel, a single egg, one individual orange, find their way to your table at the hour and day you name, and all without extra charge.

The simplification thus caused in the routine of the modest house-keeper is due entirely to the ever prevalent, ever vigilant French errand boy.

And who says "errand boy" says "*gamin*."

The *gamin*, in other words, is the French boy who, after a smattering at school, perfects his knowledge of humanity and acquires his experience of life in the streets.



Home is a word of cold countries. The north hugs the hearth-stone. As we work toward the shores of sunlight we find the home lover emerging. If at first he is allured by the glow of light and the love of natural warmth, he is in the end attracted by the spectacle and animation of outdoor existence. His sentiments of preference crystallize themselves and form the characteristic meridional saying on the lips of all Provençals: "Joy of the street; sorrow of the house" ("*Gau de carriero; doulou d'oustau*.")

But to come back to our *gamin*.

Paris, while not southern, is temperate enough to permit of an abundance of street life which cannot subsist in New York: the little flower venders, the sidewalk cafés and restaurants, the arm-chairs placed along the Avenue des Champs Élysées, the Punch and Judy shows in the public parks, all in demand, winter and summer alike, and even the little open cabs, of a cheapness which permits the poor young clerk to take his sweetheart for a drive on warm spring evenings! Is there not a chance in all this for our *gamin* to catch glimpses in the street of whole worlds that are kept from the investigation of the errand boy

who delivers his parcels from a "wagon," before close drawn shutters in the scorching summer, and tight-closed doors in the freezing winter?

Perhaps if he had not just the mentality he has—one made with a thousand years' intermingling of blood and consequent breeding or preparation—the *gamin* would not be such an accomplished spectator as he is. Were he the scion of a young race like our own, he would be working out his salvation, forging his ambitions, striving to do something, to be somebody, in a country glorious by its possibilities. All this would distract him from the passing pageant.

But the *gamin* starts out an errand boy and ends, at best, a clerk or humble employee. He is not combative—what would be the use?—he is resigned, he is an onlooker who, without participation, becomes a critic with the especial finesse of those who believe little, hope little, and know much.



A few anecdotes will best reveal in what measure this young, cynical semi-scamp, semi-hero, possesses a keen wit, a sense of honor, tenderness, an appreciation of the ridiculous, an opinion of his own importance and the consideration he merits in the matter of politeness.

The scene is ever the street—some fashionable quarter near the Étoile—and the personage an Englishman visiting Paris for the first time and bewildered as to directions. Shameful about asking his way from the imposing Parisian "cop" and too vain to inquire from some passer-by, well-dressed like himself, he fixes upon the little errand boy. This latter, feeling the British clutch of inquisitiveness upon his spare arm (the other hugs tight a monstrous bundle), veers about and stares.

"I want," says the Englishman—"I want to go to the Place de la République."

"Well, then, go there!" says the errand boy, veering again so that the monstrous bundle intervenes like a wall between him and his accoster.

Mere insolence, you say—I mean, the Englishman said. No, not at all: a lesson in politeness. If the Britisher had with some show of courtesy formed his request, as for example: "Would you be kind enough to," or "Could you perhaps tell me how," the same relentless little imp would have shown himself a model of intensity, all phrase and gesture, to best explain the shortest road for an Englishman to follow from the Étoile to the Bastille!

The ground is ripe with the *gamin de Paris*, and you reap what you sow with fearful rapidity!

Mingled with the sentiment of justice as regards himself and the obligations due to common politeness, the *gamin* has a keen sense of the ridiculous. Dragging always hither and thither on errands bent, he

acquires by the opportunity for comparison—that best of all educators—his own notion of how things should be. He has seen on the Champs Élysées and the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne the smartest traps and most stylish turnouts which the gay world commands. Thus he retains a slight contempt for all that is inferior or short of perfect, and we meet him late of a spring afternoon on the Avenue Hoche at an hour when the "swell" has right of way. With his inevitable parcel under his arm, he starts to cross the street. An inelegant thumping of horses' hoofs announces an approaching steed. He lifts his shrewd little eyes, beholds a middle class bourgeois advancing in a shabby tea-cart, with a single horse whose harness vies in dullness with his overheated coat. The *gamin* draws up sharp, with mock reverence. Touching his hand to his cap and saluting the owner of the second class turnout, he cries:

"Pass, Mr. Grandness!"

In a more retired part of Paris which leads from the Place du Trocadéro by the Avenue Henri Martin to the Bois we find the *gamin* again. Here, conscious of the desertedness of the streets, which offer but little promise of diversion, he walks with his basket on his head, and, as he walks, he reads some dime novel, from which at a certain crossing his eyes are a moment lifted. Just then there pass in a *fiacre* two lovers. It is spring-time and the top of the victoria is raised; but the *gamin* distinguishes under the light shadows a couple locked within each other's arms. Pitiless, ruthless, he shouts as he passes:

"Ah, I say, love in a *cab*!"

Once more it is sidelong with a lady of huge proportions that we meet our young friend. He looks over the vast and generous expanse of back and arm, and without an instant's further hesitation he drops his package on the ground, turns a summersault by the lady, and says to her as he picks up his *colis* again:

"Do that if you can!"



It has often been remarked that whenever there is a street accident in Paris there "is always a little *patissier* present." The little baker's boy, it is easy to suppose, is no more prevalent than the other *gamins* who have taken up as a means of livelihood the *métier* of errand boy. But the *patissier* wears a white cap and jacket, he is *en evidence* by the loudness of his working clothes, and so he gets credit for an interest in public mishaps which is shared in equal measure by all his *confrères*. They are always "all there" when anything happens. They penetrate like weasels through the thickest crowd, they have their eyes glued to the wall "behind which something is happening." They are part and party to every crowd that collects on the sidewalk, and this observation

of the human collectivity, of man as a gregarious animal, aids in completing their cynical education.

Another element of importance in directing the precocious mind of the gamin is the *kiosque*. The *kiosque* is a small, round pavilion with a tiny hole in one side, where a lady—not always so tiny—sits in the midst of a world of papers which it is her business to sell. A news-stand, you say? Yes and no. The news-stand is the purely practical Anglo-Saxon invention for the commodity of those who can just drop a cent and snatch a paper as they rush from one occupation to another. The *kiosque* is a knowing little booth draped with all sorts of alluring and enticing illustrated journals and fancy picture papers. The *kiosques* are sprinkled along the boulevards and avenues from one end of Paris to the other. They have, to be sure, the dry and uninteresting printed matter of the day for sale under the shelter of the aperture where the "lady" sits; but, above all, they present the tempting bits, the *hors d'œuvres* of up-to-date journalism, which are supposed to whet the jaded appetite of the *blasé boulevardier*.



These *kiosques* form part of the *gamin's* education. Without paying a cent, without disturbing any one, he can loiter about the *kiosque* as long as it takes his upturned eyes to read the legend inscribed under the flaring pictures of the comic papers. He becomes *avisé*, cunning. He understands all sorts of things which he could not by experience know. And always with this increasing enlightenment comes a growing sense of his own importance; until at length we have him strolling on the boulevards, his nose lifted in the air scenting adventure. As he glances about him he perceives a bill of the play posted before one of the minor theatres to announce "The Art of Treating Woman as She Deserves." Our *gamin* sniggers, shrugs his shoulders, and murmurs to himself with an air of supreme initiation:

"Just let them send her to me. I'll fix her!"

Yet this miserable little rascal who fancies at the age of twelve that he knows how women deserve to be treated has, deep down in his heart, a sentiment of honor. It slumbers heavily enough, so that only great emotions can rouse it, but it is nevertheless there. We have an admirable example of it in an incident that occurred during the siege of Paris, when the Parisians were being shot down like game by the enemy. Among the victims who were about to present themselves one day as a living wall against this piercing shower of shot, there was a boy who darted out from the ranks of the condemned and dared to speak to his executioners. What was it he wanted so near the moment of death? Something for himself?

In his possession—his sole belonging, in fact—there was a big silver watch. He wished to take it back to his grandmother, who lived at the other end of Paris, and leave it with her as a token before the long parting. He had no parents. This was his only request, and it startled the officer out of his habitual brutality.

"How long will you be gone?" he asked.

"An hour."

The officer meditated:

"You give your word of honor to return?"

"I swear!"

"Then go."

An hour later the boy—and he was "only a *gamin*"—came back and met his death.

Again we have this almost epic response of a *gamin* who had passed the years of mere on-looking, who had participated too recklessly in the game of life, first through love and then through crime. He loved desperately a young woman who he believed at first was true to him. Yet one night, driven by jealousy to the desperate act, he murdered her.

Before the tribunal the judge questioned him.

"What was it," he asked, "which she did that so roused your jealousy?"

The boy—for he was but eighteen years old—drew himself up and faced his inquisitor with this answer:

"I killed her. Don't ask me to dishonor her."



As a matter of fact, the street, if it be like a hot-house for forcing wits that are already precocious, is not, every one will admit, a healthy place for boys to finish their education. Too often their morals as well, if not "finished," are slightly damaged. While jesting at the wild-eyed foreigner and the bewildered provincial, they acquire an exaggerated esteem for their own shrewdness. In dodging the police when any real difficulty presents itself, they become prematurely acute. In all this there is no real evil, but the perpetual life of adventure, speculation, panoramic diversion, and promiscuous sociability, leads frequently to deplorable results.

Of the grown-up *gamin* there are indeed three distinct categories. First we have the honest young man—an employee in some store or clerk in some establishment—whose budget, though excessively modest, nevertheless permits the indulgence of patriarchal dreams regarding a hearth-stone and a family. The second category has cut loose from parental ties. They lead a hap-hazard existence, working when in dire

need, spending like kings when they have a week's earnings in hand, and stealing only when they are obliged to. They go by the general name of "*voyou*," and when their case becomes desperate they fall into the third category, who are called "*apaches*"! These "savages" have tossed aside all regard for the law, and proceed on the principle that the world "owes them a living," and that if by chance the world forget or neglect this little obligation, it is their duty to resort to forcible reminders, such as sandbagging on dark nights, and ingenious despatching to other realms of the *distrain* unfortunates, from whom the "*apaches*," without formality of the law, inherit promptly both money and belongings.

Roquette, the boy's prison, and the *Dépôt*, where all arrests are investigated (and the story of many a *gamin* is enrolled from the first offense of an errand boy to the crime of an "*apache*"), form another chapter in the history of this intelligent and pitiful young flower of the Paris pavement. It is, however, only so long as he remains a witty, wide-awake, penetrating, insensible, adroit, comprehensive, and harmless little human being that he can come, strictly speaking, under the title of *Gamin de Paris*.



THE LITTLE BOY'S SUMMER PRAYER

BY S. M. TALBOT

DEAR God, my mamma's gone away
 A nice long ocean trip;
 I wish 't You 'd keep Your sharpest eye
 On that partic'lar ship.
 The sea is big, the boat is small,
 An' mamma's careless as—
 As if she wa'n't the only one
 A little feller has.

An' I 'm her onl'est little boy;
 She ast me to be good,
 An' pray to God for her an' me—
 O' course I said I would.
 So here I be, dear Lord o' love,
 Right by my trundle-bed,
 A-wishin' I could hol' Your hand,
 An' hear the words You said.

Say, God, I think *You* need a trip
The very worstest way;
If I was *You*, I'd cut it out,
This workin' ever' day,
A-makin' such a lot o' folks,
An' markin' sparrers' fall,
An' countin' hairs of ever' head—
The curly ones an' all;

A-stickin' in the stars an' moon,
An' turnin' on the rain,
An' taggin' after all of us,
An' tendin' to the grain.
'T would rest *You* lots to quit a while
From bein' quite so good,
An' be a lot more sociabler;
I'd like it—if *You could*.

You 'd like to ketch a speckled trout;
An' swimmin' 's lots o' fun,
An' goin' to your grandma's house—
But, pshaw! *You* ain't got none.
I'm awful sorry, God, fer *You*,
'At ain't had any ma
To love *You* hard as ever was,
Ner yit a bully pa.

As I was first a-sayin', Lord,
Take care of mamma's ship;
If *You* could shove October next
To August by a slip,
My ma would come a-sailin' home
By guidin' of *Your* hand.
But please do keep a sharp lookout
Till she is safe to land.

An' once I git her back to shore,
You need n't bother so,
For pa an' me will watch her close
Wherever she do go;
An', say, if *You* should some time think
O' callin' folks away,
Call Jimmy Jones's pa an' ma,
An' let my home folks stay.



THE VICTORIA SPOON

BY CAROLYN WELLS

IN room No. 514 of the Hotel Victoria, Miss Helen Spencer stood regarding the teleseme helplessly. It seemed to her that everything she did not want, from a newspaper to a laundress, was at her disposal merely by turning an indicator, but the only thing she did want, and that so small a thing—merely a teaspoon—was not, apparently, available. By reason of her advancing years, she required her spectacles, and she peered more insistently at the unsatisfactory list of offerings. At last she found what she was looking for, and set the indicator at "tea."

When the tea was served Miss Helen sat down to enjoy it as only a tired woman, arriving at a strange hotel late at night, can enjoy it. On her way home from a visit to relatives in a Southern state, Miss Spencer was nearly at the end of her journey, and her thoughts were pleasantly occupied with the anticipations of her arrival home on the morrow. Oliver would be there for the long vacation, and Miss Spencer was very fond of her nephew. Although he had a boy's love of fun, and loved to tease his stately aunt, he was a dear boy, after all, and she greatly enjoyed his visits.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Helen, as she involuntarily gave a slight cough, "I was sure that bronchial trouble would come back again just as soon as I came north. I am glad I had that prescription refilled before I left Ashville, and I think I'll take a half-teaspoonful right now." Puttering around in her big satchel, she soon found the bottle of medicine, but a thorough search failed to reveal its accompanying teaspoon.

"I am sure I put that teaspoon in," mused Miss Helen, as she tossed the various articles from the bag, "but I suppose I must have left it at Maria's. I must write to her about it, for it was one of the Grand-

mother Mitchell set. Meanwhile I shall have to use this one which came up with the tea, though I do hate plated silver."

Next morning, as Miss Spencer paid her bill at the desk, she showed to the smiling clerk the teaspoon which she had brought from her room. "I want this," she said in her straightforward fashion. "I want to buy it of you. I find I have no spoon with me, and as I have to take medicine at intervals through the day, I shall need one."

"Certainly, madam;" and the transaction was satisfactorily completed. The first time Miss Spencer had occasion to use the spoon on the train, she idly examined it. It was of plain Colonial pattern and conspicuously engraved with the words "Hotel Victoria."

As she noticed this she remembered having read somewhere a newspaper account of a woman who "collected" souvenir spoons at hotels and thereby got into serious difficulties. It passed through Miss Helen's mind that any one seeing this spoon in her possession might think that she had unlawfully appropriated it. Chancing to look up at that moment, she saw the lady in the chair next to her own looking sharply at the spoon. Unreasonably embarrassed, Miss Spencer flushed hotly, and, acting on the impulse of the moment, hastily slipped the spoon into her bag, which she closed with a nervous snap. At this, her neighbor looked her squarely in the face, and smiled broadly, with an expression unmistakable in its meaning.

"She thinks I stole it!" thought Miss Helen, and a look of horror crept into her eyes, while a wave of righteous indignation surged through her whole being. But all this only had the effect of making her appear more guiltily embarrassed than ever. An impulse seized her to explain to her intrusive neighbor that she had bought the spoon and paid for it, but her haughty pride would not allow her to do anything so undignified; so she sat and suffered in silence, staring out of the window till her eyes ached.

However, Miss Helen felt she simply could not take out the spoon again in the presence of the accusing eyes of her neighbor; so the second achievement of bronchial reform was accomplished in the privacy of the dressing-room. With the air of a conquering Joan of Arc, Miss Spencer stalked between the obtruding suit-cases in the aisle, and gained the plush-hung seclusion she sought. Thus unintimidated by the accusing glances of the lady in the next chair, she calmly extracted the tell-tale spoon and took her prescribed half-teaspoonful.

She laid the spoon down on the marble wash-stand, and, turning to adjust her veil, was surprised to hear a soft Southern darky voice saying, "Is dis 'ere yoh spoon, mis'?"

For some occult reason, Miss Helen was even more loath to admit a proprietary interest in this reprehensible spoon to the gentle black girl than she had been to her supercilious Pullman neighbor.

"I bought it," she said, involuntarily explanatory, "from the Hotel Victoria—to take some medicine with—on the car——"

"Yassum," said the maid.

Inexplicably, Miss Helen felt more embarrassed by this calm acquiescence than she had by the powerfully expressed doubt of her first critic. It was this psychological conviction that prompted Miss Helen to give the maid an extra half-dollar, and it was a revulsion from this psychological suggestion that made her regret it afterward.

"Suppose," thought Miss Helen, "that she imagined I was bribing her to keep still about that spoon!—and well she might!"

Fortunately, by this time Miss Helen was near her journey's end, and was something more than delighted when the porter came to fetch her bag and coat and help her to alight. It was with a feeling of relief that she left the car, for she thought she was well rid of an exceedingly disagreeable experience. But, to her unutterable dismay, her intrusive neighbor, the lady with the keen eyes, also arose and prepared to demand the services of the porter when he should get through with his work of helping Miss Spencer from the car.

"Here you are, Aunt Helen!" cried Oliver's cheery voice, and there she was, happy to be relieved from all wicked troubling of inquisitive neighbors, officious maids, and plated spoons.

"Yes, here I am, dear boy, and I'm safe, thus far, but I have been subjected to such imminent——"

"Peril," suggested Oliver. "Yes, I have read of a whole bunch of trains running off tracks and things in the past few days."

"Trains running off tracks! No, I did n't mean anything like that. But I meant——" Miss Helen hesitated and then continued: "But I'm home again now, and I am very glad to get here, and dreadfully glad to see you, Oliver, and I hope we shall have a most beautiful vacation."

Miss Helen was plainly a bit hysterical over her escape from the vicissitudes of the situation, and Oliver amused her by telling the news of the place—how the dogs were, how the cats had behaved, how the horses were looking better than ever, and how he had some new ferrets coming out from town in a few days.

During the next two days Miss Helen was so occupied in her household tasks that the affair of the unfortunate spoon entirely slipped her memory. It was not until the third day, when she and Oliver were seated at luncheon, that the ghost, supposedly put away forever, became unladen. The way of it was this. All unconsciously, as Miss Helen poured Oliver's tea, she took a spoon from the tray and, laying it in the saucer, passed it to Oliver, saying as she did so, "I wish you could have seen the tea I had served to me in the Victoria Hotel——"

"With this spoon?" interrupted Oliver.

"Yes," replied Miss Helen, "with that very spoon, and then I bought it from the proprietor."

"Oh, you *bought* it!" observed Oliver, with what would have been a wink had it been aimed at any one less dignified than his own Aunt Helen.

"Yes, but I did n't mean to have it on the table. Sarah must have got it mixed with the other silver. I will tell her to keep it for kitchen use. You see, I had to have it——"

"Yes," again interrupted her nephew; "I often have to have things. It seems to be a trait among us Spencers."

That very afternoon Miss Spencer laid down the law to her housemaid. "Sarah," she said severely, "that plated spoon I bought at a hotel the other day to take my medicine with. Never let it come to the dining-room with the solid silver. Keep it exclusively for kitchen use."

"Yes, ma'm," said Sarah obediently.

Therefore, when, the next day, Mrs. Campion chanced in for luncheon, Miss Helen was surely justified in feeling dismayed when she saw her guest neglecting her steaming orange Pekoe while she gazed interestedly at her spoon.

"How delightful," she said, "to think of a quaint old Colonial pattern like this being adopted for hotel use!"

Watching his aunt's uncertain expression, Oliver nobly threw himself into the breach.

"I think so, too, Mrs. Campion," he said, "and I was surprised to think that the Savoy would agree to sell Aunt Helen such a curious old piece, though, to be sure, she paid them far more than it was really worth."

"The Savoy?" said Mrs. Campion uncertainly.

"Victoria," murmured Miss Helen.

"I should have said Victoria," corrected Oliver. "Fine old spoon, Mrs. Campion; truly a fine old spoon."

"A very fine old spoon," said Mrs. Campion severely.

At tea that evening Oliver looked over at his aunt seriously. "Look here, Aunt Helen," he said, "I feel awfully selfish to have this spoon every time. Since you cared enough for it to acquire it, I feel guilty in depriving you of the pleasure of using it."

"Do you mean to say that horrible spoon has cropped up again?" cried Miss Helen. With a vicious dab at the bell, she summoned Sarah to the dining-room.

"Sarah," she said sternly, "you may remember I told you not to allow that Victoria spoon in the dining-room. Take it away at once, and see that it does not appear here again."

Well trained though she was, an involuntary smile appeared on Sarah's face as she took away the offending spoon.

"Sarah can't understand, either," observed Oliver musingly, "why you collect these souvenirs, unless you want to use them yourself."

"How absurd you are, Oliver!" said his aunt indignantly. "You know perfectly well why I bought that spoon."

"There, there, Aunt Helen, don't get excited. Everybody is supposed to collect souvenirs from hotels. My chum's wife has a most beautiful tray-cloth, with a picture of the hotel in St. Louis woven in it—the most exquisite linen! It was so beautiful that she simply could not get away from it—just *had* to have it, as you say."

At this Miss Helen was speechless with rage, and the quiet smile which Oliver displayed so obtrusively did not add to her mental equilibrium.

Late that night, after every one else was asleep, Miss Helen crept silently through the halls and down-stairs. Gaining the dining-room, she unlocked the silver chest and looked at the spoons. "There it is!" she exclaimed. "Just as I expected. It does n't do one bit of good to tell Sarah anything. I've had enough of this spoon, and I'm going to throw it away."

Clutching the spoon firmly, as if afraid it might even yet elude her, she relocked the chest, stalked through the kitchen and across the garden to the back alley, where the ash-barrel stood. "There!" she said, as she threw the spoon in. "I rather think Oliver won't see *that* again!"

The next morning, at breakfast, Miss Helen broke off in the middle of a sentence to stare wildly at the spoon-holder before her.

"What's the matter, Aunt Helen?" asked Oliver. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

Miss Helen could scarcely believe her eyes, but there before her, in her own beautiful old cut-glass holder, she saw plainly a spoon with the letters "Hotel Victoria" engraved upon it.

"It's nothing," she said, and plunged into an excited conversation on some other subject.

After breakfast she went to the kitchen and demanded an explanation. Sarah vowed entire ignorance, but the cook volubly explained that the honest ashman had brought the spoon to her early that morning, saying he had found it in the barrel, and he knew the lady would n't like to lose it—"and so, ma'am," the cook continued, "I thought you might think I was careless an' threw it out, an' so I just put it back in the spoon-holder myself."

Miss Helen gasped. Could it be that the spoon was bewitched and she never could rid herself of the hateful thing? With it still in her hand Miss Helen went back through the house, thinking hard. An old superstition came to her. She remembered hearing that a thing be-

witched can be banished only by being *given* away. But to whom could she give it? Stepping out on the front veranda, she chanced to see a child going by. The child looked poor, and upon an impulse Miss Helen called to her. "Little girl," she cried, "don't you want a nice spoon?"

"Huh!" said the girl. "Whose is it?"

Miss Helen flushed a bit, even at the child's question, but said decidedly, "It's mine, but I'm going to give it to you for a present."

The child took the spoon timidly, and with a muttered word of thanks ran away.

With a lightened heart Miss Helen entered the house. She expected the bridge club that afternoon, and it was a comfort to feel that the obnoxious spoon was finally disposed of.

The bridge club arrived, and also a stranger who was the guest of one of the members. Upon introduction to Mrs. Porter, Miss Helen was startled to find that she was the keen-eyed lady who had sat in the chair next hers in the Pullman car. Although the offending spoon was safely out of the way, Miss Helen felt a vague uneasiness in the presence of those tacitly accusing eyes. It was during the pleasant half-hour while the members were arriving, and before the play began, that Sarah came to the drawing-room to say a young girl wished to speak to Miss Helen personally.

"A child?" asked Miss Helen, a queer feeling of dismay rising in her heart.

"No, ma'm," replied Sarah; "a girl of perhaps fourteen."

Relieved of her fear that it might be the child to whom she had given the spoon, Miss Helen allowed the girl to be shown in.

"What is it that you want?" asked Miss Helen.

The girl put her hand in her pocket and drew forth the Victoria spoon.

"Mother says," she began, "that when you gave this spoon to my little sister this morning she thinks you must have made a mistake. Any way, she made me bring it back to you."

Laying the spoon on the table, the girl turned and walked out.

For a moment there was silence. Miss Helen felt herself slowly turning to stone.

"How very extraordinary!" said Mrs. Porter, examining the spoon through her lorgnette.

"Why, it's a hotel spoon!" exclaimed Mrs. Foster, taking it up. "It is n't your spoon at all."

"Yes, it is my spoon," said Miss Helen decidedly.

"That reminds me," said Mrs. Foster, "of a funny story I heard about people collecting souvenir spoons from hotels."

"I've heard that they do," remarked Mrs. Porter, looking into space, "but it does n't seem to me quite proper."

Miss Helen said nothing more about the spoon. She laid it away and began to arrange her bridge tables with the air of a Spartan.

"Oliver," she said, after the bridge party had gone, "you must help me out with this miserable spoon. I bought it at the Victoria and paid fifty cents for it, because I wanted it to use on the train. But everybody seems to think that I stole it, and it has made me more trouble than you can imagine. I wish you'd get rid of it for me."

Seeing how very much in earnest his aunt was, Oliver forbore to tease her.

"All right, Aunt Helen," he said; "give it to me. I'll take it out and drown it for you."

"But you must take it far away," said Miss Spencer, "or it will come back."

"I'm going out with my runabout this afternoon, and I'll guarantee to see the finish of that spoon."

Late that afternoon Oliver was spinning through the country road when a crunching sound beneath his car told of accident to some part of the machinery. Examination proved that a key which is supposed to hold a gear in place had been lost. Careful search through the tool-box showed that there was no other available. There seemed to be nothing that could be utilized. Suddenly Oliver thought of the spoon in his pocket. After much work, he got the gear back in place, used the small end of the spoon as a wedge, and tied the whole affair firmly to the axle with a bit of wire. "I guess," he said, "that will hold till I can get back to the garage."

On account of the weakness of the repairs, Oliver ran his machine slowly back to town and to the repair shop, where he left it.

The spoon was forgotten. Miss Helen did not allude to it that night, nor did Oliver remember that he had forgotten a most important commission.

The next morning a district messenger brought a small, neatly tied parcel. It was not addressed, and when she took it Sarah asked the boy for whom it was meant.

"Dunno," he replied. "The man just told me to leave it at this house. Sign here."

Sarah signed the book and took the parcel to Miss Helen, who looked at it on all sides and then opened it.

As she tore off the paper, even before she opened the box, a vague foreboding assailed her, and her worst fears were realized as she lifted the cover and saw the Victoria spoon. Enclosed with it was the business card of the repair shop where Oliver had left his runabout.

Miss Helen was puzzled, not only by the spoon returning in the way

it did, but by the condition of the spoon itself. It was twisted and battered, but the words "Hotel Victoria" still loomed forth in all their awful accusation.

At the first opportunity she questioned Oliver as to what he had done with the spoon.

"By Jove, Aunt Helen!" he said, "your old spoon saved my life yesterday. The machine busted 'way out in the middle of nowhere, and I was jolly glad to have a piece of metal of some kind to take the place of a lost key, so I just used your spoon."

"Well, what became of it afterward?"

"Why, I don't know. I left the machine at the garage, and I suppose they threw the old spoon away."

"They did n't," said Miss Helen tragically. "They sent it back here, wrapped up like a valuable gift."

"You don't say so! It must be a sight."

"It is. Look at it."

"Never mind, Aunt Helen; don't take on so. I'll accumulate another for you, the next hotel I go to."

"I don't want you to. I only want to get rid of this and never see another hotel spoon as long as I live."

Unable for the moment to think of an efficacious means of disposing of the thing, Miss Helen laid it away in a box of old and unused silver which occupied a back corner of the silver chest. "Of course I can dispose of it," she thought, "when I can think what is the best plan."

But that day passed and the next before Miss Helen could formulate any decisive action. Not that she had n't thought about it. It occupied her thoughts day and night, but she had become super-sensitive on the subject. The most casual methods she rejected as being fraught with imminent dangers, and she sometimes felt impelled to take it back herself to the proprietor of the Victoria and make him a present of it.

Before she arose the next morning, Sarah came to her bedside with the startling news that burglars had entered the house during the night.

"Impossible!" cried Miss Helen. "The windows were all securely closed."

"Yes, ma'am, but they cut a pane of glass out of one of the dining-room windows, and got in that way."

"Then they could n't have got beyond the dining-room, for the doors were locked."

"No, ma'am, the plate is all safe, but they pried open the silver chest and took all the small silver out of it."

"They took *all* the small silver?" said Miss Helen, a curious gleam coming into her eyes.

"Yes, ma'am, every knife and fork and spoon is gone."

"You may go, Sarah," said Miss Helen. "I will come down immediately. Knock on Mr. Oliver's door as you go by."

"Yes, ma'am," said Sarah.

No sooner had the maid gone than Miss Helen lay back on her pillow and laughed heartily. Not that she considered a burglary a mirthful affair, but that it was to her a cause for sincere gratitude.

"Every knife, fork, and spoon," she said. "And *spoon!*" she repeated. "Then *it* must be gone!" and she chuckled again.

Miss Helen went down-stairs with a lighter heart than she had known for days, and, absurdly enough, she also felt like one relieved of a guilty conscience. She would have welcomed Mrs. Porter at that moment. Indeed, she felt she could look the whole world in the face, and the loss of her silver seemed to her a small price to pay for being rid of the awful Victoria spoon.

She entered the dining-room smiling, and gaily wondered what they would eat breakfast with.

Glancing at the sideboard, she saw a card lying there. On it was written in large and illiterate letters:

We don't take no hotel stuff

Underneath the card lay the Victoria spoon!



ABOUT MARRIAGE

LONG after the "coos" are over, the bills keep on.

In order to be happy though married, many—separate.

Nothing in a wife is more appealing than to appeal rarely.

A bridle for the tongue should be included in every trousseau.

The "Cook Lady" has as much to do with race-suicide as the Landlord.

A husband who is unforgiving after a good dinner certainly has a bad heart.

The cleverest wives are substituting "Stay as long as you like" for "Come back soon."

It sometimes takes a woman twenty years to find that she has been happily married.

A man who knows nothing makes a sorry husband; one who knows everything makes a sorrier wife.

Minna Thomas Antrim

OLD LIGHTS FROM THE RIO BRAVA

By Will Levington Comfort

A WOMAN or a gold discovery will change the whole order of living in a man or a town. The case in point begins on the night that Reeder came up from Socorro with a lady. I had the honor of knowing Reeder in the old days. Reeder's lady was vividly new, as only a girl's fair face can be; and it is not her fault, nor mine, but the conditions of Sodom, inasmuch as I was reminded that night of being a collegier once, a clothes-model and a rejoicer in life, back in the dim behind. But this is not my story. It is Didsey's. Didsey is my bunkie. I have n't been ten yards away from Didsey for a week all told in two years, and since we've run onto gold, religion, and small-pox at the same time, I think I'm beginning to understand the lad.

"Is that the Reeder you used to know?" he questioned.

"Yes," I said.

"He seems to be dyin', Wesley."

"Looks that way, Didsey."

"Is it the hang-over of them thirteen bullet-holes?"

"Listen," I whispered.

We had put our guests away in the old gospel-tent for the night, Sodom not being metropolitan in its accommodations for the rarer sex. Just now from the tent came a cough that Arizona knows well; and, after the cough, a low laugh from Reeder, that game, nerveless laugh that I had heard years before, when the poker lights were lit on the Rio Brava, and the man who sat next to the wall was safest.

"I see," said Didsey softly.

We went over to the tent again presently. Reeder was closer to the dark than I had thought. She was a brave, bright little thing, with a soft voice that set my memories strumming like a harp, and big eyes that lit my way back into the old epoch. I see that I'll have to screw up the tension, and repeat that this is Didsey's story.

"If I had your manners, Wesley," Didsey whispered, when we were back in our own shack, "I'd never stop until I copped a girl like that fur all my own. Ain't she a sunrise with trimmin's?"

"She's sure sweet some," I whispered.

"But I ain't got no more style than a blue shirt," he lamented.

I might have told him that it is n't style that gets to a white woman, but he would have wanted to know all about the origin of my theory. We were quiet a long time. I was thinking of the great, gamey days when old Arizona was new, and the women came out from the East, as they always come to the edge of wars, for us savages to fight for their dances and drop weltering for their smiles. Reeder, "Handsome Dan" Reeder, was king in those days. They meant a lot to me together—the man with the cough and the fair, lithe girl. It made me think that the West was old—old and going out—and that the East was still in her youth. All that the West stood for in her prime was in that dying man over in the gospel-tent—cards that could n't lie; drink that brought vine-leaves but no madness; the gun that spoke first and last, and the smile that death-in-the-dark could n't twist or whiten. To the death-bed of all this came a slip of a girl—out of the East.

Didsey had never known a woman, but the ghosts of all the faces he had passed in trains and dreams and towns were gathered together that night by the presence over yonder. I may have been in a doze, but I saw myself—plain as a lens brings out the scars on the crust of the moon—working the claim alone, thrown, beached, a tale that is read, a discard for a woman. I reached for a cigarette, and watched the rim of the moon through the open door.

"What would you do for a woman like that, Didsey?" I asked.

I had leaped aboard the very train of thoughts he was despatching. "I'd be good to her," he said. "I'd bring her dresses and nuggets and posies, an' take her where she wanted to go. I would n't let her do no work that would make her hot or soil her hands. I would n't boss none, an' I would n't drink—by Gawd, I would n't drink, Wesley!"

The big fellow sighed and threshed around in the dark. I knew he would do as he said. How that sort of treatment would work, I was n't prepared to settle in my mind, being rusty on the eternal quandary. We had six thousand dollars between us, Didsey and I. We had planned to make it ten, through our pickings in the Mammon gorge, and then carom from port to port around the world, until we got back to old Sodom and the claim again, humble and contrite and "broke." A man has to have something to look forward to. Is n't it so?

The cough reached us again across the sand; then the laugh of the gambler, and the murmur of the woman's whispering. I craned my head out of the door. The candle was still burning under the canvas, and I saw her shadow bending forward. I could even tell that she had not unpinned her hair. Presently I heard her step on the sand.

"Mr. Wesley, won't you come over to the tent quickly?"

Dan Reeder was setting out across the bay when I got there. He introduced me to the girl again, as if I had n't met her five minutes after the stage came in. Her lip was quivering, and the warm little hand that I took was trembling.

"I'm glad we were able to get to him, Jessie," he said in his slow, harsh way. "This man stands white out of the old days—while I was waiting for you to grow up, girlie. The others are dead, and there'll be big games on the griddle when I get there. Wesley, old trooper, I'm leaving eighty dollars and the gamest little woman that ever breathed the open. See her through, old-timer, see her through. You're a gallant pair——"

His voice was spent, and I had to bend low to catch the last. When I saw the woman's face in the candle-glow, I understood that she had also heard. My brain was squaring off great blocks of the future, and framing each in a golden frame. I took Reeder's hand. It had fallen away like wax from a burned manikin. He could n't have lifted a six-shooter from the blanket now, perhaps not a deck of cards. He called for a drink, and I mixed one with the last cube of ice in Sodom. His eyes glowed with unearthly brightness, and he hummed a song for the woman's ears. An hour passed, and when I looked out, there was gray upon the Diablo peaks. Jessie covered the face on the cot.

It is strange, the pall that the dawn throws on the thoughts of a man. It looked like a gorgeous land of possessions in the night, but I saw that it was not for me in the dawning. I was forty and afraid. Forty is old when one's past is like mine—a family of ugly children, those years of mine. An abused colt turned out into the open and running wild for years is an outlaw at the last. Dan Reeder saw the colt with satin coat and the speed and game of youth. His eyes were too dim to see what the years had done to me.

She sat in the flap of the tent and stared out at the rising day, her blue eyes dry, her red lips tense. She was young and brave and beautiful. None of these was I. The thing which the wreck of the great Reeder dreamed and put in my brain—that she and I should take up the game together after a season—was not adjusted to reason nor beauty. I saw this in the gray of dawning. Even if she were minded, it would not be square to her. She was just beginning. I could not find it in me to poison the romance which might come to her. There was no rose to that dawn. It was all gray, save in the shadows where Reeder lay. The storm whisper came up from the Mammon gorge. I would have given all the gold in that muttering canyon for the swing and buoyancy of ten years past—to place high-noon manhood at the feet of that girl.

"You will go back to the East, Jessie," I said.

"What shall I do in the East—alone?"

"Life is better there—for a girl."

"It is not. I have been there."

I looked out upon the town, and heard the rumble of men's voices as they growled over their bacon in the shacks. Some peered out at us; others were already making their way wearily to their claims in the gorge. The suffering few were waiting in front of Blinkey Gile's for him to open up his bar. Sodom had never looked so sodden to me, so sordid. I pointed to the town.

"Lady, this is no place for you."

"Do you think I care for the look of things?" she demanded, bending toward me. "Do you think I am not past being beguiled by white linen and polished leather? Does one who has passed her babyhood in a foundlings' home, her childhood in a house of refuge, and her girlhood in a scold's kitchen, hunger after the life of the East when she has known love and tenderness out here among these mesas and mountains? . . . Dan Reeder, dying, was all that a man could be to me. Always, at the last, he told me about you. 'There is gold up on the Mammon,' he would say. 'We will find Wesley there. Wesley is a man. He is all that you would like me to be, Jessie,' he told me. 'He will take care of you when I go out, and the East need not frighten you, girlie.'"

I waited until my nerve came back, and then I said: "Dan Reeder and I stood back to back when all the world was a laugh, lady. We drank the wine of youth together, and the devil let us alone, for the devil knew that the smile would freeze and the red glow of living burn out. Reeder kept his heart, or you kept it for him. Mine has hardened alone—hard as the Diablo peaks yonder. I am not the Wesley that 'Handsome Dan' knew. All that is left over of that old Wesley is bossing the job I'm on now. You have brain and beauty and youth. You'll not be lashed to any rotten mast, such as I am. You'll go up to Tucson, and a man will see you there, the finest man I've known since Reeder and I took routes apart. He'll see you safe to the big town—and beyond, if you'll let him. He's bringing us breakfast now. . . . Didsey," I added, "the storm looks as if it was going to blow by. This lady will need an escort to Tucson in an hour, and—I've picked you for the honor."

He halted at the tent-opening, the tray shaking in his hand. The look upon the girl's face was harder for me to bear. She followed me with her wonderful eyes as I walked across to the little table and poured out a glass of spirit.

They were ready in an hour. Didsey and I stood out by the ponies, while she went into the tent for the last time. I gripped his hand.

There was no need for us to speak. She came toward us, and I put her on the pony.

"You will make Guayama to-night, and Tucson to-morrow afternoon," I said. "Don't leave Tucson until you get a letter from me."

She did not seem to hear me. "I think you are wrong—I think you are all that Dan said—even now," I heard her whisper.

"God love you," I muttered, and then, recollecting Didsey, I added, "both."

They rode away into the clearing north. I watched them grow pale in the watery sunlight and sink at last over the edge of the mesa. Then I returned to my good friend in the gospel tent, and set about his burial. Two days afterward, the pony post took my letter on the way to Tucson. I had negotiated my pile in the meanwhile, and put it on paper in her name. In the letter, I told her that it was an old debt I owed Reeder—so that she surely would keep it. That was the least I could do, and the most. . . . In the nights, before I thought, I would reach for Didsey—and then lie awake thinking, thinking. I did n't want to see him again; and yet old Sodom was senseless without him. A man becomes set in his ways at forty.

The fifth night he came into the shack and dropped down beside me. I held my breath, hoping that it was a ghost, but it was Didsey in the flesh.

"Dreams go by contraries, Wesley," he said in a dry tone. "You must have knowed I was n't the man."

"Let's have a drink," I whispered, gripping his arm.

"By the way," he said, when the candle was lit, "you'll have to stake me for a week or two. I left my wad at the bank for her. She would n't have taken it from me straight. Wesley, you must have knowed it was n't me whom Reeder made a God out of—at the last. She did n't——"

He halted. His face in the candle-light was that of a man at the edge of death from hunger and thirst.

Ten days afterward the pony post brought me back a letter from Tucson. She returned Didsey's donation, as I knew she would. Mine she kept, since it was an old debt to Reeder. I might tell the message she had for me in that letter, save that this is Didsey's story.



Half a loaf is better than no vacation.

It is not American gold-dust, but gold-lust, that is so perilous.

Divination rarely wears trousers; nor does Logic affect chiffons.

THE OTHER SHIP

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

A SLEEPY sea, drawing deep, slow breaths; a silver strip of moonlight unrolled across the darkness for the passing of a white yacht; a tenor voice coming at intervals from the shadow of the sail; a man and a girl faced forward in the bow, riding between sky and sea.

"On such a night as this——" She stopped, for that was as far as she knew; but the words had a haunting sweetness, and she repeated them under her breath. "Who was it that said that the romance is 'all on the other ship'?" she added as the glint of a sail showed for an instant far down the silver carpet of their stately progress.

"Somebody who had never been on this one," was her inward answer for him—for she had a sense of fitness, and the moon was shining; but his eyes were intent on the distant gleam of sail.

"I wonder whose boat that is?" he said instead. "It might be Harrison's."

"We are 'the other ship' to them," she mused. "I suppose, if we shot past them, we'd look a perfect fairy tale of romance."

"And aren't we?" he would have said if he had had a proper spirit for the game; but he contented himself with a cordial "Sure thing! Though Harrison would be more likely to shoot by us," he added. "It's a faster boat. We had a great old race last summer—you ought to have seen it."

She smiled round at him as he lay half out on the bowsprit. "I had never even seen you last summer! Do you realize that we have known each other only a few months?"

"Time flies, does n't it?" he assented. "Hard to believe it's only twelve weeks since I—— Hello, look at the phosphorescence down there."

She leaned over to see, the drift of her hair almost brushing his sleeve. "Since you——" she repeated softly.

"Since I got my bull pup; he's almost a grown dog now. I'm going to enter him in the next bench show—he's 'way ahead of some of the last year winners. Have you noticed what a chest development he's got?"

"Like his master's," she suggested demurely.

"Oh, there are lots of fellows bigger than I am!" But he laughed and drew up his right arm with an eye to its muscles. She laid the point of one finger on the swelling biceps.

"I should n't dare make you very angry," she said. "It's terrible to be so strong—I'm afraid of you!"

He might have met this with a delicious threat—"You'd better be!"—or he might have adapted from Red Riding Hood—"All the better to serve you with, my dear!"—oh, there were so many nice things he might have said! But instead he told her of the muscles of the man he roomed with in his senior year.

"Why, Jake could lay me out with one hand," he boasted. She drew up her right arm with fist absurdly clenched.

"Feel mine," she said anxiously. He let the soft little lump of muscle slip between his finger and thumb for a moment.

"Not so bad for a girl," he encouraged her. "You could bring it up a lot if you would do the proper exercises." He showed her just what they were; and the moonlight poured over them, and the little waves lapped against the bow, and the tenor voice soared like a silver bird—"Oh, heart of my heart!"

"But you must do them regularly," he insisted. "That's the whole business. If you're like most girls, you'll overdo it for three days and then drop it."

She smiled inscrutably. "But I am not like most girls!" Oh, the chances it gave him, the dear, intimate pathways of mutual exploration into which any one of a dozen openings would take them! The challenge in her voice was as clear as a painted hand on a sign; and he smiled on her comfortably.

"My sister went in hard for one of these new-fangled physical culture courses, and ricked herself for a week," he said. "The strongest girl I ever knew——"

Her head fell on her arm and there was a discouraged droop to her mouth. When the tale of the strongest girl was finished she eyed him coldly.

"Don't you think we'd better go back to the others?" she suggested.

"Oh, by George, no! Why should we?" The honesty of the protest brought a line between his eyebrows. "Don't you like it here? Are you cold?" She could not help being appeased.

"I don't wish to monopolize you," she said, with a small sigh.

"I guess I'm doing the monopolizing," he laughed. "Of course, if you're tired of me——"

It really began to look a little more promising. She glanced at him through a mist of blown hair; and the spirit of the game once more stirred within her.

"You *like* being out here with me?"

"Sure thing. Could n't be better."

"Suppose it were Mary Madison—what would you talk to her about?"

"Oh, some girls always want to go on about love and how long it lasts and if you can get it twice in the same spot—you know the sort of thing. That's why you are so jolly to go about with—one can have some sensible talk with you. You're interested in real things."

"Like boats and dogs?" The irony in her voice did not reach him.

"Of course. Look, there's that boat again. It's Harrison's all right—I can tell by the rigging. See if you can see where it is different from ours." She looked back at the softly hollowed spread of canvas behind them and shook her head hopelessly.

"I can tell the difference between you and Fred Harrison, though," she suggested.

"Oh, you can!" A faint, faint glimmer of resentment brought new life to her face.

"Yes; he wears red neckties."

"So that's it, is it?" He was almost sulky.

"Yes. And Mary Madison says he's a terrible flirt. But then"—with a sigh—"she also said that about you."

"What rot!" But he was smiling. She was not above revenge:

"Yes, was n't it!"

The smile disappeared. "Oh, I suppose I can play the game like any one else if I have to," he said rather coldly. She leaned towards him, and her voice was mischievously small:

"And when do you have to?" The chances it gave him!

"Oh, some girls are always expecting it of a fellow," he said impatiently. "Not nice, straight-ahead girls like you, of course. Silly ones." The light left her face.

"Of course one does n't want to be—silly," she said despondently. "But does n't one—could n't one——"

"Look, Harrison's coming about," he interrupted. "Now I can show you just what I mean about the rigging."

She listened in depressed silence, her eyes obediently on the other yacht. His explanation was very thorough. The tenor voice soared out of the shadow again—"Oh, heart of my heart!" and the moonlight suddenly revealed two figures all in white in the prow of the other ship. He had gone on to the difference between a brig and a schooner, but he interrupted himself to nod in their direction.

"Don't they look jolly romantic?" he commented.

A momentary flash of resentment broke through the patient resignation of her face.

"I wonder if they feel so?" she said, with a touch of sharpness.

"Oh, sure thing," he affirmed contentedly.



IN A SILKEN CRADLE

BY JENNIE BROOKS

Spin, spin, Mergaton, spin!
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

T WAS a sunny afternoon in August when my story began, and, as usual when one is not looking for a story, it dropped into my lap. It was hot, that midsummer day; the "chur—ing" of the locusts testified to it, and nothing was astir save nut-hatches browsing up and down the tree-trunks, and sparrows sparring for place in the white dust of the road.

Suddenly a bird flew down onto the flagstones beneath the elm, straightened himself up, and stared at some object almost beneath his feet. Back to the tree he flew, then down again to the pavement, prepared to give battle to a force so swiftly covering the distance that intervened between it and the elm tree.

I ran to look. The besieger was a huge green worm! Quite an appetizer, indeed, for *any* bird's supper! What great luck! And at it the bird made a swift dash. But capture was not so easy as it looked. The worm had a word to say about it, for, swift as light, up came the flat-faced green head, two tiny pin-point eyes glistening like rubies, and the small jaws snapped together with a loud click. The bird backed away. Discretion is a large part of true valor. Following came the worm. Enraged, the bird made fiercer assault, but click, click, click, went the jaws with a savage snap, and up came the green head, threatening, as before. Astonished, maddened, the bird flew at the worm, striking boldly, but not hitting, for the worm swiftly and deftly turned in self-protection, snapping viciously, until the bird gave up the attack and, with a spiteful note, flew among the branches.

With incredible speed the worm hastened to the foot of the elm and rapidly ascended. Time now, was it, for us to interfere, and we gently presented to the victor a small branch of laurel, upon which it clambered, to be brought into the house for closer inspection.

The worm was as thick as my middle finger, and four inches in length. As it clung with its soft, clumsy feet, flat and blunt, like—well, like the feet of an elephant, really—we offered it, for supper, a smaller bunch of osage leaves. Two long tusches hung over the lower lip, and at the touch of some foreign substance, “snap!” went the jaws as the worm bit savagely at it. How enraged it was! Not only at the impertinence of our handling it, but also because we were interrupting its private business. That it had something on hand was evinced by the eager hurry with which it was travelling when the bird first saw it. That this business brooked no delay we discovered later, as you shall see. The worm knew precisely what it wanted, where and when and how, but here came two stupid bipeds—it was a triple quadruped at the very least—and interrupted all its plans! Such a beautiful worm, too! The long, corrugated body of a delicate, translucent apple-green, and as flexible as India-rubber. Its face, small and disc-shaped, was a pale brown, and as we held the creature it turned and twisted and snapped its jaws as if it would say:

“Oh, hurry and be done! I’ve no time to spare.”

So we procured a small pasteboard box and, making holes in it, imprisoned the insect. Of course it must be fed until the spinning of the cocoon began. This, we concluded, would be delayed at least a month. As we tendered the worm some fresh leaves, it took two vigorous bites out of the edge of one of them in a half-starved way, and we left it to its supper. In about an hour we opened the box, and, finding the worm apparently busily gnawing, we attempted to remove the first leaves and put in others, but on lifting them we found almost invisible filaments attached to them and to the box. The weaver had begun to spin! So we gently laid the twig back in the box and watched its further utilization for a loom. To the lid the worm seemed determined to attach itself. Try as we might, push it back to the bottom as we did again and yet again—for we wished to remove the lid to watch the worker—patiently the great clumsy creature climbed repeatedly to the lid and began anew its operations. The first strands it wove were difficult to see, so fine were they, but that something was holding the leaves into place was proven by their suspension. We then turned the box upside down, cut out the bottom, and set ourselves to watch operations, with the box turned sidewise. In among the osage leaves the worm had curled its heavy length, then, lifting that flat brown face, it climbed again to the edges of the box, moved its mouth delicately over an infinitesimal space, back and forth as a

butterfly moves its "feelers." Slowly drawing back its head with the all but invisible silver thread issuing from the spinnarets, just below the mouth, it grasped the leaf and softly mouthed it, then reached up two tiny claws and clinched the filament securely to the edge of the leaf, as we might press down a bit of wax with our finger tips. Back then to the box lid, the shining thread reeling out as from a spindle, and again it was fastened to the lid. In the first little web that was woven, the insect quickly hung its hind feet, or rather the hooks on the feet that were like bird claws, thus suspending a part of the body and showing the strength of the woof. It then wove loops and girths, fastening them alternately to the leaves on which it was climbing, and to the box, the side, and the lid. Back and forth it moved, slowly and with precision, making no mistakes, and presenting a spectacle of such marvellous fascination that sleep was impossible, and all night we watched the growth of the wondrous cradle. Silently, ceaselessly, never stopping even though the electric light over the dresser flashed onto it continuously; the thin haze of a shimmering web growing, growing, and folding in the artist more and more closely. It was not fast work, however; it was very slow, and as with head propped on my hands I watched from hour to hour, the large body seemed to diminish in size, as probably it really did, for from being a closely packed living box of silk, it came at last to be but the germ of what it once was. By early morning an entire network had enclosed the body, and by noon this network had been overlaid, as the artist still worked, with gauzy, semi-transparent wrappings through which could be faintly seen the now closely-confined architect. It was then very hard for the inhabitant to turn himself about, but the busy mouth moved back and forth, drawing after it silken thread and silken thread, endlessly, tirelessly, and by the next day all movement had ceased so far as could be seen.

Ordinarily, the next thing on the programme for the inhabitant of our silken cradle is to cast aside its caterpillar skin and enter into the pupa stage of existence, and this is generally done within twenty-four hours after the cocoon is finished. If this was the case with our giant worm, then the next stage was long delayed, for after the pupa stage is reached, usually in a few weeks emerges the butterfly, or moth. Whether this transformation immediately occurred or not we shall never know, but if such was the case, then a very sleepy butterfly baby swung in its cradle many months longer than need be.

"In about two months," said the scientist, "it will emerge." Said my maid, "That won' nevah come out 'til de springtime. We live on the fa'm whah I was rais' an' we of'en get 'em by de run, we chil'ren. The skin gets hahd, so hahd you cain' break it 'less wi' a hatchet. Then it get thinnah and thinnah 'til you cain' see 'im in thah, an' then he comes out!"

This was in August. October passed, November, December.

Daily we watched the cocoon, almost hourly listened for stirrings of life, and on New Year's morning we were rewarded. Happy augury on the dawning of another year, when, beneath the satin-fine coverlet, velvet wings begin to unfold with the thrill of renewed life. Was it by this time a butterfly, our sleeper in the swinging cradle? Had it reached the last stage of existence? If so, it was a very sluggard, for, after stirring at intervals during twenty-four hours, and keeping us on a sharp lookout for the first premonitory opening of the cocoon, the whirring noise ceased, and presumably the householder settled down for a longer nap.

The noise it had made was a curious one. A busy "whirring" as of a small soft body turning about and about with lightning rapidity, as a squirrel swiftly treads the wheel in his cage. Each day we lifted the box to our ears many times, listening for a second awakening, but no sound came to us. January gave place to February, stingingly cold, but we kept the web-like cradle in the sunny exposure of a south window in a warm room, hoping to rouse its occupant into life. March succeeded February, April passed, and we felt sure our butterfly had died, our biological friend declaring that in all probability it would never emerge. "'T was dead, dead, dead!" May came along, and white butterflies drifted above the grass, and still our tenant tarried in deepest slumber. In the early morning hours of the twentieth day of May the whirring again commenced, not so loud or swift as at first, more muffled and more like straining or stretching. In a few minutes a tiny, tiny movement became apparent at the smaller end of the cocoon, and slowly, slowly, the strands of the web gave way, as layer after layer parted before the determined pushing of the dweller within, and presently through a hole, into which I afterwards found I could not insert the tip of my little finger, out crawled a small, wet-looking body, dragging itself exhaustedly and pausing often to rest ere it was quite free from the cocoon. Then, finding at last no impediment, it lay quietly for perhaps half an hour, when it began unfolding a pair of wings—wings that were as creased and crumpled as tissue paper crushed in the hand, and soft and wet. The creature seemed to grow and expand before our eyes, a miracle in its resurrection, as with extreme leisureliness it daintily and languidly unclosed to our sight its beautiful wings, that grew, and grew. Opening and shutting, folding and unfolding, for hours the insect kept its wings in motion, as if no higher bliss could be asked than this—life, and motion, and flooding sunlight—and the wrinkles smoothed out as if by magic as the body pumped a fluid into their network of tiny tubes.

The grand climax was reached after nine full months of preparation, and our busy insect of a long ago August day lay before us—a jewel in

coloring. But the big green worm so closely packed with silk for the weaving of its tent curtains was scarcely less beautiful and marvellous than the splendid creature that lay basking in the golden light. Its body was two inches and a half in length and thick as my middle finger, of a delicate tan color, and soft and furry. To manufacture a cloth of that beauty and texture would be equivalent to the finding of a gold mine! The wings, which measured from tip to tip, outstretched and fully grown, a little over seven inches, were gorgeous in coloring—a rich warm cream color shading into tan and red browns. On the smaller wings was a large dice-shaped spot, the sides of deep black, the top of the cube being an exquisite shade of pale blue. On the larger or front wings was an octagon-shaped spot, transparent like the thinnest mica. The entire wing felt to the touch like softest feathers, and, under a microscope, looked like them.

Some hours after its emergence the moth made great efforts to fly, but the wings were not yet strong enough, and it only succeeded in fluttering about in the box, thumping its heavy body up and down. On the second day after its emergence the moth managed to flutter and fumble itself out of the box to the window-seat, but it would eat nothing, sugar water and honey tempting it not at all.

Small wonder! The *Attacus cecropia* has n't any mouth! But *I* did n't know it—not then. They have in lieu of this a keen sense of smell, and, guided thus, at night they sally forth seeking a mate—soon perishing, as they, of course, take no nourishment.

Our insect paused so long on the window-seat, we concluded it must be dazed, or in a state of profound meditation as to the sudden change that had overtaken it. On the third day it could not yet carry into the air its heavy body, and as it fluttered blindly against the window-pane, we tossed it to the grass outside, where it fell helplessly. On the grape-vine we next perched it, and, like a clumsy child, it fell to the ground. Then, in impatience at its stupidity or laziness (but what could one expect after nine months of uninterrupted sleep?), my farmer girl seized it by the wings and tossed it boldly high into the air, where, as by a miracle, the wings spread themselves and, fluttering, dipping, soaring, away sailed this joyous new-born creature over the house-top, through the elm branches, to lose itself from sight far away in the campus, without a pause or rest.

The silken tent, at first opaque in its silvery sheen, often becomes transparent towards the end of the term of confinement for its occupant, but, though the one in question became perceptibly thinner, it was not sufficiently so as to allow our seeing the insect ere it emerged. On tearing apart the cocoon after the departure of its maker, we found the brown shell it had left behind. This resembled a mummy skin, being dark brown in color and so delicate of texture as to crumble on

being touched, but showed all the rings and markings of the body it had once encased.

The cocoon of this *Attacus cecropia* moth is of two parts, a loosely wrinkled outer covering and well-shaped and dense inner pod with the finest of floss silk separating the two. At both ends it is loosely woven, that the moth may easily escape. The *cecropia* is our largest native silk-spinning insect, and holds its place among the giant *lepidoptera* of the world. Silk has been made from the ravellings of this cocoon, and for one who will invent an easy and inexpensive way of unravelling this mystery of weaving there is a fortune in prospect. Utilized in the manufacture of silk, this material would be placed within easy reach of every one, for it would be as cheap as cotton.

It is astonishing how few children have seen this marvel of cocoon-making. In silk-worms, yes, but to select or find a worm for themselves from the big outdoor world, and watch every process from the nibbling of the green osage leaves to its ultimate end as moth or butterfly, is, I find, almost a thing unheard of.

At Wood's Hole, this summer, I met on the beach-road near the "Buzzard Bay" shore a traveller similar to the one of which I have told you. He was in a tremendous hurry, apparently, but I intercepted him, and with careful coaxing brought him home to the children, on a blueberry branch, turning it from end to end as the nimble fellow too closely approached my shaky fingers—for I've a mighty fear of all creeping things!

Scientist's children were these, yet they had not seen the spinning of a cocoon!

We encased this big, beautiful green worm in mosquito netting, adjuring him to "Spin! Spin! Spin!" But spin he did not, spin he would not, though it was September and high time. He spent frivolous days in wriggling through the meshes of his net, to be found, finally, after long search, performing acrobatic feats by hanging to the mantle. Returned, forcibly, to his cage, he went straight to work to do it all over again!

We kept him two weeks and a few days, supplying him with fresh leaves, but he grew so weak and thin from homesickness, or continual exercise, that we turned him loose out of doors, in the salty grass, to hang himself in a nest of his own selection on any desirable branch, and wished him good luck for the winter!



COUSIN CHRISTOPHER

By Johnson Morton

WHEN Bradley Warren awoke the sun was peering over the Istrian hills, towards which the little steamer cut her way through a shimmering sea. He rubbed his eyes, stretched his long arms and legs free from the cramped restriction of a night on deck, and then turned his attention to Thornton, who still slept, with his curly red head pillowed austere on a Gladstone bag. It took always some vigorous moments to rouse Bucky Thornton to complete consciousness, but at last he stirred sleepily.

"Let me alone," he muttered. "I'm not doing any harm here."

Then in response to Brad's laugh he sat bolt upright and laughed too.

"Oh, it's you, is it? I *am* relieved! You see," he went on with much seriousness, "I thought I was being ordered off the Common at home by a policeman."

"No, my son," answered Warren. "You are not in Boston. It pleases me, however, to see you adapt yourself so readily to the conditions of poverty even in your dreams. I only wish your mother could hear you. But see"—he pointed to a promontory that lay to the north—"the day of our release has already dawned; for behind that cape, as likely as not, lurks Trieste! In some hour's time we shall enter the harbor. I could speak with more exactness, did I possess a watch or did you, but with our watches we should not be here. That is axiomatic, so let us pass on. Already I see the quay filling with the populace. Baedeker calls it heterogeneous—operatic Italians, philosophical Germans and Slavs. What is the salient quality of a Slav, anyhow, Bucky? The people strain their eyes seaward. Can't you see them? A cry bursts from a thousand throats: 'Yes! Yes, it is the *Aleppo*, approaching from Venice! Hurrah!' Rippling music—tum-tiddy-um, tum-tiddy-um. Small incidental divertisement by the corps de ballet. A pause; then they all turn anxiously, expectantly, to the street. Suddenly a carriage dashes up! There are outriders, and two men in livery on the box. More music—the time rather slow—while a majordomo, splendid enough for the central figure, springs out and assists to alight such a gorgeous old gentleman! Somehow I imagine him as

a cross between Socrates and, let us say, General Miles. He's a royal old Timarch sort of person, any way. He stalks majestically to the footlights—no, I mean the wharf—as the boat draws nearer. Well, it's not far off; say what you will, and soon we shall be steaming gaily into a horn of plenty; for, Bucky, my boy, that old gentleman is your rich and benevolent uncle!"

"Second cousin of my Grandmother Eustis's," corrected Thornton gloomily. He sat on the deck with his legs outspread and tried to part his hair with his fingers. "Brad," he went on, "I'm getting scared!"

"Scared of a mere second cousin of your grandmother that you've never seen?"

"No, you idiot; it's the same old financial panic. How much *have* we got between us, anyhow?"

Warren dived into his pocket and held out a mass of silver and copper in one hand, while with the other he struck his chest meaningly. "I wear thirty florins of our joint property over my heart," he answered, "and this chicken-feed in various effete coinages foots up in Christian money to exactly four dollars and seventy-one cents."

"Nineteen seventy-one! Whew!" Thornton's arithmetic was rapid. He thought a moment and then added comfortably, "It does n't matter; we can use the fund if worse comes to worse."

But Warren shook his head with decision.

"Only over my dead body, dear boy! Classically speaking, I refuse to allow the necessities of Mercury to cut short the homage of Venus. Oh, I shall love to think of you, by and by, Bucky, living on that fund! I can see you now driving in the Bois and through naughty old Paris on the third seat of a bouncing big victoria, full of dinner—oh, how I wish I'd had some last night!—*pleno Baccho*, in glad new clothes, with a real and much-needed hair-cut, and opposite you—crowning joy!—the beautiful Miss Henrietta Markham, beside her somewhat less desirable aunt!"

"Let up, won't you?" Thornton's hand reached for the other's mouth, but missed it, and Warren went on:

"No, Bucky, my boy; even though I am forced to apply for state aid in Dutch to the Austrian Empire, you shall not be deprived of the little fling for which we have toiled and starved. But why borrow trouble? Is n't this distant relative of your grandmother waiting for us just around the corner, with flagons and platters of plenty? Cousin Christopher, I salute you!"

These two young Americans had been in Europe together since their graduation from college in June. It was now late in September, and their modest letters of credit, intended originally to support a scant two-months trip, had been stretched to attenuation. The boys had been

rich in Ireland, when there was nothing to buy but shillalabs and lace, of which they acquired a plethora; and had conceived such a passion of reciprocal frugality in London that they denied themselves, as Brad put it, the "sartorial chances of a lifetime." Increasing limitations had marked their progress over on the continent, but it was not till they reached Venice that the pinch of penury had been felt, which resulted in manifold economies: the entire relinquishment of the gondola, in favor of the steamboat; one real meal a day, and sometimes not that when there was a chance of an opera in the evening. In fact, their only concession was a more or less comfortable room at Daniele's—hanging over the Riva, where on hot nights a fresh Adriatic breeze swelled the window-curtains.

"I buy this corn and feed it to these fool pigeons," said Brad one morning, after a dinner of tomatoes and a breakfast of three figs in a newspaper, "for the benefit of the Piazza at large and in the hope that some one—some stranger—may wish to reward my kind and unselfish heart; but he'd better keep a sharp eye on me, for I am likely to gnaw the corn myself, and by noon I shall be capable, I am afraid, of eating in the raw that fat old slate-colored heathen with the iridescent neck."

Still they stayed on: Warren because the potent charm of Venice had entered his soul to displace satisfactorily the vague distrust of a position in his father's office that awaited him at home; and Thornton because he was killing time.

This last condition was the result of meeting Miss Henrietta Markham on the steamer. She had come out of the West that June a fair and radiant creature, whose guileless attractions had enslaved Bucky's susceptible heart at the first touch. The affair had been so mutual as to evoke the sympathies of the whole ship's company, with one notable exception. That exception was Miss Markham's chaperon and aunt, Miss Griggs. This experienced lady of Pittsburg construction and New York veneer flattered herself that she knew a detrimental when she saw one, and governed her actions accordingly. With a subtle comprehension of Bucky's weak point, she made a sudden and expensive change of plans on landing, and hurried her niece off to Russia, out of harm's way. But all of the many letters with which the younger lady showered her swain held in them a glittering hope:

On the first of October we must be in Paris. Do, dear Mr. Thornton, stay over till then and see me there. Don't fail me. I depend on you!

And this was the reason of the "fund," a small sum saved by both friends in excess of their return passages, to be squandered in Paris by the lucky Thornton, while the other took an unsentimental journey to New York by the cheapest route.

But the last of September in Venice is dreary, and Warren had suddenly grown restless and suggested a change.

"I'm tired of this. Let's be imprudent and go off somewhere in a boat. It's cheap and filling. Come to think of it, we shan't spend a cent more than we do here. Why not try Trieste? It's only a night away, and, to tell the truth, I'm sick of seeing that puffy little steamer put off three times a week without me."

"Trieste?" said Thornton vaguely. He sat on the edge of the bed, mending his socks with string. "Why, that reminds me that I've got a sort of relative in Trieste—Cousin Christopher Eustis—the address is somewhere about—a queer old chap that used to represent our government there at one time; considerable of a scholar, too, and devotes himself to research now; quite an authority on something. Hang it if I can remember! Something that begins with a *b*, I think—biology, behemoths, breadstuffs—— Well, never mind; I give it up."

"We'll visit him," interrupted Warren decisively; "and we'll sail to-night." But Thornton had insisted on writing.

"I don't know him, you see, though he's been at our house, and he's always wanting mother to let some of us come out to him."

So it was not till three days later that an answer followed, in a pale, cramped hand, assuring his "respected cousin" of the writer's delight "to welcome himself and friend." "Go to the Hôtel de la Ville, on the quay," he had added. "It is a quiet place. I will meet you there and make arrangements later. I live just outside the town."

Thornton had scowled over this, but Warren laughed. "It's all right," he said; "just his old-fashioned Oriental way. Wants us to take it easy! That's a great plan. Good-bye to hunger, welcome three meals a day! We'll repay the old chap in genial appreciation and our well-known charm of manner, but I've got to buy a new straw hat, too."

So that afternoon they pawned their watches—for a ridiculously small sum—made a few purchases, and settled their account at Daniele's. Night found them passengers—without berths—on the deck of the side-wheeler *Aleppo*, bound across the gulf.

To the travellers' disgust, Cousin Christopher did not put in an appearance until noon, though a card announcing this intention was waiting at the Hôtel de la Ville, where they took a temporary room, and revelled in two prolonged baths and a large breakfast. "This will be our last expense," was the dictum each enjoined on the fluttering conscience of the other.

The first impression of Cousin Christopher was certainly disappointing. He was a neat but insignificant old man, small, short-legged, with a huge head and a thin voice that came forth from his long, white beard in the cadences of Vermont. Yet it took but a few minutes to

bring any one who was with him to a realization of his genuine charm, his complete sympathy. He inquired tenderly for every member of Thornton's family; he evoked an intimate acquaintanceship with a great uncle of Warren's who fell in the Civil War; he related interesting experiences of his official life in Trieste, and he gossiped charmingly of men and women in the great world with which, even in his corner, he seemed to keep up a brilliant connection.

Suddenly he looked at his watch. It was a beautiful watch, in an elaborately chased case, and as he put it back his finger showed a splendid intaglio in a ring.

"Bless my stars, boys!" he cried, "it's nearly two o'clock, and I must n't keep you from your luncheon." He rose and held out a hand to each.

It was Warren who took the initiative. "If you'd stay and take luncheon with us, sir, we'd be delighted," he said, despite the agonized look in Thornton's eyes. Afterwards he explained. "I just had to do it, Bucky, though all the time my mouth was talking my mind was hurrying all over Trieste, trying to pawn in Austrian those wretched little sleeve-buttons that I bought in French. How much do you suppose I could get for them, any way?"

This was later in the afternoon. Cousin Christopher had stayed to luncheon; he had made a remarkably good one, too, and had introduced his hosts to Prosecco—two bottles of it—at their expense, and a strange, exotic kind of cheese that came in a wicker basket. After luncheon he had led the conversation to the beauties of the neighborhood, and had suggested a drive. His suggestion was adopted. It was a delightful drive along the hills—the scenery like a small Riviera—in a very comfortable two-horse carriage ordered, by Cousin Christopher's advice, from the hotel. They had stopped to call on several of the old gentleman's friends—"people that it will be pleasant for you to know," he said; but no one was at home save an anæmic English lady of unfeigned respectability, who apologized for not offering them tea but seemed able to adduce no reason. On the way back they stopped at a café, far up on the hillside, and sat at a small table on the terrace, drinking more Prosecco and smoking cigars of Cousin Christopher's choosing. "Never indulge in a poor cigar, boys," he remarked, as he bit off the end of his skilfully, while Warren pressed the last of his silver coins into the waiter's hand. "It is not economy in the long run. 'The best or none' is a safe motto."

He refused the boys' invitation to stay to dinner very gracefully.

"My dear fellows, I am tempted, of course, but I know better! You've seen enough of a lonely old codger like me for one day." There was a hint of mistiness in his kind blue eyes. "Bless you for asking me, but you'll have a much better time by yourselves. Now,

don't make it too hard for me by urging. I shall call on you to-morrow, and we will drive to my little place—a very modest little place, I assure you—on the way to 'Miramar.' You really must see 'Miramar'; it is well worth a visit."

"Only the last suggestion buoys me up," groaned Warren, when he had gone; "but I confess I don't understand your relative. Hang it! I like him, though; but what does it all mean?"

Thornton was pessimistic. "It means that we must cut for Venice to-morrow or get more money somehow. Why, the man's a leech. After all his urging mamma and the girls to come over here! Thank Heaven they did n't! The old villain!"

"Oh, go slow, Bucky; he may be all right yet. He certainly said, 'take you to my little place,' did n't he? I'm all ready. I can pack in five minutes. I vote to give him one more trial."

"But the money——" began Thornton again.

"Bother the money! It will be a speculation anyhow. I'll borrow twenty florins from the porter—that's fifty francs, is n't it? It's always a first-rate plan, I find, when you get to a new place, to borrow fifty francs at once of the porter. It gives you an immediate standing."

"And there's always the *fund*," suggested Buck.

"Shut up, you and your fund! All in proper time! Come on, let's go and dine at that good-looking restaurant that we saw on the way home. Tergesteo, is n't it? It hath a lusty Roman sound that suggests banquets—and makes me hungry. After all, your relative punished most of the luncheon."

Thornton refused flatly to join the expedition to Miramar next day. "If he really means to have me stay with him," he declared, "he must ask me in so many words. I'm dead tired of this shilly-shallying. The old gentleman's a fake, and he gets on my nerves!"

So when Cousin Christopher, very dapper in a suit of white duck under a green umbrella—for the day was warm—appeared, attended by an elderly English colonel and his wife, he found Warren alone waiting for him. Brad was in high spirits. His pockets bulged with the porter's florins, and in excuse for his friend's absence he was even more than usually expansive, especially as he was agreeably conscious that when he raised his voice, which he took pains to do, the delinquent on the balcony above could hear every word. "Bucky's pretty well used up this morning, Mr. Eustis, I'm sorry to say. He is n't as strong as he looks, and that weight of his is n't normal. So he has to be careful. No, I'm not really worried about him"—in answer to Cousin Christopher's evident solicitude. "A day's rest will set him up, poor chap. It's hard for us well persons to realize all that a delicate man suffers, is n't it?"

Colonel and Mrs. Lythgow proved delightful companions. "Old friends who were good to me in England," Cousin Christopher explained to Brad, as they stood in the sunny garden of the château, among the tea-roses, "and to whom it is a great pleasure to be able to show a little courtesy here."

The old gentleman was at his best as they walked through the charming house, half-palace, half country-seat, rooms redolent of happy domestic associations. This was Maximilian's study—he was a man who loved his books; and next to it Carlotta's sitting-room, with all the pretty trifles of her occupancy carefully left in their places; from the terrace there, down those white steps that dip into the sparkling water, the two had walked proudly to embark for Mexico and that mirage of empire in the West.

On the drive back Cousin Christopher had talked of himself, frankly, charmingly; of the great biological work that busied him, his researches, his expectations. The other three sat in silence, absorbed in every word; only Warren was humorously conscious that no mention was made of "my little place on the way to Miramar," and smiled to himself over the old gentleman's final warning, as they shook hands at the hotel door, "When you pay the coachman, my son, remember that we are a simple people here, and don't overdo in the matter of a *pourboire*."

The farewell dinner was entirely Bucky Thornton's idea. Warren realized that something was up the moment he saw him come into the room, wearing on his ruddy head a cone-shaped straw hat with a band of pale-blue ribbon that terminated in a drooping bow, and limping in a pair of dangerously-pointed yellow shoes of palpable newness and unmistakably Italian cut; but he knew better than to show any interest beyond a casual question.

"Hello, Rainbow! Been shopping?"

For answer Buck grinned and shook his pocket-book before his friend's eyes. It bulged to an unprecedented fatness.

"You have n't!" cried Brad in amazement.

"Yes, I have," replied the other, with a pleasing show of nonchalance. "Why should n't I? It was on my own letter of credit. I've drawn every cent. How in thunder did you think you were going to get away from here anyhow, you old adventurer?"

"I never thought about it at all," said Brad airily. "I am content to stay. This is n't a half bad place, in its way, and whenever I crave a change I can always move over to Cousin Christopher's, you know!" Then he added with a hint of seriousness, "It's you I'm thinking of, Buck!"

"Oh, don't mind me! There's more than one sport in this outfit.

Listen to what I've done." Bucky sprawled on the bed as he spoke, like a symbolic figure of opulence, covered with bank notes which he had taken from his case and spread smoothly, one by one, over his legs. "It has been borne in upon me for some time that for the honor of my family and my own personal dignity—I can feel responsibility, if you can't, Brad—the time is ripe to show some distinguished and overwhelming attention, so to speak, to Cousin Christopher. Remember we leave to-morrow night."

"Like men prepared to die the sheep's death," interpolated Warren musingly.

"I confess that I am at a loss to explain the conduct of my relative," Thornton went on. "He is either a pauper or a miser. To honest poverty I take off my hat every time—I know what it's like; but with the other I wish no acquaintance. And from my own observation—that watch and that ring, for instance—where are *our* jewels, dear boy?—I am mightily inclined to the worse opinion. At his age I cannot hope to shame him to a realization of his conduct, but after due deliberation I am convinced that here's a chance for a display of *noblesse oblige*—whatever that may mean—and I am prepared to go the whole figure. We shall at least give the old skinflint an exhibition of how gentlemen treat one another in the place we come from! Now, a dinner, a sort of testimonial banquet, has seemed to me as fitting a tribute as any. I know that I have n't your imagination, Brad, but he's my relative and so I have acted. Well, I have engaged a private room—a bully room, lined with mirrors and opening on a balcony—at the 'Orpheo.' It's a better place than that other one you took me to. I've ordered the dinner; I've spoken for a suggestive centrepiece, composed of the fauna and flora of the country, and neat little souvenirs of the occasion to be put at each plate—small American flags as near as they can achieve them; while many large and selected bottles will spend to-morrow on ice against our time of need!"

Brad clasped his hands behind his head as he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud.

"The greatest scheme on earth!" he cried. "You are a wonder. But who's coming to the orgy—just we three?"

"No, indeed; the guests will probably number ten. While you've been junketing like a tourist, I've stayed in the hotel and practised the pretty art of making friends. Strange how easy it is when you know you have the money! The company will be, I promise you, extremely cosmopolitan. There's an American, a likely chap from Alabama—I forget what he's called, but he's lost a leg, so I shan't fail to identify him; two Germans, with a "von" and without; a Frenchman whose name I can't pronounce, and a Russian whose name I should be ashamed to. These gentlemen, with a scattering possibility

or two of, I grieve to say, a probably Semitic origin, have accepted with pleasure our invitation to meet the distinguished savant, Christopher Eustis, B E A T, at dinner. The hour is eight o'clock; the boat for Venice leaves at twelve. So there will be a blaze of glory for a few mad hours, and the first steamer—it's the *Patria*, from Genoa, I believe—back to home and father next week!"

Thornton rose with the last word and swept the notes into his hat. Then he held it out to Warren.

"Here, you, Brad, keep the money, won't you? You're a better treasurer than I am, with all your imagination. Pay your porters and things, and, for Heaven's sake, make it go as far as you can! I've knocked a big enough hole in it already! I dare say the dinner will be great fun; but, hang it! I believe it's the idea that pleases me most."

Warren looked at him and smiled. "Good boy!" he said. "I'll follow where you lead, Bucky; you're getting on. But I'm not sure," he added under his breath, "that I agree with you about Cousin Christopher."

The entire party came to the quay shortly before midnight to see the boys off, with polyglot snatches of national airs and good-by's in varied tongues. As was to be expected, at dinner Cousin Christopher had been the central feature of the occasion. He talked with each guest in the language that belonged to him, not merely intelligibly but even affectionately; he had stories for every pause, so pointed that they were understandable without any language at all; he replied unctuously to many a toast, and had ended by singing as a solo, in a sweet old tenor voice, a song of his own composition, a sentimental melody in French.

"Yes," he told them when they applauded loudly, "I've always loved music, and I used to try my hand at a good many songs long ago. I have a pleasant recollection about this one, by the way. Hortense Schneider—ah, she was before your day, boys, long before your day—a famous Opera Bouffe singer of her time—paid me the pretty compliment of introducing it into her performance of 'La Perichole'—side by side with the great Offenbach, boys. A very pretty compliment, indeed!"

Then, after a moment's silence, he raised his glass.

"My friends," said he, "if it be not out of place to introduce the sentiment, I wish that you would humor an old man by drinking with him to his lost youth!"

"He's a wonderful person," thought Warren, as he watched him on the quay. "He's a butterfly with brains; he's an inexperienced patriarch and a precocious child rolled into one; he's impressive and ridiculous at the same time. I dare say he's starving, or I dare say

he has gold locked up in a corner cupboard. I don't know *what* to think about him! He's frank and he's reticent; he's humble and he's proud! I could go on like this all day about you—you creature of contradictions! You're altogether one of the most charming old gentlemen it has ever been my lot to meet—and yet you've cost me many florins and a good two-weeks leeway! I like you, but there's something the matter with you that I can't make out. You're a mystery. I'm *sorry* for you, though; that's my *instinct*—I wish I knew why!"

Cousin Christopher had lost no favor in the change of scene. The two Germans, forced by harsh fate to sit at the other side of the table from him at dinner, now seemed struggling amicably for the proprietorship of one of his arms, while the tall American had linked himself to the other as one who has found an affinity. When the last notes of "The Watch on the Rhine," blurred with stentorian punctuation of "Dixie," had died away, he detached himself delicately from his companions. By this time the boys were at the gang-plank, surrounded by the other guests. Cousin Christopher called to them. Then, as they looked his way, he took off his hat and waved it over his head.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I propose to honor my kinsman and his friend by cheering for Harvard, the revered Alma Mater of all three of us. Three times three, then, in the good old Harvard way! Class of '52, gentlemen, class of '52!"

The boys caught his spirit; in a moment more the others joined in. Loudly rang the deep voices on the alien shore, while the dark-browed Italians of the crew smiled, though they did not understand.

To Brad he had already said "Good-by," but with his hand in Buck's the old gentleman flushed suddenly. Then, with an apology, he withdrew it, to fumble anxiously in his pockets, from one of which he brought forth a letter with an air of relief. He held it out to Buck. "My dear boy," he cried in his small, thin voice, "this came yesterday, and it had well-nigh escaped my memory. You must pardon me, sir; I'm afraid I am growing forgetful. It is directed to you in my care, forwarded from Venice. At all events, I am fortunate that it is not too late."

Thornton's eyes had fastened on a well-known handwriting. He seized the letter eagerly and hurried on board with scant thanks; but when he had torn open the envelope he read for a moment, and gave vent to a whoop of joy. Then, calling as he went, he ran to Warren, who stood looking over the rail at the group on the quay.

"See!" he cried as he held out the letter. "Isn't this great? It's from Miss Markham! Oh, Brad, she's not going to Paris at all. She's changed her plans and she's sailing on the *Patria* on Tuesday.

That's *our* boat, you know. Was there ever such luck? I'm the happiest dog, Brad. It's as good as done. I can't help telling you. Congratulate me, my boy. Suppose that old idiot had forgotten to give me this letter! Well, he did n't. It's about the only decent thing he has done, though, the sponge! But nothing matters now that I've got it, Brad. Just think, next Tuesday's the day. I tell you I'm the happiest man in the world!"

He fell to reading the letter again as he turned and walked slowly forward. His absorption covered completely the other's silence. And Brad, on his part, was relieved, for, pleased as he was at his friend's good fortune, he was conscious just then of small sympathy with happiness. He stood in silence amidst the confusion of departure, and his eyes fixed themselves, as if in response to the bidding of his thought, on the small figure of Cousin Christopher below him on the quay. In the moonlight and off-guard, the worn face looked strangely wistful, and he felt instinctively that it is not well to be wistful and *old*! For, boy that he was and untaught in life's school, Bradley Warren held the gift of comprehension, because, all unsuspected by himself, he had received it as his birthright. So as he looked earnestly at the old man there came to him gradually, in a vision convincing as an experience, a realization of certain possibilities strange enough to puzzle his young gaze. One by one he seemed to recognize facts: the pride that humbled itself daily; the courage that had dulled the fine edge of its scruples; the pressing need forced to make its own opportunity; the plausible habit of life that deceived even its possessor.

He saw all these and more, and his judgment fell before his compassion, as must always happen to those like him. Was there not bravery in the gayety that rode anxiety so gallantly, in the fine pretense that veiled the sordid reality? Did not Cousin Christopher pay a price for what he took from life? What more can be asked of any man? His was a high price, too, though some would toss away the coins as spurious—for he gave of himself!

The last cable had been cast off, and the black waters boiled beneath the *Aleppo's* paddle-wheels. At the sound Warren came suddenly back to the present. Instinctively he curved his hand at his lips and called to the white-haired figure standing below, "Good-by, Cousin Christopher!" His young voice rang strong with a friendly recognition of something deeper than he knew. "Good-by! I've had a bully time, and I'll come again!"

So while one youngster stood in the bow of the boat, straight and proud as he who knows that he goes forward to meet his happiness, and obeys the call of the open sea, the other lingered to look behind and to bow to the impulse of a pity larger than he could really understand, as the distance blurred the lights on shore.

THE FULL MOON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

By Arthur Stanley Riggs

“**L**A *illaha ill' Allah; wa muhammedar rasulu' 'llah!*” chanted some one, high in the ratlines of the foreshrouds. “There is no God but God; Muhammad is His ambassador!”

Again the weird, plaintive cry rang out, and the voice of the self-appointed muezzin turned the chattering crowd of Mecca pilgrims on the steamer's main-deck into a devout congregation of worshippers, unheeding the group of saloon passengers who braved the glare of the noontide sun to watch the fanatics kneel and bow and pray.

“Is n't it perfectly ridiculous, mother?” exclaimed Ida Moffatt, watching the swaying forms closely.

Mrs. Moffatt clung to the lurching rail and looked down. “I would n't say that, dear. Probably in their eyes *our* religion is very strange—perhaps even ridiculous.”

“Yes, but—— Oh, look at that one—there, near the other side. He is too sick even to pray.” The girl pointed, laughing, at an unwieldy Muslim staggering unsteadily toward the rail with frantic haste. An involuntary glance sufficed for Mrs. Moffatt, and, fleeing incontinently, she buried herself in the blanket mound of her deck-chair, leaving Ida poised at the rail, her eager eyes intent upon the strange new scene below.

The wheezy little Greek steamer ploughed stubbornly along, with much rolling and wallowing through a heavy cross-sea, and though Constantinople was scarce a day behind, the shaking up her passengers had already received tested their abilities fully. The Turks seemed good sailors, better, indeed, than their Christian fellow passengers, though here and there one succumbed to the dreadful corkscrew antics of the ancient liner.

Noon prayer over, the pilgrims hastily assumed their normal positions, resuming their conversations almost without a pause for breath. Ida looked them over with wondering eyes, her attention centring upon a stalwart Bedouin, looking strangely out of place in his white burnoose and turban among the fezzed and caftaned throng about him. Splendid in lines and proportion, the grace of his own desert felines showing in

every move of his swart hands and body, the big fellow was seated on a small trunk beside a poor Turk, evidently telling a story. The girl watched his gestures keenly, and heard faintly the soft, guttural cadences of his mellow Arabic through the babel of sounds. But his hands rather than his voice fascinated her. With every point he made he edged a bit closer to the unsuspecting Turk, and at each gesture the hand behind the Turk's back plucked gingerly at something in the pocket of his long caftan, something wrapped in white.

Ida gasped. Was he attempting a joke or was it really robbery? She watched intently, and as the speaker reached the climax of his tale, with a fine dramatic outburst and wide-flung gestures, the Turk's pocket was skilfully emptied and its contents transferred to the Bedouin's ample robe. She laughed in spite of herself at such a performance, right in plain sight of all the steerage passengers, but the adroit rascal had not finished. He began another of the interminable stories of which all Mohammedan peoples are so fond, and as his victim listened and nodded, occasionally interrupting with a friendly ejaculation of "*A-ah!*" or "*Allahu akbar!*" to show his appreciation, he slowly removed a large crimson head-scarf from the trunk, to which it was carefully fastened as means of identification. None of the steerage horde saw, but the thief felt himself watched. Looking about him, and upward to the promenade deck, he perceived the girl's half-angry, half-amused glance, and instantly salaamed low to her, touching forehead, lips, and breast. She laughed outright and disappeared, the Bedouin continuing his discourse imperturbably.

A little uncertain as to what might happen, but determined to know more of this cool rascal if possible, Ida promptly sent for the Moffatt dragoman, an appanage to which her father had referred when told he must have a first-class courier to take him through Egypt, as "a — monkey." Speaking no English, but fluently ungrammatical French and Italian, in both of which tongues Miss Moffatt was quite easily at home, the redoubtable Hadji Mehmet was useless so far as the old gentleman was concerned. But in his willingness to please Ida, Mr. Moffatt gave his consent, and Mehmet became his haughty mentor and guide. To the girl's confusing volley of questions, he replied that he could bring the fellow up if she wanted him, but doubtless he was merely a common desert thief.

"Why does excellency waste her time on such a pig, when I can entertain her with the wonders of Egypt?" he demanded brusquely.

"Go get him!" commanded Ida sharply. "It will be time for you to prove what you know about Egypt when we get there."

Mehmet went, respectfully. Cheat and ignoramus that he was, he regarded only the firm hand that retained control, and knew instantly that here was a strong-minded young foreigner who would permit none

of the impositions and domineering for which the whole dragoman legion is notorious.

"Peace be unto thee and thine," he proclaimed to the Bedouin, saluting ceremoniously.

"And unto thee Allah add his favor. What wouldst thou?" was the response, as the piercing black eyes of the Arab searched through his visitor's shallow face.

"I serve the great"—Mehmet waved his hand pompously toward Ida. "My illustrious mistress has done thee the honor to inquire thy name. She would have speech with thee. I can translate."

"Allah is great," murmured the desert man piously. "The Rais Ahmet ibn-Elewa hears. Of what tongue is she?"

Mehmet hesitated an instant. "A Frank."

Rais Ahmet caressed him with a glance Mehmet knew.

"An American."

"I hear and obey. Go we now?" asked the sheik suavely.

"Now—yonder is the Blooming Rose."

Rais Ahmet gathered the floating draperies of his burnoose about him and ascended the ladder, bowing gravely as he approached the fascinated Ida.

"Good afternoon," she stammered thoughtlessly, taken aback by the sudden granting of her wish and the superb animal facing her.

To her amazement, the Arab smilingly returned her salutation in distinct though guttural English: "Good afternoon."

She stared, ejaculating in astonishment: "Goodness! you speak English!"

Ahmet smiled gently, even his vigilant eyes warming. "I am thy slave. Command, O Gazelle of the Valley."

Slowly the humor of the situation, visibly enhanced by Mehmet's palpable unease and attempts to break up the conversation so as to interpret, dawned upon Ida as she talked with the powerful Bedouin. Again and again Mehmet interrupted, now in French or Italian, addressing the girl, now in angry gutturals to the sheik, upon whom his protests fell aslant. But even an Arab's patience has its limits, and, asking Ida quietly, "He is not needed—why should we make him attend us now?" he turned upon the Armenian with her acquiescence still in the air.

"Son of a Jew, born with ball and yoke about thy neck—away! Return not unless thou be ordered. Then——"

But Mehmet was gone, and Ida turned smiling eyes to the fathomless, snaky black ones. "What did you tell him that scared him so?" she inquired.

"It was my tone. I command men. He is a dog—a *turgeman*! I simply told him to go away," responded Ahmet coolly.

"You say you command men. Where? Tell me about it. What are you doing here? Surely you are not going to Mecca?"

"Even so, daughter of the lotos. I am the Rais Ahmet ibn-Elewa, sheik of all my tribe, master of a thousand *darawish* if I please, prince of the plains of Nubia. But I go to Mecca by command of the Sultan Abdul, the 'Shadow of God,' the 'Full Moon of Righteousness'—may the feet of Time lose the path to his door!"

Smiling, he gestured toward two heavily-veiled Turkish ladies gazing through the opened window of the largest cabin. Ida stared at him, entranced, murmuring: "'The Full Moon of Righteousness.'" The Turkish ladies, smothered in their voluminous white yashmaks, regarded the queer couple curiously as Ahmet salaamed low to them before continuing the conversation.

"*Eekh!* I was in Cairo. Came a firman from the Gate of Paradise, calling me. I was not to lose my head—not yet—no bowstring or sack was waiting. I went. And the Prince of Peace commanded me to go to Mecca. Two of his wives were to make the sacred pilgrimage—for what purpose I know not, since women have no souls. But he said: 'You are a great sheik of robbers. Go, guard my pearls to Mecca. Let no man see nor rob them. Melekin, my chief eunuch, and Nouri, his nephew, shall serve them. But thou, Ahmet, guard them well. If thou fail——'"

Ahmet smiled his softest, but the tigerish gleam beneath his wiry eyebrows made Ida shiver.

"So you are a regular robber?" Her tone was awe-struck. Distant Boston had read incredulously of the desert, of the fierce bands of cut-throats and plunderers lurking in its wild sand-hills; but to see one of them, to find him actually talking to her in her own tongue, was almost beyond belief. She spoke slowly. "Then that was why you robbed the man when you sat on the trunk? Isn't the sultan afraid you will steal from him, too?"

Ahmet's throaty laugh brought amusement back into her own face, as he answered quickly: "No—*bismillah!* It is in the agreement. I guard the wives. No one shall steal them or from them, not even I. For this I get a bag full of golden *mejidieh*. But others—*inshallah!* from them I may steal if I will."

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she exclaimed, laughing. "You can't steal from him, but you can from other people." She laughed again.

The Arab nodded. Though to his Oriental mind nothing was more logical or simple, nothing more commonplace and usual, than such an arrangement, he knew enough of European ideas to see the joke.

"You must be what you called the sultan," continued Ida, in

jocular derision: "the—what did you call it?—the 'Full Moon of Righteousness.'"

"*La—staghfir Allah!* No, no; God forbid! Call me not by that name." His face was stern, and something little short of consternation stiffened him. Ida laughed good-humoredly.

"The sultan won't hear me at this distance, so you can't lose your head just yet," she smiled, with fine disregard for his faith and prejudices, instantly guessing the cause of his sudden change in manner. "You will always be the 'Full Moon' to me. It's a perfectly lovely name, I think."

But the Arab's face did not brighten as he hastily rose to leave, and though Ida called out a cheery invitation to come back next day for another chat, he gave no sign of having heard, paying elaborate attention to the ladder he descended.

Mr. Moffatt's apoplectic mirth as Ida told the story of her latest find terrified his wife, but the old gentleman only laughed the harder. "Bring your rascal up here and let's have a look at him. A fellow like that would be worth a dozen such dragomen as we've got."

"Father, if you please—*drag-o-mans!* You always get that word wrong."

"Well, what of it? It's not a real American word, so it doesn't count. Why can't they call 'em guides or interpreters—something sensible, that a man can twist his tongue around without choking over it?"

His daughter sighed mockingly, murmured "Poor papa!" and sauntered up to the forward end of the promenade deck, her camera strap showing across the little triangle of white sweater that peeped from beneath her shaggy ulster. The pilgrims lay or sat about on the main-deck, and she noticed two strange new figures, apparently women, but tremendously bulky and gross. Strangely enough, neither wore the yashmak, though except for this and their size nothing else indicated anything unusual about them. They showed their heavy profiles, and Ida's ready fingers tugged at her camera-strap. There was a picture worth having. These were not the wives whom Ahmet had been ordered to protect, for she had seen them. But they might be, and probably were, the wives' maids. She laughed at sight of their preposterous feet, columnar arms, and massive bodies, and adjusted her instrument rapidly, lest they turn away and she miss her chance.

The camera opened with a click, and she drew out the bellows to focus, her eyes intent upon the mirror of the finder. On its polished surface she saw the two big figures change their positions and glance in her direction. Ida pressed the spring as the larger one spoke rapidly to the smaller, pointing at her, and smiled her thanks while winding off the film. But the woman did not smile. She shouted something

every one in the steerage could hear, and as Ida levelled the magic black box again, both strangers sprang forward with knives, yelling savagely, making straight toward the ladder to the upper deck.

"That's great!" cried Ida as they ran, thinking it a bit of fantastic play for her benefit, and prepared to toss them down a few coppers.

Before she could move the whole steerage was in an uproar. Ahmet's powerful figure appeared to rise out of the solid deck, and his sinewy arms caught and held the rushing pair firmly. Still unaware that anything serious had happened, Ida stood looking down until Ahmet, his face darker than ever with his exertions and shouting, turned his head and cried: "Go back! Go inside! Quick!"

She was moving slowly away from the rail when the captain, a square-set little man, all beard and bow-legs and accent, rushed up excitedly, seized her unceremoniously by the shoulder, and fairly ran her into his cabin, slamming and locking the door upon her.

It was all done so quickly that before she knew it the girl was a prisoner. Smarting with indignation at such summary treatment, and wondering if every one but herself had suddenly gone stark mad, she rapped sharply on the door, but no one answered. A glance through the open forward port-hole showed her the howling mob below. One caught sight of her, and instantly the uproar doubled in volume and fierceness. The outer covering or iron shutter of the tiny aperture suddenly banged shut and was bolted in place, leaving her only the light from the side ports.

She sprang back at the unexpected shock and stood wondering. What on earth had she done—what had happened? Slowly her wonder gave place to anger, and when her mother, pale and frightened, entered hastily and the door was once more locked behind her, Ida exclaimed hotly: "What does this mean? Why am I locked up here like a prisoner? Is everybody crazy?"

Mrs. Moffatt rose to the necessity with a vigor and snap that surprised her no more than it did her daughter. The mild little lady bristled with fear and indignation. Her gray hair, blown from its customary primness, straggled damply across a face pallid with nervousness, and her breath came short and fast in her excitement.

"Ida, you will kill me yet!" She sat down suddenly and heavily with an unexpectedly sharp lurch of the steamer, grasping at the arms of her chair. "You have done nothing but get into trouble ever since we left Boston. *Why* did you have to take those unlucky pictures? The captain says we may all be murdered in an hour or so if he cannot quiet those fanatics. *Why*, the men are all armed—waiting. We may be attacked at any moment. There—listen to that!"

She shuddered and covered her face with her hands as a fresh burst of weird Arabic and Turkish consonants surged up from the

steerage. Ida frowned, shaking herself impatiently, like a sturdy terrier.

"First of all, mother, tell me what is the matter. I have no idea of what the real trouble is. I can't believe it's serious. That little captain is no judge—all he thinks of is his wretched steamer. What wrong did I do in taking the pictures, and what pictures do you mean—the last ones, when they began to shout and run?"

"Don't be silly, child," Mrs. Moffatt retorted warmly. "These people have religious scruples against cameras, and you have made them all your enemies. They tried to kill you, and now they say they will kill every white person on board."

Ida laughed contemptuously. "Nonsense, mother! How silly! And you believe such a ridiculous story in this age of enlightenment? Who told you this? Who told the men to arm themselves?"

The cabin door squeaked warningly, and Mr. Moffatt entered, his florid face looking pinched and withered, as if it had been steeped in sea water for hours. Ida turned to him quickly. "Father, mother has just been telling me a dreadful story of how we are all in imminent danger of having our throats cut and being fed to the fishes. She says I've caused it by taking pictures. It's all nonsense, is 'nt it?"

She looked at him appealingly, but her father's face was stern. "You have made a deal of trouble in your short life, but this is the worst. It may cost us all our lives. It's no joke. You insulted these miserable Mohammedans with your camera. The captain, the purser, and your robber are down there on the other deck now, trying to straighten things out. The two eunuchs are making most of the trouble, and they say we shall not leave the ship alive."

"The 'two eunuchs'?" Ida's tone was genuinely astonished, her face blank. "What eunuchs—the ones in charge of the sultan's wives? Why, I've never even seen them! I wouldn't know a eunuch if I met him face to face. There must be some mistake. Are you sure it's not a mere steerage quarrel, father?"

"Tschk," rumbled Mr. Moffatt in his ample throat, annoyed at what he considered Ida's deliberate refusal to see how things stood. "The eunuchs are the two big fat men you took just before the rumpus began."

"But, father, I did n't make a picture of any men at all. I simply snapped two enormously fat *women*. One of them drew a long knife and began a war dance for me, and then everybody up here seemed to go crazy at the same moment. The captain rushed me in here, and that is all I know about it."

Mr. Moffatt's smile was as grim as his bleached out face permitted. "Those two 'fat women,' as you call them, happened to be the sultan's chief eunuch and his nephew, nevertheless."

Ida gasped, and some idea of the seriousness of the situation began to dawn upon her. The uproar below had moderated to the customary explosive babble of gutturals, and people were once more moving about the decks with some degree of assurance, casting sidelong glances into the captain's room and down into the steerage as their pendulum walking led them up and down the narrow promenade. Mr. Moffatt retreated to his favorite sunny spot abaft the smoke-stack, warning Ida to stay where she was until sent for, as her appearance on deck might easily bring about an open mutiny. A pasty-faced steward brought them luncheon, which mother and daughter nibbled in silence, and removed the tray again without a word. The brilliant afternoon wore on slowly. Leaning to the force of the smart topsail breeze, a large Italian barque sailed rapidly past the cabin port-hole, and the click of Ida's camera as she made a hasty picture of it roused her dozing mother.

"Give me that camera! Your father and I are very weary of this perpetual excitement. We are too old to be in a state of apprehension every day as to what you will do next. Give it to me—I will keep the miserable thing while we are in this part of the world."

Captain Velkianis passed the port-hole, hesitated an instant, and opened the door, startling the two women by the suddenness of his entrance. Pulling off his cap and nodding brusquely to Mrs. Moffatt, he said to Ida quietly: "The two Mohammedans are willing to receive the apologies of mademoiselle. They are waiting now in the saloon."

"But, captain——" the girl began.

The captain checked her curtly. "There are no 'buts,' mademoiselle. You insulted the religion of these peoples. Now you will apologize. We are all dead, all white peoples on the *Xenophon Aristheus*, only for the Bedouin. He make peace between. Come." He flung wide the door and motioned imperiously.

"The Full Moon," cried Ida, smiling. "Good for him! What did he do?"

Captain Velkianis led the way out, making no reply to her flippant question, and the little party filed slowly into the dining saloon, the offending camera still slung over the girl's shoulder in plain sight.

Seated at the table were Rais Ahmet, dignified, almost majestic, in flowing white, while on either hand sat a heavy figure dressed in European clothes. Ida vaguely remembered having seen them come aboard at Constantinople. Their black faces were still sullen with resentment, and she shivered as she saw the smouldering hatred and contempt stamped clear on their repulsive features.

"Allah spread over thee the shadow of His wings, daughter of the morning," was Ahmet's greeting, as the party sat down.

She smiled back at him, consumed with a hysterical desire to laugh.

"I'm so glad to see you. Tell me: did I do such a very dreadful thing?"

Ahmet's answer was terse: "Thou hast attempted suicide." He paused impressively. "I did the little I could to make peace, but my friends, Hadji Melekin, chief eunuch of the harem of his majesty, and his nephew, Hadji Nouri Effendi, are still angry. It is for the Blooming One to say she is sorry."

Watching and listening to the strange, harsh nasals, distrustful of even Ahmet's good offices, the Nubians glared sombrely at Ida, who was rapidly realizing how nearly disastrous her innocent amusement had been.

"Of course I'm sorry I offended them," she exclaimed. "Tell them I never dreamed of such a thing as insulting them. Of course I'm sorry—very, very sorry. How was I to know they were high officials when they dressed like women? I thought they must be the maids of the sultan's wives!"

Despite his oriental training in stoicism, Ahmet almost betrayed his surprise. But, turning to the suspicious blacks with instantly recovered poise, he poured forth a torrent of Turkish.

"Behold, my brothers: the young infidel creature upon her knees craves the mercy of thy exalted pardons. Like all others who rub grease on their bread [non-Muslims], she knew not the great might and positions of my lords. Some malicious *giaour* had even pointed thee out to her as women—nay, be not too angered, brothers. He told her that thou, Melekin, and thou, Nouri, were the chief wives of the Shadow of Allah!"

Ahmet paused. The two eunuchs stared at one another across the table in grim silence.

"Naturally, being naught but an infidel, brothers, she greatly desired to make her devil-picture of two of the greatest women in Turkey, two court beauties. She is sorry. She is in terror of her worthless life. She fears that my lords' displeasure may loose upon her Azrael's dark *ferrash*. Can good Mohammedans be less than charitable? *Inshallah*, her devil-picture was spoiled also. She tells me the box contains now naught but two small rolls of yellow and black paper. Forgive, my brothers."

Hadji Melekin still scowled sombrely, but Nouri's malicious laughter at Ida's discomfiture in the supposed spoiling of her pictures broke the spell of uneasiness, and the tension was over. It was but another instance of the glorious goodness of Allah in bringing to naught the machinations of Eblis, as personified for the moment by this fresh-faced slip of a young infidel. True, Ahmet's pacific endeavors had really deepened and doubled the insult, but, in his European clothes, and surrounded by Europeans all anxious to secure his favor, Melekin

pondered the matter in judicial wise, and with less than his usual ferocity. Since the pictures were spoiled, and the blundering infidel sorry, perhaps, after all, mercy would be more acceptable to Mohammed than strict justice. Melekin drained a tiny cup of the steaming coffee at a gulp, sucking down to the bottom its muddy sweetness with evident relish as he decided the case.

"Listen, sheik of a thousand bandits, protector of the helpless," he declared to the muscular Arab. "Tell the infidel that of the Prophet's charity we bestow her life upon her. Say unto her also that now, being dressed as infidels, we observe infidel customs, and she will make our pictures thus, in infidel garments, and send us them. Is it not so, Nouri?"

"*Inshallah*," solemnly assented that worthy, fumbling with his pink necktie, the amazed Ahmet translating to Ida as the coffee, symbol of peace and friendship restored, was finished and they stepped out on deck. More amused than astonished, in her ignorance of Muslim ways, the girl carefully posed her subjects, who arranged their garments and themselves with meticulous precision, standing stiff as the Yildiz Guards until the click of the shutter released them. Shaking hands clumsily with Ida in infidel fashion to show their good will, they went back to the steerage still gurgling, but Ahmet waited, restrained by a glance of appeal from the girl.

"I believe you saved my life, Full Moon," she explained jokingly, to cover her real gratitude with an air of lightness, "and I want to thank you for it."

The big sheik looked hastily over his shoulder into the steerage, seething with curiosity and eager to learn from the huge Nubians what had happened. "It is nothing," he responded craftily. "You thought they were women, but I explained. I told them you saw only their long robes and made a mistake, so they graciously forgave. Kismet, sister of the Evening Star; Allah is good!"

A puzzled frown wrinkled the girl's forehead. "I thought they considered it a disgrace to be taken for women?" She searched Ahmet's calm eyes for the truth, but those dark pools returned no answer to her query; fathomless pits of brilliant black, in whose depths might lie the shadows of a thousand truths, but whose lustrous exterior gave no hints. "Never mind," she added, disappointed in her search for the real explanation of the riddle, and winding on a fresh film mechanically; "it's all right now. You will let me take your picture, won't you? You certainly have proven your right to bear your title, and, besides, I want something to remember my preserver by."

"You may make the devil-picture," he assented, by no means displeased, "but before we leave the ship I shall give you something else to remember Sheik Ahmet by."

"Oh, that will be fine! Thank you!"

Smiling, the inscrutable Rais disappeared down the ladder, while Ida, in no wise dismayed by her adventure, kept perpetually busy with her camera, taking pains, however, not to intrude it upon the steerage passengers, all of whom regarded her with a quizzically friendly interest. Every time she appeared at the forward end of the saloon deck some genial pilgrim below would call out to his less observant companions, all laughing, Ida smiling cheerfully back at them and enjoying the results of her mistake hugely.

Even a stertorous Greek steamer eventually reaches her destination, and twilight of the third uncomfortable day disclosed the twinkling eye of the Pharos broad on the port bow, with a confused glow below and behind to mark the ancient Hellenic seaport. It being long past sundown, there was no port-doctor to give the *Aristheus* pratique, or health-clearance, and disappointed passengers and pilgrims alike had to wait for the dawn. When Ida's bandit friend came smiling up to her after dinner to say good-by, she greeted him joyously.

"Now, Full Moon," she declared as he took his leave, "I will send you copies of the photographs, but I want to give you this, too—just a little thing to remember me by;" and she handed him a small sketch of himself, drawn in odd moments, but catching wonderfully his graceful figure and the subtle expression of his mobile features.

The sinewy chief seemed embarrassed as he took the drawing. Turning it this way and that in his big hands, devouring it with proud, hot eyes, he finally handed it back to Ida with a deep genuflection. "May the feet of Azrael forget thy dwelling, and the peace of Allah enfold thee as a thick burnoose. My heart is at thy feet—Ahmet is thy slave. I cannot take this picture. Would not this be stolen from me, leaving me desolate as the gazelle whose young falls to the hunter's shot? This, thy gift, will Ahmet not keep. In the morning, before we leave the ship, will I bring thee a gift, a *charm*, *Lady of the Dawn*, that never fails when needed."

Perplexed that her gift was refused, Ida stood silent as he slipped noiselessly away, his bare feet catlike soft upon the moon-silvered planks. The night was glorious, and some of the pilgrims, rejoiced that the steamer was quiet and their qualms ended for the time being, thumped stone tom-toms rhythmically and droned an uncanny Turkish folk-song. The saloon passengers flocked to the rail, watching and listening, replying to the frequent cries of "*Bakshish, effendi! Bakshish!*" with handfuls of coppers, laughing at the vicious scrambling for them. Then a pilgrim who was by trade a professional *sha'ir*, or story-teller, began one of his hour-long tales, and still the white folk listened and watched, while the glowing moon climbed farther and farther down the steep, smooth blue of the First Heaven.

Ida woke with a start, jerked into consciousness by the bray of a leather-lunged pack-donkey beneath her cabin window. Dawn was far past, the breakfast gong was yam-yam-yamming down the dim corridor, and through the open port-hole floated the confused clamor of an oriental wharf. She reached lazily under her pillow for her watch; was that the first or the second bell for breakfast? The little timepiece was not there; neither were her rings. Had she left them on the couch? She sprang quickly from her berth to the middle of the room, rubbing her eyes in amazement.

Her trunk had been pulled from under the couch, its contents emptied hastily upon the deck, and everything but books, clothes, and camera taken away. Brushes, toilet case, mirror, buttonhook, even the little metal bottle of tooth-powder and her curling-iron, were gone. She sank weakly down upon the couch, staring first at the partly open door and then at the wide-flung port. What a silly she had been to leave it open! She had been warned not to do that very thing just before leaving Constantinople—and this was the result. What would her father say?

Still too dazed to appreciate fully her loss, the girl glanced around the littered state-room, and for the first time noticed something unusual on the door. A thin, fine, beautifully damascened dagger, ancient and worn, with an exquisitely carved and inlaid hilt, was driven squarely through the heart of her sketch of Ahmet, which she had tossed carelessly upon the couch the evening before.

"The Full Moon of Righteousness!" she gasped in amazement, pulling out the dagger with a jerk. "To rob me, of all persons!"

She sat down heavily upon the couch again, absently fingering picture and dagger, gazing disconsolately upon the confusion about her, close to tears. Thinking over the curious events of the past few days, she felt numb and cold at such a sequel to an otherwise delightful acquaintance. Suddenly she remembered her first conversation with the rascal, and laughed hysterically as she laid the dagger aside and began dressing.

"And his contract with the sultan said nothing about robbing other people! Oh, the *villain*!"



AT THE CHANGE OF THE MOON

By Sarah Chichester Page

I.

THE whole trouble was, the Suitor failed to arrive. I call him the Suitor advisedly. He was in every way unsuitable, but he happened to suit me *at one time*. Not at all at the time of which I write; because he did n't come when I expected him and wanted him. Therefore this story is not in the least about him—though he may be rather at the bottom of it.

When I had made the angel's-food cake and a jar of mayonnaise—sacrificed my afternoon nap in order to set the table beautifully for tea—and finally driven off in the heat of sunset to the station, you can imagine how it felt to be handed a horrid yellow envelope with—

Unavoidably detained. Dreadfully sorry.—C. N.

He had promised to spend the next few days at Newington, and I did n't feel at all like staying there without him, and *missing* one so absolutely unworthy of a thought! So I reflected a moment on where I should go; remembered an invitation to visit the Rutherfords, some cousins down in Westmoreland; and in three minutes I had jumped out of the trap and wired them to meet me the next day! I had never been there in my life, but I'd known one of the brothers—Henry—and liked him well.

It was a horrid journey—bad connections and slow, dirty trains. And such high and trembling bridges! I had to pray continually, for fear they would break through, or topple over with us. And, being in a prayerful mood, I prayed the dear God to send me at least one or more suitors in this awful emergency; for, indeed, I did feel that this one had shown a great want of concern, and said mighty little to explain his conduct. Besides, it's really *safer* to have several, anyhow.

Some people think you ought not to pray about your beaux; but I don't think there is *anything* that demands more constant watching and praying for. And even then—you never know!

Now, with this man! For almost a whole year I'd been giving

much time and thought to him. It had been, in some ways, rather a difficult proposition; and only under stress of circumstances had I decided to ask him to come to Newington at this time.

I don't mind confessing that he had been rather hard to keep in place. Said something a little strong about things being too indefinite to suit him, and that when next he came something was going to happen. That always sounds so *perfectly delightful*—don't you think?—but, of course, to do good business, this was the last time in the world to let him come. And certainly I never should, had it not been for Sophie Burwell.

She had men dropping in from every part of the country about this time. Some of them, I think, just came to the court-house on business, and she made Mrs. Burwell claim kin with their grandmothers and invite them to spend the night. And one man was driving her up and down the road with a horse that stepped right straight up and down, and arched his neck till his chin touched his knees.

Bessie Barksdale said there was no use standing *everything*, and, for her part, she intended having her "bestest" to spend the next Sunday; and advised me, if I *had* a trump, to play it. So I wrote him, graciously suggesting a visit, and this telegram was the final result—after I had casually mentioned to every girl in the county—and to Sophie *twice*—that he was coming!

Absorbed in these bitter reflections, I was startled when the train stopped at the little town of my destination, and I found myself on the platform, and absolutely alone there. Not a Rutherford in sight anywhere! Nobody looking for anybody else, apparently. Then I discovered a young man at the other end of the platform, earnestly engaged in extracting a bag from the small pile of luggage composed largely of my own trunk.

Although his indifference was scarcely reassuring, I tripped down to him and said with an insinuating smile, "Are you Mr. Rutherford?" He lifted his hat, and said he was not. But he was the only thing in sight—and he was dark and very good looking, and I *quite* saw a general family likeness—so I said persuasively, "Are you quite *sure* you are not Mr. Rutherford? I expected one of them to meet me here." He assured me, upon honor, that he was not; and I hurried back and entered the station. There the conductor was lying across the ticket window, in animated discussion with the station-master, and as he seemed preparing to leave I realized that my friendly train would pull out presently and leave me unclaimed; realized also that my cousins lived eight miles in the country, that night was coming fast, and that I had *no* means of knowing whether they had ever received the telegram announcing my visit.

Panic seized me, and I flew back to that young man, who had

finally succeeded in lifting my trunk off the bag. "Indeed," I said desperately, "you *must* be Mr. Rutherford! For they were to meet me, and there's no one here but you!"

He looked at me seriously for a moment, and said he truly wished he were. Then he casually observed that he believed he had noticed the Rutherford carriage on the other side of the track, and when the train drew out they would doubtless cross to me.

Then the conductor suddenly pulled himself up from the ticket window, in a tearing hurry; the train pulled out; and at once I discovered Henry Rutherford waiting for me on the other side.

II.

CAN you imagine anything more delightful than finding a large new family of cousins you've never seen before? But there never *were* such cousins as those I found at Glencairne.

From the moment I arrived, it was as if royalty had honored them with a visit—just because I was a stranger, a visitor, and of the Clan! Each one gave me, straightway, all he—or she—had to give. And they had more, as a whole, than any family I ever saw—of originality, of thoughts, of talents, and of loving-kindness.

Cousin Elinor, the mother, was grave and stately. Hallie, the daughter, was a dear, and just after my heart. As we stood in the hall, listening to Cousin Elinor's description of the place as it used to be in her youth, I heard two young men come in at the back door and stop just behind me—unwilling to interrupt her story. Supposing these to be my cousins, Will and Carter Rutherford, and being embarrassed by the situation, after a moment I said "Pardon me" to Cousin Elinor, and turned and kissed them as quickly as I could, turning back to her at once. But as she went on quietly talking the most horrible doubt came over me as to whom I had kissed! They were still directly behind me, but I seemed to remember they did n't look a bit like Henry or these two before me. I grew *ill* with fright, and caught Hallie's arm, and presently gasped, "*Have* I kissed the right ones? *Are* they the boys?"

"You're all right, Betty," she assured me, and then there was a roar of laughter all round, and the ice was broken for good.

Next morning it became necessary that Carter and I should sit under a large oak on the hill before the house, and read Omar Khayyam.

The absurd idea of having that old heathen for a chaperon! But he seems to be peculiarly successful in that capacity. Not that anybody ever read him to any extent under the circumstances, but he just opens naturally to a marked passage about "a book of verses underneath a bough." And then one contentedly substitutes cigarettes and chocolates for the loaf and the jug, and the "singing in the wilderness" goes on uninterrupted.

While Carter was telling me the story of his life, by way of getting acquainted, my abstracted gaze beheld the wagon returning, which had been sent to the station for my trunk. And seated placidly upon the trunk, unless my eyes deceived me strangely, was the man who had declined to be a Rutherford at the station. To make sure, I waited until he got quite near, then observed to Carter, whose back was toward them, "There seems to be a man seated upon my trunk. Do you happen to know him?"

Having turned and given a wild war-whoop of welcome to the advancing visitor, he replied, "Ben Bolton, please goodness! And how in the name of common sense did he ever find out we had a girl staying here!"

As they walked over to where I sat, I heard him say something to Carter about seeing the trunk passing in the wagon, and conceiving a sudden passion for it—he felt he could not be separated from it, and ran and sat down upon it.

And, rising to be introduced, I seemed to see in him a Direct Answer to Prayer!

Regarding him critically as he threw himself on the grass beside us, I hastened to remark, "Do you know, Mr. Bolton, your face seems strangely familiar? Yet I'm quite sure I've never met you before. Possibly you were at Atlantic City at Easter? Every one was, I think, and faces grow so familiar on the Boardwalk."

He thought it possible, he said. And I breathed freely.

Desiring to get down to business as soon as possible, I told Carter presently that I would no longer prevent his reading Omar, since he had come out with that sole intention; and that, as my back was aching for want of support, we might sit *dos à dos*, and he could read on undisturbed, while I talked to Mr. Bolton.

You see, it was a little too soon to actually send him back to the house; and he evidently thought it not the proper thing to go—though I did not see any great thirst for knowledge, as he settled himself to the book.

There was something perfectly absurd in the way he sat up very stiff behind me and read his book; but I leaned back as easily and gracefully as I could and devoted myself to flirtation.

First Mr. Bolton tried, by every possible contortion of half the families in the state, to trace a relationship. But through some miracle, it would n't work out; so he contented himself with a long discourse on what he called "kinship of character" and affinities.

After a while he asked me, plump, whether I had noticed he had a particularly strong amount of personal magnetism—"For lots of girls seem to notice that at once."

He said it very seriously; and I looked down at him, with my chin

in my hand, as he lay on the grass, and told him dreamily that I believed I knew it the very first moment I laid my mortal eyes upon him! My "backing" seemed to give way at this moment, and there were incoherent threats from Omar of shattering something to bits and remoulding it according to his heart's desire. The tone was so fierce that I deemed it best to break up the seance, and we strolled down to the house.

Hallie's rosy little face, crowned by a tassel of corn-colored hair, looked down from an ivy-wreathed dormer in the roof, and as we approached she sang in the richest contralto, "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?"—which was instantly taken up by a full quartet of male voices, the two with me and the other two Rutherfords waiting on the porch. After which Mr. Bolton struck a sentimental attitude, played upon an imaginary lute, and, gazing aloft, warbled the quaint old song, "I'm dreaming now of Hallie," accompanied by all the variations of whistles, yodels, and other minstrel effects incident to the melody. Having applauded ourselves to the finish, Hallie called down to me, "Do come up, Betty, if you are tired of playing with those boys. I'm straightening up the garret, and I want to talk to you about something."

I found her seated on the floor between the two dormer windows, attended by Fanny, the cook, as black as the Ace of Spades, and her daughter Alice, aged ten, and somewhat blacker; both anxiously watching Hallie's decision in sorting into two piles the contents of various boxes.

Being ensconced on a worn but most comfortable hair-cloth sofa, with an ottoman of delightful antiquity under my feet, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of Alice's irrepressible cupidity, and the dignity with which her mother affected to restrain her.

Presently Hallie brought to light a long, thick "pig-tail" of her flaxen hair, tied with a big blue bow; cut off, she said, years ago, when she was ill with typhoid fever.

Instantly Alice fell upon it. "Oh, Miss Hallie! Oh, *please*, Miss Hallie! You sho is goin' to give me dis lock o' yer hai'?"

"G'way from here, nigger, 'fo' I knock yer haid off," interposed Fanny placidly.

"*Deed*, Miss Hallie," continued the pleading voice, while she seized the plait and kissed it ecstatically, "you know how much I thinks o' you, an' I druther have dis lock o' hai' than anything in dis world."

"Then for goodness' sake take it, Alice," laughed Hallie—"only I hope you'll put it in the kitchen stove before it gets full of moths. I reckon they are in it now"—doubtfully. But Alice was already flying down the stairs with it.

"Now, Betty, we've got to give a tea—just a small affair, but I

want all your advice and help. The Storys, from Boston, are coming to stay with Aunt Jane, and though I know she rather expects us to ask them all to spend the day—or for supper, at least—I truly don't feel that mother ought to try to keep up those old customs; because we have only Fanny to wait at table now, you know. One might as well try to persuade oneself that a cup of tea and a lot of queer, unaccustomed things handed round at the only time of day when you could not possibly feel like eating, is the way to entertain people. Mother will submit to it because other respectable people are doing it; and she will not *actually* apologize to her guests for asking them; but, I declare, her whole manner is *so* apologetic when she receives them—you will die laughing. And she insists on having *so much* provided. When I suggest to her tea and sandwiches, with a few little trimmings, she just holds up her hands. 'Ask people to drive five or six miles, at a time when they ought to be lying down, by rights; and then give them nothing but a cup of tea—when maybe they always drink coffee? No, indeed; not while I am the head of this house! Why, your poor dear grandfather would turn over in his grave!'"

When we had decided upon the menu most seasonable and within our reach, Fanny broke in: "Now, Miss Hallie, how I goin' to git in that room? 'Cause, sho's you' born, I goin' to see what dem strange ladies got on dere backs."

"Well, Fanny, you can bring in the big silver tea-pot, you know."

"An' set it down an' go right out? No. Lord! I got to stay in dar longer 'an dat."

"Let her serve the salad, Hallie," I suggested; and at that moment Alice's white teeth and rolling eyes appeared at the crack of the door.

"*Please*, Miss Hallie, lemme go up to de sto' fur de mail."

"Oh, no, Alice. You know Mr. Henry is going over there, any way."

"'Deed, Miss Hallie, I jes' bound to go to de sto' to-day—'cause I ain't bin since yestiddy mornin'. An' you know I allus does bring you a big, fat letter from yo' beau when I goes."

"Then, for heaven's sake, fly, Alice!" But Fanny interposed with suspicion.

"What you hidin' 'hind dat do', nigger? Walk yourse'f in here dis minute." With a deprecating grin at her mother, the door slowly opened, and she advanced, dressed from head to foot in her Sunday best: white waist, bright plaid skirt, and a "skull cap" which had belonged to Carter drawn down over her "naps."

"You limb o' Satan, take dem best clocs off your back dis minute, 'fore I wears 'em off!" cried Fanny, reaching for her broom. But with a delightful switch of her skirt Alice turned to depart, revealing Hallie's flaxen braid hanging down her back, suspended from the cap

by a large safety-pin, and tied with its gorgeous light-blue bow at the end. There was no catching her—though the broom flew clattering down the steps behind her—and a moment after we beheld her brown legs sprinting over the hill.

An hour or so later, while Hallie was reading the big, fat letter, I heard an animated discussion out on the kitchen steps. Sheltered behind the blind, I beheld Alice, surrounded by an admiring crowd of her especial set.

"Sell *my* Miss Hallie's nice yaller hai'? No, indeedy! But I tell you what you *kin* do. You kin come over here uv a mornin', and ef I don't happen to be goin' to de sto' myself dat day, you kin war it up dar fur five cents. But ef it's fur church or fur fun'als, you got to pay ten cents, sho's *you* born!"

And every day while I stayed in Westmoreland that golden braid went to "de sto'," suspended from some nappy head.

III.

THERE was no doubt about the desirability of Mr. Bolton. I spent a great deal of time comparing him with the Suitor—to the total disadvantage of the latter. Mr. Bolton was not so big; but he made so much of his size—carried himself with such a lordly air—that he seemed always the biggest man on the place.

His clothes were simply perfect, and "worn with an easy grace," as they say in books. Indeed, he spent a great deal of time at the places where people go to dress well: at least a week or so every summer at the Hot Springs, or at Narragansett; a few weeks in New York in the autumn, at Horse-show time; and, every few years, a month divided between London and Paris. The latter by preference, he said. He had plenty of money—at least a thousand dollars a year, inherited from his mother. And he had nothing in the world to do, because he was "in insurance." When you are in that you keep a fine horse and buggy, and drive all over the country at pleasant seasons, staying as long as you please wherever you like. You can see the advantage of having a suitor in that business, I hope! He had a pair of big black eyes, well opened, which he could melt into liquid pools on occasion. And he made the occasions mighty often; for he stayed at Glencairne the whole ten days I was there. Sent for his horse and drove me down to the river, where we found a boat and had some lovely sailing.

We went on a big sailing party, all of us together. But he did n't care for that and looked very melancholy. Carter called it "sulking." And every evening we were at home it was an understood thing that after supper he and I should stroll down to the woods below the house and sit on the step by the spring-house; till at ten o'clock the chords of the piano or guitar accompaniment to some beautiful part-song

would draw us irresistibly back to the house—music-lovers as we were.

I saw as much of him in those ten days as one would see of a man in ten months in a town—more, in fact. And all the time I was wondering what I should say if he finally asked me to marry him.

I did n't *want* him to ask me. I was quite too well contented with the present state of devotion. And though I was not quite so angry with the Suitor, because I had found out why he had not come to Newington when I told him to come; and though I thought it would be only right and natural I should go home engaged to another man, and announce it to the Suitor, and to Sophie Burwell; *still*—well, that seemed about the only reason I cared about getting engaged to Mr. Bolton.

I had made Papa promise to forward my letters without delay, and one had reached me almost immediately from the Suitor, written in very proper agitation.

It seems, an old blacksmith who lived on their place had been set upon by a party of negroes, robbed, beaten, and left for dead by the roadside. Of course the Suitor put himself at the head of a posse to pursue and bring the wretches to justice, deferring his visit to Newington till he had properly jailed them.

Now, I know *men*!—and that they will kill off members of their own family, let alone blacksmiths, when they want an excuse to break an engagement. But I happened to see all this corroborated in the newspaper. And though I did n't want the Suitor even to suppose I'd ever received his letter, and charged Bessie Barksdale to have him informed, *quite incidentally*, that I was away from home, I *did* feel a little bit uneasy about his scrambling around after murderers in the dark nights, in morasses and places. And I read the newspapers rather anxiously.

Meanwhile the tea was a great success. The Storys were perfectly delightful people, and really enjoyed the novelty of Glencairne, and the quaint simplicity of their reception.

Cousin Elinor made a point of having all her sons present to do honor to the guests; and because she knew they could offer a pleasure rare in any house, a really fine quartet.

Fanny's entrance with the salad was impressive. It was served in a large white cabbage, decorated with cloves, which she bore in upon a silver salver.

The blackness of her skin and frock, the whiteness of her teeth and apron, were particularly striking. Having offered the salad, she disdained to lay the tray upon the table, as she had been instructed, but stood *plantée là* with an inimitable dignity, which no one dared disturb; while her eyes and ears absorbed everything.

As she stood just behind me, I became aware of a very strong

odor of cinnamon; and, perceiving a certain dusty appearance of her skin, I discovered she had evidently powdered the cinnamon and used it on her face, as an accessory to the toilet! Hallie gave her a despairing look and shook her head. We knew that we might as well attempt to remove mountains!

The next day Cousin Elinor felt relieved and gratified on receiving a letter from her sister, expressing her pleasure in the entertainment. The Storys, she said, were really so pleased with it all. They admired the old silver and china so much, they were delighted with the music, but they were especially charmed with Fanny. They had never seen anything at all like her elegance and dignity, and thought her entirely "Colonial."

Wishing to please her, Hallie and I proceeded to the kitchen to tell her what they had said.

"Colognial!" she exclaimed, tossing her head with pride. "Yes—Lord! I knewed that cinnamon smell would git 'em!"

My last evening had come. Ben Bolton had ordered his horse to be brought round in an hour, and he and I repaired, in the twilight, to the step by the spring, to say our farewells.

The frogs made a delicious chorus of gurglings and purrings all down the spring branch; with now and then the big bass of a bull-frog, to mark time. The whippoorwills came nearer and nearer, as they answered each other with punctilious care. And the night was powdered thick with fire-flies, marking the windings of the stream through the silent woods.

He lay on the grass, his elbow on the step and his face just at my knee. I sat with elbow on knee, chin in hand, looking straight into his eyes, so near to mine. He told me of a girl at the Hot Springs he had come so very near caring for; but at the very end, somehow, he had escaped. (Yesterday it had been almost the same tale related of a girl in Richmond, in the winter.)

"But, Mr. Bolton," I said hopefully, "surely you've got a heart somewhere? Some girl will win you some day?"

"Indeed, Miss Betty," he said sadly, "I am not so sure. Now, until this very morning I had felt pretty sure *you* had done it. I saw from the first that you liked me. And I thought that day at the station you were the best looker I'd seen for an age—though not entirely my style. I've always said I preferred a large, blond woman, you know. But, in spite of that, you've got a way with you that carried me quite off my feet. And you are not one of these awfully clever women, either. I never could stand a clever woman, you know. Men never do like them. The truth is, Miss Betty, I know mighty well you'd make me the best sort of wife, and I'm a fool not to ask you. But when it comes right down to getting married—well, it really don't

seem to suit the insurance business, anyhow. You see, I'm right well fixed just as I am. I've got things going pretty well my own way. And if I married I'd be tied down a good deal. You know I'm awfully fond of you, don't you, dearest? And you've been just as sweet to me as you could be, and I shall always remember our visit here—the sailing on the river, and our evenings down here. I hope you won't think hard of me, Betty—for I want to be a good friend to you always."

I had never lifted my eyes from his face, or changed expression, during this long speech; and as he paused I said, "Sure 'nough?"

"Is *that* all you've got to say?" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet.

"No," I said slowly; "I suppose I really ought to have told you—I'm engaged to my cousin, Conway Nelson; and if he ever finds those darkies, I suppose I'll marry him—some day."

I sat there grinning to myself for quite a while after he had gone—till I heard Henry Rutherford drive up to the barn. Remembering the evening mail, and suddenly feeling *homesick* for a letter, I went to meet Henry.

There was a faint light in the sky which I felt must mean a new-born moon, and I dared not lift my eyes to it till I should be well out from under the trees.

Being out, I carefully turned my left shoulder, and sent my wish—clear. I'm not going to tell what my wish was, of course; but it had n't a thing to do with Mr. Bolton!

Then I heard a step coming from the barn, and I wondered if Henry would understand about giving me a piece of silver, and asking me a question to which I could answer "Yes."

As he stopped beside me, I held out my hand, without taking my eyes from the new moon; and he instantly put a bright half-dollar in it. Having held that up, and made my three low curtsies—"for prosperity"—I turned to him silently, for the question.

He was very close to me, laughing in my eyes; and it was *not* Henry, but the Suitor. And very fortunately he asked me, "Betty, are you glad?"

For I could easily say "Yes" to that.



THE RENDEZVOUS

BY LOUISE HEALD

MY song unsung will reach your soul to-night;
My face unseen will visit you in sleep;
My hand will find your own and nestle there;
Your soul and mine a hallowed vigil keep.



OUR LADY OF BRUSSE

BY PRINCE VLADIMIR VANIATSKY

"O H, yes," said Madame Brusse, in her placid way; "the years have used us well. My husband, as the world knows, contributed greatly to it. Were he not so modest, I could show you his orders and decorations. There is but one government in the civilized world which has not given him its highest recognition. Even China has honored him."

The sweet, even-toned voice ceased, and across the quiet, well-ordered room, with its old-fashioned furniture, one could see the figure of her husband as he sat in a great chair, his eyes fixed on a far-off skyline. The room was filled with an air of content, of a rest passing human knowledge. It seemed, almost, that Nirvana had materialized.

Pierre Antoine Brusse, born Baron de Brusse, but for fifty years a disciple of ultra-Republicanism, doctor of a dozen universities, decorated, courted by a hundred lands, was massive, leonine, with a great brush of silver hair. His clothes—of a year before last's cut—hung loosely on his herculean frame.

Madame Brusse, small, dainty, dressed in her habitual silver-gray, sat knitting, as Joan had sat by her Darby. The world seemed a thousand miles away, and the quiet valley of the Meuse, wandering away through well-kept farm-lands, seemed the Valley of Peace.

Brusse—a name to conjure with. Its very mention brought the warm, sweet, good thoughts of humanity to one's heart. Scientist, gentleman, scholar, humanitarian—such had his life been. The lines which had deepened in his face were the lines of power, of strength, of manliness. Nowhere was there a weak, selfish trait displayed.

And so one went from them, his heart brimming with the thoughts that such a couple would inspire. The world still held goodness and

honor in it, though the mocking laughter of the boulevards, the gay, soulless men and women of the clubs, of Auteuil, of Ostend, turned one to the thought that all was vanity.

As the softer shades of night fell, and the outside world became a dull monotone of grays and sepia browns, touched here and there with a splash of crimson from the dead sunset, the scientist arose.

"Valerie"—what a name for a woman gowned in silver-gray!—"it approaches the hour for our dinner." The two old people, courtliness personified, went to their rooms to dress. Dinner was served in the little dining-room of the old house—half château, half farm-house. Perfect in its every appointment, the soft, quiet character of their life was carried out. A tender curried fowl, a Château Margaux-Malescot, a salad of lettuce so crispy that a touch would break it, a *fromage de brie*, which was delicious, and then a demi-tasse of a fragrance and a strength that some were wont to say could be brewed only by the slender, graceful hands of the Chatelaine of Brusse.

"I must go to-morrow, as you know, my dear, to a convention at Vienna. I shall probably be gone three or four weeks. And you, as you have already said, are going to Étretat. Therefore, let us drink once to the happy day when we will meet again." Brusse's eyes were tender as he phrased the little toast that they drank in aged char-*treuse*. And his wife smiled back a tender smile as she lifted her glass to her unwithered lips.

"To the happy day when we meet again, my love," she answered.

In the morning the little pony-chaise with the old English footman whirled the great scholar off to the Gare, where the loyal people of Brusse, proud of their great man, had gathered to pay the homage they always rendered him when he came to them or went from them.

A day later "Our Lady of Brusse"—as the peasantry called her, with a reverence that made some people think they spoke of a saint canonized in Holy Mother Church—took the train for Paris, her old *dame de compagnie* in attendance, and her simple little leather trunk, uncoronnetted, that bore the gowns of Quaker gray which always clothed the Lady of Brusse, and her simple, delicate linens, in the van. A shy, brown-eyed, brown-legged urchin made his way to the door of her compartment, his arms laden with great tender roses and fragrant lilies. She thanked him with the grace that a queen might show her courtiers. Then the guards closed the doors of the compartments, their shrill cries warning the villagers, and the *Rapide* hurtled off toward the modern Babylon.

A group of tourists standing on the pavement by the Hôtel de Ritz saw the arrival of a smart English victoria. From it descended a woman—great lady from the waving plumes of her beautiful hat,

resting coquettishly on masses of soft white hair, to the tiny, graceful feet, clad in the smartest and most correct of English boots.

"How charming!" said one.

"A royalty!" exclaimed another, and turned to inquire of a passer if he knew the name of the beautiful woman. But he did not, and the tourists went on, wondering as to the identity of the vision.

"She was as beautiful and as gracious, as dainty and as wonderful, as the fairy godmothers of our childhood's tales," said one girl, with a whimsical smile.

The season was quite gay at Ostend that year. A royalty or two made their way through the crowded Casino. Brilliant men and women, clad in the most wonderful clothes, crowded around the *petits chevaux*, gaily wagering their *louis*.

And nowhere was there one more courted than the beautiful lady of the Ritz. A baronial coronet glittered on her harness; the buttons of her servants' liveries bore the proud crest of a family ennobled in the early days of the House of Valois. Around her were the most noted men and women of the world. Her dinners claimed, as guests, the proudest names of the old world. An archduke was proud to pay her open court. And over all she reigned with a wit, with a grace, with a vivacity, that the world had thought a lost art. A tap of *la Baronne's* tiny fan, and half the great men of that world gathered around her. A wave of her hand, and they bowed themselves away.

"*La Reine d'Ostend*," they called her whom the peasantry of the valley of the Meuse knew as "Our Lady of Brusse." Gone was the placidness; departed the even life; forgotten the silver-gray of her gowns.

France, always willing to be charmed, became intoxicated. Had Valerie de Brusse hung out a standard, her army would have outrivalled that of Joan of Arc.

La Reine d'Ostend, in verity, was Valerie de Brusse. Old friends of her girlhood, who had turned with wonder to hear that Valerie had married Pierre Antoine Brusse—for he never bore his title and had announced himself Republican—flocked around her and proclaimed her the fashion. Her girlish wit and vivacity, her love of gayety and of the glitter of things, had bowed down before so great a love that they were as naught beside it. And now, forty years married, she had left her gowns of Quaker-gray, had banished her faithful companion of years—old Felice—and had installed in her place a Rose and an Elise, who were the most *chic* lady's maids of the day.

The great *couturiers* of the Rue de la Paix bowed down to her, delighted to dress the figure of a girl, surmounted by a face untouched by the fleeting years and crowned by masses of the most wonderfully silvered hair.

"*Vive la Reine d'Ostend!*" the people cried as the glittering equipage passed. And Valerie's heart, filled with the new, restless emotion, responded with throbs of joy. For the first time in forty years her carriage bore the baronial coronet of her husband's rank, and her cards proclaimed her "*Madame la Baronne de Brusse*," instead of the simple "*Madame Brusse*" of her long married life.

The ruling monarch of a great country had deigned to grace Dieppe with his presence for a week. That gay resort was in a flutter. The royal yacht lay gracefully at anchor in the offing, and the monarch, renowned for his *savoir* and grace, passed here and there among the people at Dieppe. As he turned one day, he encountered a massive figure clad in the most fashionable of flannels, with a rakish yachting cap, a flowing scarf of shimmering silk. A smart mustache and an imperial, trimmed with the most exquisite precision, showed white against a skin as pink as that of a baby.

"Ah, Monsieur Brusse!" said the monarch—for they two had met at Schwalbach, years prior.

"No longer Monsieur Brusse, your majesty," replied the savant, "but now Monsieur le Baron de Brusse, on a holiday from republicanism and science. I am renovating myself."

"And your wife?" asked his majesty, remembering the beauty of Valerie de Brusse in her young days.

"Ah, she is at Étretat. She would not understand—this! She would think me mad—me, seventy in years, to be dressed like an exquisite, to have revived my title at which I have scoffed for half a century!"

"Ah, is that so?" and the king smiled. He had but that day received a letter from a fair cousin, then resident at Ostend, in which she had said:

"We royalties of the blood are at a discount here. All the world worships at the shrine of *La Reine d'Ostend*, the wife of that good Republican savant, Monsieur Brusse." And the letter went on in a piquant description of the reign of Madame la Baronne de Brusse.

"Come, come!" said the king. "Dine aboard my yacht to-night. Nay, come and join me for a short yachting cruise. I know we could be great friends, you and I."

"I thank your majesty," said the late plain Monsieur Brusse, who a year before would frankly have told the monarch that he did not approve of the use of national funds for the support of private yachts, even for his majesty. But a sudden fear crept into the heart of Monsieur le Baron de Brusse. "Your majesty is not going to Étretat?" he asked.

"No—oh, no!" was the terse answer. "But Ostend, certainly!"

Then an aide-de-camp transmitted orders immediately that a state-room be prepared aboard the royal yacht for his excellency, Dr. the

Baron de Brusse, K. G. M. G., K. I. E., K. C. G. D., and all the other letters attached to the baron's four-and-twenty orders of knighthood.

But his majesty wrote in his own handwriting a letter to his fair cousin, in which she alone was apprised of the day on which the royal yacht should come to anchor in the port of Ostend. And for that night his majesty requested the grand duchess to give a dinner, asking, of course, *la Reine d'Ostend*, and to keep a plate for him and one for one of his suite. And then the yacht weighed anchor and stood out toward the Skager Rack. A week or so, and the sharp sun and wind turned his majesty and his guest a shade darker with a healthy tan, as the two men fished together from the same small boat. Laughter came spontaneously. Everything was rose-colored, because the king found it refreshing to see things through the newly opened eyes of the great savant.

And then the anchor dropped gently into the chalky mud that forms the bottom of the harbor of Ostend. The Casino was crowded. On the balcony were the king's cousin and Madame de Brusse, both clad in marvellous gowns. Each had her binoculars to her eyes when the anchor splashed into the water. The broad, stalwart figure of the king, in yachting uniform, could be seen on the bridge of the yacht, but beside him towered a more massive figure.

"If it were possible! It looks most like my Pierre Antoine," said the *baronne*. Then she laughed gaily, that sweet, silvery chime of notes which had caught Ostend by the heart because of its sweetness, its purity, its truth. "Imagine my good Republican Pierre Antoine on a king's yacht!"

The guests were assembled in the grand duchess's drawing-room when his majesty and his aide-de-camp arrived. Behind them rose the powerful figure of the ex-Republican, Monsieur Brusse. *Madame la Reine d'Ostend*, as every one called her, was standing, gowned in a creation of the softest pinks and blues and greens—a riot of colors reflected again from the coronet that graced her shapely head and from the ropes of diamonds that bound her slender, unbroken throat.

She raised her eyes as she rose from her low curtsey, to behold the vividly blushing face of Pierre Antoine Brusse, clad in his uniform of one of the Immortals of France, bedizened with the ribbons and stars of a dozen orders. And then she laughed again, against all the rules of court etiquette, shattering the traditions of a thousand years. But the silvery peal rang out clear over the drawing-room, and into the heart of every one who heard it eternal youth seemed to spring for a minute.

The king stepped forward.

"Your majesty of Ostend," he said, "may I present my friend, his

excellency the Baron de Brusse?" And his eyes sparkled. A daintily gloved hand was held out, and De Brusse knelt with a grace odd in a backbone stiff for many years with Republicanism. "Your majesty!" he said, and he added so low than none heard but one, "and my sweetheart!"

"I think we had better dub Monsieur de Brusse 'The Prince Consort,'" said his majesty.

"Ah, my Pierre," exclaimed *la Baronne*, as they sat on the balcony of her villa, "you do not think me too frivolous?"

"No, my Valerie," he answered; "for all my life I have envied the light-hearted butterflies their pleasure."

"Then," she cried, "we will frivel on into our graves."

"Yes, my Valerie," he answered back, and caught her to him. Together their laughter rang out through the night air, his melodious bass echoing her silvery peals.



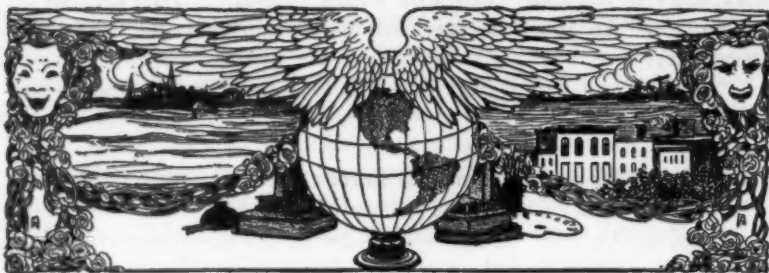
HIS WEAPONS

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

HERE hangs his gauntlet by the door!
At thrice a hundred foemen feet
He hurled this challenge to the floor,
And never stained it with defeat!
To me he dropt his eyes—no more—
And his the victory sweet!

Here, like a silver moon, his shield,
That fronted thrice a hundred foes.
But once, upon the tourney-field,
He cast it off to wear my rose.
He fought and fell; his wound, it healed;
But mine, it grows and grows!

Froze to the scabbard, hangs his sword
That smote the doughty foe to dust,
His token, like his promised word,
Forgotten in the years of rust;
But once he spoke; because I heard,
I trust him still—I trust!



WAYS OF THE HOUR

A DEPARTMENT OF CURRENT COMMENT AND
CRITICISM—SANE, STIMULATING, OPTIMISTIC

BASEBALL DEBRUTALIZED

DEAR me! has baseball advanced or have the players retrograded? Don't you remember, fellow man, how when "our" town nine, the Red Stockings, played the rival nines—such as the Cornville "Cyclones" and the Lauderdale "Tigers"—Lou Bridgers (sturdy blacksmith), "our" catcher, would "take 'em off the bat" bare-handed, bare-visaged, and practically bare-fronted? Did you ever see a fielder, in those times, wearing a glove? Naw! Did you or I, when on our boyhood nine we were catcher or pitcher, or first-base, or fielder, wear a glove? Naw! We accepted whatever balls came our way, and let 'em sting. On occasion, when a palm was particularly sore, by reason of a cut or a lot of blisters, we adopted, temporarily (and apologetically), a fingerless kid glove—probably filched from mother's bureau drawer. But we discarded it as soon as we might.

To be sure, now and then Lou Bridgers, or other catcher doughty as he, was disabled by a foul tip; to be sure, in the spring, while our hands were still tender, before the friendly callouses had formed, we besought the kids to "throw 'em easy," and we frequently exclaimed "Ouch!" But artificial protection? Bah! Although Lou *was* at last prevailed upon to don a mask—which he always tore off and flung aside when the score was close and he really meant business.

To-day, behold! Why, your boy or mine will not catch a ball tossed at him from ten feet away unless he has on his "glove." Certainly, he must have a glove. And the catcher in the league team has his

glove (expansive as a couch-cushion) and mask and inflated body-pad (at which we do not cavil so much as at the glove); and the pitcher wears a glove, and the basemen, and the fielders—even the far-off centre-fielder. Zounds! who could n't catch a fly with a big, indented, concaved glove for it to land in!

We'd like to see some of the present-day nines put back and made to play, under old conditions, those one-time Red Stockings of ours; would n't we! Why, pshaw! the present-day padded-hand fellow would n't last through an inning. Naw!

EDWIN L. SABIN

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A PERFORMANCE

THE public has lately been informed that the tenor now most in vogue is to be compensated for his services during the next operatic season at the rate of \$2500 for each of fifty performances. For a season of not more than six months this aggregates \$125,000! It would be difficult to find a more impressive and convincing illustration of that inequality of reward against which, as a feature of our modern civilization, socialism in all its forms is to so large a degree a protest.

Take the case of a man who labors with his hands, doing a hard and disagreeable work which is necessary to the health or safety or comfort of the community. He will toil ten or twelve hours a day under the most trying and unpleasant conditions, and in five years he will have earned barely as much as the favored singer receives in a single night. It is not necessary to be a socialist to perceive what seems to be the injustice presented by this contrast; and while this instance is extreme, similar inequalities may almost everywhere be recognized. It seems as though the most attractive work were always the most liberally compensated, and this unquestionably is the consideration by which the socialistic feeling is chiefly inspired.

The truth, of course, is that no question of morality, of justice, or of right or wrong, enters into the determination of the reward accorded to any certain service. As things go, compensation furnishes no test of moral deserving. Indeed, it often looks as though the least meritorious things were the most successful. The play that crowds the house, the book that sells by the hundred thousand, the song that is whistled in every street, are not always, are not often, the play, the book, the song, entitled to the highest praise or having the greatest intrinsic value. Genius sometimes achieves a contemporaneous popularity and reaps a reward commensurate with its merit, but it is the

contrary that most frequently happens, and the mere circumstance that a production of any class is popular raises a justifiable presumption against it.

It will be found upon a thoughtful examination of the facts that the same absence of any moral standard in this connection is everywhere encountered. The socialist cannot dispossess himself of the idea that each man's reward should be according to his deserving from a moral point of view. Speaking in the abstract, so it should; although the appraisal of the deserving would be attended by considerable difficulty were the principle put to the test. But in the practice it is otherwise. The wage rate, using the words in a comprehensive sense, is fixed by forces which are not always discernible, but in which the moral idea plays a necessary part; and before the socialistic ideal can be attained it may be necessary not only to reorganize civilization but to recreate human nature.

GEORGE ROGERS

THE CURSE OF CLEVERNESS

IT has never been a word indigenous to our American speech, that good old English word "clever," but lately we have taken it over to describe a certain quality of individuality *à la mode* which as yet lacks a more polite term to characterize it nicely. This trait of so-called cleverness has become an outer as well as an inner attribute, to be discerned in style of dress and manner of carrying it off as well as in mental attitude and more or less artistic product. Like the habit of punning or the trick of gesture, it is easily, almost unconsciously, acquired, and its cumulative influence makes the man or woman who does not know how to assume it mentally unfashionable.

Naturally this tendency has deeply colored the lighter literature of the day, for the writing of fiction is one of the earliest evidences of the inception of the disease, though the degree to which each victim's handiwork is marked by the action of the bacillus varies according to the sympathetic quality of the individual mind. Frequently the resulting effect is a very puzzling one. A native intelligence and a cultivated taste will combine to produce a result that just falls short of intrinsic success by being subtly permeated by the pernicious poison of cleverness. In place of naturalness we find effort, in lieu of spontaneity of feeling we get a hard brilliancy of wit that grows lack-lustre as we watch it. The humanity of a character which the author's native ability to create has made almost to live becomes merely a type or a convention under the clever hand that potters with it.

The writing of fiction has, indeed, become too easy a pursuit for

the clever amateur. And amateurs in this sense many of the most professional remain. The English novel of the day is not so "clever" as the American, but it is apt to be far more worthy—better grounded in a sincerity of purpose, better elaborated in effective detail, far saner in the give and take of dialogue, which is often the artistic way of denoting character under the dramatic situation that calls it forth. Cleverness has no abiding hold upon the human emotions. It is pre-eminently an intellectual *tour de force*, and the worst thing about it is that it breeds its like with disgusting prolificness.

What our American fiction needs more than any other one thing is a class of plodders to produce it—men who won't and can't be hurried into carelessness and clever work, who pale their ineffectual fires at the bidding of commercialism, and who strive to say whatever they have to say as no one else could say it rather than in the parlance of clever imitation of each other. If genius is a capacity for labor, small wonder is it that our era sees, in the domain of literature, at least, few works of creative character that live beyond the season's call; for it is too apt to be that cleverness flashes its ready spark where the torch of genius might glow into permanent flame but for its meretricious lighting.

ROBERT ADGER BOWEN

BARGAINING WITH DEATH

NOW Des Moines comes forward with the "First Society of Eternal Youth." Its constitution declares that its object shall be to renew and perpetuate the youth and strength of its members, and that every one shall contribute his share "toward banishing the spectre of disease and death from the face of the earth."

Any member who is unfaithful enough to dally with rheumatism or to be laid up for bodily repairs of any kind is subject to a fine of ten dollars for the first offense and excommunication for the second. What the penalty is for dying is not stated.

Here, then, we have the quest for the Fountain of Youth reduced to a card-index system. Every generation has its appropriate manners. Not long since, Andrew Carnegie is reported to have said that he would willingly pay a hundred million dollars for an additional ten years of life. In a former and more romantic century we meet with a certain Dr. Faust who proffered his soul for the same bubble. In their common object they typify the sons of men for all time. From the day that Adam and Eve violated the terms of their lease, the luckless children of earth have sought to bribe the angel at the gate, that they might clamber back into Paradise—the earthly realm of enduring life.

Mortal man dreams ever of terrestrial immortality. Through all the ages the keys of alchemy and philosophy have been filed and hammered that they might pick the lock that holds him here a captive for the grave. The report that the only man who so far has escaped is having an unhappy time of it, does not deter his bounden brother. He is more than willing to take his chances. Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, may have our commiseration; but which of us, having the opportunity, would not risk changing places with him?

No one of us is so poor or so unworthy that he is not ready to bargain with death. Let the spectre name his price, and we give up our loves and our tobacco with equal promptness. He may have our fortunes and our homes, our pride and our achievements and aspirations—yea, even our eyes and ears—if he will but smile upon our prayers. Let him so command, and we will abide in the wilderness; we will find comfort in husks; we will lie down with the beasts of the field. Better, even, a browsing Nebuchadnezzar than a mouldering Hercules.

It is needless to tell us that Death is an arch grafter. We know with whom we are dealing. And we know, too, that he grins in his sleeve at our eagerness to delay the inevitable. What to him are ten more years, or fifty years, or fifty centuries? Had Sargon, the mighty ruler of the Babylonian world, secured a respite of five thousand years, he would even so have been in his grave for more than a century when Richard of England led the Crusaders to the walls of Jerusalem. Could Carnegie purchase a supplemental decade for a hundred million or an added century for a billion dollars, what would it profit him or the world in the year 3000? An old legend tells us that when Methuselah was five hundred years old an angel came to him and advised him to build a house, instead of living in the open air as he had been doing up to that time. The patriarch asked how much longer he had to live. "About five hundred years," answered the angel. "Then," said Methuselah, "it is not worth while to build a house."

By this token Methuselah proved himself a pessimist. To Azrael a thousand years may be as yesterday, but it is not for us to follow the example of our antediluvian forefather and view existence through the eyes of death. Every moment added to our earthly tenure is regarded as that much gain. The monk Hildesheim, listening to God in the melody of a bird for a space of three minutes, found that in those three minutes three hundred years had flown. And so to each of us life means always the possibility of joy and revelation unmeasured by time or space. Therefore, let us bargain with Death. True, he will claim us at last, but we shall have had the better of the bargain.

CLIFFORD HOWARD



A FEW HINTS FOR THE NOTORIETY-SEEKER

Not since Dr. Osler set the world by the ears with his remarks anent the age at which a man had outlived his usefulness has there been a more startling theory advanced than that of the gentleman who recently gave it as his opinion that the liver, and not the heart, was the real seat of the soul, and backed up his opinion with quotations showing that such an idea had been accepted by philosophers in past ages. Now, the fact is incontrovertible that when one's liver is deranged the entire system is affected—including the disposition—but nevertheless we are not prepared to admit that this hitherto humble and always useful organ is entitled to the place of honor in our interior department, so long occupied by the heart. Such a belief, should it become general, would virtually create a revolution in many ways. For instance, it would necessitate an entirely new school of poesy, for how would a ballad sound worded—

"Liver of my liver, I love you" ?

And we never, *never*, would agree to call the only girl we ever could love our sweetliver !

Not for worlds would we insinuate that this liver theorist was simply seeking self-advertising ; but we can't help realizing what a sweetly simple way this is to secure it, and we wonder that more people have not in some such manner made their way into the public prints. For instance, why does n't some one start a crusade against stomachs ? There have been well authenticated cases where people have had this organ removed and have still lived. Why not call the

Walnuts and Wine

stomach a relic of barbarism, and advocate its removal, especially in infants, just as some parents have their children's vermiform appendices removed, so as to avoid possible trouble in the future? There can be no doubt that the human stomach has been the cause of a great deal of the trouble, not to mention expense, in this world. Or, why does n't some one point out how much better it would be for human beings to go on all-fours—and set the example in his own case? We venture to say that the newspapers would devote considerable space to him—at least, so long as he remained at large.

Another neat way would be to advocate a device something like a glove fastener, so that the ears could be buttoned over on the cheeks. It is well known that the ceaseless noise and bustle of a big city is likely to have a bad effect on the constitution, and in this way it would be done away with. Of course, when one wished to hear, the ear would simply be unfastened. This idea has many good points. Should a wife scold, or a bill-collector call, all that it would be necessary to do would be not to do anything. Children would like it, too, for when a small boy went out to play he could just keep his ears fastened up, so that he need n't hear his mother when she told him it was time to come in—mothers always call small boys in just when they are having the most fun. It is true that this device might expose us to some dangers, such as when an automobile was bearing down on us with a vainly tooting horn. Still, some little time must elapse before it could come into general use, and by then it is quite likely that the flying machine will have sent the motor-car to join the bicycle in the limbo of lost things.

None of the foregoing ideas are patented or copyrighted in any way, and any one desiring to use them is privileged to do so. We do, however, disclaim all responsibility for the results.

Robert T. Hardy, Jr.

TWO SOURCES OF HOPE

It is said that the people along the Newfoundland coast are expert wreckers—not in that they wreck vessels to rob them, but in that they know how to avail themselves legitimately of the opportunities afforded. In this connection Sir Wilfred Laurier used to tell of a meeting between a priest in charge of a parish near Cape Race and the bishop of his diocese.

“How will your people do this winter?” asked the bishop.

“Very well, I think, your reverence,” replied the priest cheerfully, “with the help of God—and a few wrecks.”

Edwin Tarrisse

Walnuts and Wine

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

Cecil was much impressed by the Sunday School teacher's plea for missions and decided to save his pennies for the heathen. He made a great effort and failed once or twice. Then he prayed. "O Lord," he begged, "please help me save my money, and—*don't let Jim the peanut man come down this street.*"

Louise Driscoll

DEEP SEA TRAGEDY

Why is it that the ocean moans?
That 's what I 'd like to know;
It may be that the lobster
Has pinched its under-tow.

Chicago Journal

And maybe it is just the pain
That thrills its bosom wide,
What time it shudders at the bar
And thinks of last night's tide.

Cleveland Leader

Perhaps you 'd moan a bit yourself
If now and then a whale,
Escaping from a swordfish,
Should lash you with his tail.

Philadelphia Ledger

The fickle ocean wooed the moon,
They to a parson hied.
The sound you hear is only this:
The moaning of the tied.

J. L. S.

INSIDE INFORMATION

A woman who is trying to "climb" into Washington society attended a recent reception at the house of Mrs. Taft. The crowd was so great that guests were hurried along the line of the receiving party, with merely a handshake with the wife of the secretary of war. The "climber," with determination written on her face, finally pushed her way up to her hostess and paused long enough to say, "How do you do, Mrs. Taft?" adding with a very impressive manner, "*I've heard of your husband.*"

M. G. Swift

Walnuts and Wine

DOWN IN I. T.

Down in Indian Territory is a town that has two churches, which may be called the old and the new. The pastor of the new church was enjoying a visit from his brother, long a missionary in Japan. The people were so interested and asked so many questions that finally a public meeting was arranged for the missionary to tell of conditions in Japan, and also to speak of the recent war. As the old church was the larger, that was secured for the occasion, with the pastor presiding.

At the close of the talk, the pastor arose and said in a jerky way: "We are glad—Brother Blank—has told us—something of Japan. We feel—that we know—more about it—than we did—before—so to speak. Brother B., pass the hat—down that aisle. Brother D., you pass the hat—down this aisle." Then he disappeared behind the organ, presumably to find his wife, the organist. Presently returning, he called to the organist of the other church: "Sister McCutchen, you come play the organ. Wife's nussin' the baby."

M. O. Kittredge

A SUPPLEMENTARY STATEMENT

Old Doctor Ryland, clergyman and educator, was greatly beloved in the South, and his visits were always enjoyed by his former pupils and parishioners. In his later years it was his custom to offer prayer whenever he made a ministerial call. On one occasion he called at a house where three of his former pupils were staying. These ladies were all past the thirtieth year-mark, but in the eyes of the old gentleman they were still girls—which explains the petition he offered.

"Lord, bless these dear girls, just budding into sweet womanhood."

This was too much for one of the number, who, taking advantage of the doctor's deafness, added this clause, *sotto voce*: "Alas, Lord, budded, bloomed, faded, and still unpicked!"

C. S. Valentine

A PITIFUL FACT

"Never mind," said the optimist serenely. "Think that the very hairs of your head are numbered."

"I know it," answered the pessimist. "There are just twenty-three."

J. M. Hendrickson

Walnuts and Wine

JAMESTOWN
SETTLED 1607

THE AMERICAN
CONSTITUTION
ADOPTED 1789

PEARS'
SOAP

ESTABLISHED 1789

THE THREE INFLUENCES
WHICH HAVE ESTABLISHED

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION AND PEAR'S SOAP - BOTH FOUNDED 1789

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEAR'S OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
"All rights secured."

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

NOT ALTOGETHER BAD

A policeman saw a man acting rather suspiciously near a jewelry store one evening, so, going over to him, he demanded to know who the man was and what he wanted.

"I'm thinking of opening a jewelry store in this neighborhood," replied the man, "and I'm watching to see if there is much trade." Whereupon the policeman went on his way, satisfied.

Next morning word was received at the station house that the jewelry store had been entered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the mysterious stranger said reflectively, "He may be a thafe, but he's no liar!"

Harold Brown Freeman

AN ASTONISHED PARSON

A Philadelphia minister and his wife went down-town recently to make some purchases. They bought a window-mirror or "busy-body," and ordered it sent home and put up. When they returned their maid servant greeted them with, "When yous was away a man come an' went up to the secon' story front an' put up a speak-easy."

J. L. S.

JOHNNY'S DISCOVERY

By Minna Irving

When little Johnny goes to bed,
It's much to his surprise
To find he never goes to sleep
Until he shuts his eyes.

LEAVE IT TO THE LORD

A gentleman residing in a small Western town recently had the misfortune to lose his wife. In deference to the last wishes of the deceased, the remains were cremated. Bridget Flannigan, a former servant in the family, heard of her old master's trouble and called to console him.

"Oh, wirra, wirra!" she cried, rocking herself to and fro. "An' yer poor lady is dead! Sure an' it's miserable we all are, for a more blissed sowl niver lived than Mrs. Barton."

"You are very kind to say so, Bridget."

"An' ye had 'em burn her up?"

"Yes, Bridget; she was cremated."

"Och, the saints presarve us! Why did n't ye let the Lord 'tend to that?"

E. W. Sherman

Walnuts and Wine



HAPPY DAYS

and cool, comfortable nights are the rule when the favorite beverage is

ICED POSTUM

Make Postum in the usual way, strong and rich, and have some always on hand.

When it is desired to serve it, add lemon juice, sugar, cracked ice, a little cream (if you like), and squeeze a bit of lemon peel over the glass to get the oil for additional flavor.

Then you have a delightful, cooling, healthful beverage to serve friends on short notice.

"There's a Reason."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

GEMS OUT OF SHAKESPEARE

By Louise Ayres Garnett

MACBETH, Act III, Scene 4.

Now good digestion wait on appetite.
(When feasting is not done too late at night!)

OTHELLO, Act III, Scene 3.

Who steals my purse steals trash,
But, thief, be thou not rash!
For e'en an empty pocket-book
Is not to be too lightly took.

KING HENRY VIII, Act II, Scene 3.

'T is said, 't is better to be lowly born
And range with humble livers in content.
But livers ne'er are humble in these days,
And ever on expensive doctors bent.



CAROLYN WELLS IN A NEW RÔLE

On a certain Thursday last winter a number of literary folk dined together at a famous old New York restaurant. There were present Gelett Burgess, Carolyn Wells, Theodosia Garrison, Gertrude Lynch, Kate Jordan, Bliss Carman, Charles G. D. Roberts, and many more. It so happened that Miss Wells was in a hurry to get away, for, being as popular in the social world as in magazinedom, she always may be depended upon to have a hundred engagements. She was clamoring for her waiter, and making no secret of the fact that she wished to be served with despatch.

The editor of a popular magazine, who was fortunate enough to sit between two such witty people as Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Herford, was looking down the long board at the familiar faces of what seemed his entire staff of contributors.

"Why, this looks like a live table of contents of my magazine," he remarked to Mr. Herford.

To which Herford replied quickly, gazing instantly in the direction of Miss Wells:

"More like a table of *dis*-contents, I think."

Randolph Forbes

Walnuts and Wine



With accuracy second only to the laws governing the movements of the planets is time measured by the

ELGIN WATCH

There are various grades of ELGIN movements—each a marvel of time-keeping accuracy and the best movement for the money.

The number of jewels and cost of construction determine the value of the different grades of ELGIN.

The famous G. M. WHEELER Grade ELGIN,

“The Watch that’s made for the Majority.” meets every requirement of those desiring a reliable, durable time-piece at a moderate cost.

This movement can now be had in the fashionable models and sizes suitable for men and boys.

Tell the dealer you want to see the G. M. WHEELER Grade ELGIN—The price will interest you.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., Elgin, Ill.

Walnuts and Wine

CHEAPER RATE THAN THE DOCTOR'S

A few years ago, on Sutter Street, in San Francisco, an ambitious young Japanese had a little store stocked with goods imported from his native land. In his show-window was a stack of decorated mush-bowls, and leaning against their front was a cardboard sign bearing in stencilled letters this announcement: "Fine Bowels, 50 cents a set."

Walter Comstock

THEY WERE REALLY AGREED

Timothy Woodruff tells of the efforts on the part of a kindly disposed man in Albany to arbitrate between a man and his wife who were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening.

"Look here, my man," exclaimed the Albany man, at once intervening in the altercation, which was growing more and more violent, "this won't do, you know!"

"What business is it of yours?" demanded the male combatant angrily.

"It's my business only so far as I may be of service in settling this dispute," answered the other mildly, "and I should like very much to do that."

"This ain't no dispute," sulkily returned the man.

"No dispute!" came in astonished tones from the would-be peace-maker. "Why, you——"

"I tell you that it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't! That ain't no dispute!"

T.

HER BESETTING SIN

When four-year-old Amelia was told she might say grace she mingled her thanksgiving with petition.

"Dear Lord," she said, "pleath bleth thith food and help us to eat it slowly."

L. D.

AROUND THE BUSH

Mr. Orthodoxer: "But surely, sir, Doctor Reglar does n't advertise?"

The Editor: "Well, no, not directly, but when business is dull he often sends me a check for inserting pie and pastry recipes."

G. T. Evans

No Use For The Stork

if you can't feed the children
properly when they come.

The perfect food for growing
children is

SHREDDED WHEAT

because it supplies, in well-
balanced proportion and in
digestible form, every ele-
ment needed for building
healthy tissue, strong bones,
sound teeth and good brain.

You can't build sturdy
boys and girls out of corn or
oats or white flour bread
or pastries. A Shredded
Wheat Biscuit supplies all
the energy needed for
work or play, for children
or grown-ups, for invalids
or athletes.

A Breakfast of SHREDDED
WHEAT BISCUIT, with hot or
cold milk or cream will supply all
the energy needed for work or
play. TRISCUIT is the same as
the Biscuit except that it is com-
pressed into a wafer and is used
as a toast for any meal, instead of
white flour bread. At all grocers.

IT'S ALL IN THE SHREDS.

THE NATURAL FOOD CO.

NIAGARA FALLS

NEW YORK



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

CHICKENS OF LEISURE

Mrs. Goldvein of Cripple Creek, having unexpectedly come into a fortune through a lucky strike, set up a country home near Denver, where she lived in style. One day while she was showing some of her old-time friends about the place they came to the poultry yard.

"What beautiful chickens!" the visitors exclaimed.

"All prize fowl," haughtily explained the hostess.

"Do they lay every day?" was the next question.

"Oh, they could, of course," was the reply, "but in our position it is not necessary for them to do so."

A. M. Benson

CONTORTIONAL

During the progress of a husking bee in Southern Maryland two of the young people were missed by the other participants.

"I wonder where Nellie and Jim are," somebody exclaimed.

A small boy in faded blue overalls edged his way forward and, pointing toward the vague darkness beyond the barn door, said:

"They 're out there kissin' themselves."

K. F. L.

SOCIALISTIC

By Karl von Kraft

"Who are the 'upper ten,' Papa?"

Said little Michael Boggs.

"It 's them as has the right, me bhoy,
To cuff the under dogs."

THE SIMPLE LIFE

Abe, a light mulatto, called upon a minister for whom he had formerly worked.

"Yo' know, boss, I 's gwine be married nex' week," he admitted haltingly. "I 's gwine to marry Miss May Felicity Johnson; an' May she say she wants ter be married jus' like white folks."

"All right, Abe, I 'll marry you if you want," the minister replied.

"How much you gwine charge?"

"It will cost you five dollars to be married like white folks."

Abe scratched his head. "Guess we 'll hab ter be married like niggers, then," he said. "Yo' see, boss, we 's goin' to housekeepin', an' I ain't got but eight dollars."

James True

Walnuts and Wine

Road of a Thousand Wonders



Some
famous
Old Missions
along
the
line.

EIGHTEEN GREAT FRANCISCAN MISSIONS

were built along the Coast Line-Shasta Route (Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon) in 1769, and the half century following, including such famous ones as San Fernando, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Miguel, Carmel, San Juan Bautista, Santa Clara and Dolores. These famous missions, the great sea beaches, the giant forests, the delectable mountains and the wonderful fruit valleys of California and Oregon are beautiful in autumn—and the work is delightful. Low excursion rates are made for the National Irrigation Congress and Interstate Exposition at Sacramento, September 2-7, with a magnificent display of western resources. For a book of over one hundred beautiful four-color views of California and Oregon, and a copy of Sunset Magazine (August) describing the Great Northwest, send fifteen cents to Chas. S. Fee, Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Co., Dept. I, Flood Building, San Francisco, California.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

THE INTEREST WORKED BACKWARDS

"Look er heah, man," said Mr. Green, who had lent Deacon Foxie ten dollars—"jes fuh a day or so till I draws," the request had been. "You done owe me dat money now goin' on 'leben months. Ef yo' doan' pay me right erway I gwine mek de sheriff level on yo' wages."

"Mr. Green," said the deacon impressively, "I's s'prised at yo' ign'rance. I sho' is! Doan' yo' know de interest done et up dat ten dollars long ergo?"

Mr. Green is still figuring.

B. T. Harrison

THE WORLD'S WAY

By Willard Robertson

A kiss, a sigh, a long good-by—
And she is gone;
A glance, a curl, another girl—
And life goes on.

WHAT AN "AMENDMENT" MAY DO

"Such an amendment," said Senator Tillman during a debate, "would destroy the bill's meaning, as the meaning of the epitaph on old John Skinn's tombstone was destroyed. The amendment that was tacked to John's epitaph consisted of one word—'friend.' It was put on in the dead of night. The epitaph before that read: 'He did his best.'"

Charles S. Gerlach

AN UNMENTIONED ANCESTOR

Mr. B. is very proud of his ancient lineage and never lets slip an opportunity to boast of it. At a dinner where he had been unusually rampant on this subject a fellow guest quieted him by remarking, "If you climb much further up your family tree, you will come face to face with the monkey."

Henrietta Lazarus

TOO TRUE

After our landlord had pocketed the thirty dollars which we pay monthly for our little apartment, he blushed painfully.

"Why do you color so?" I asked.

"Because I have a rent in my trousers," he murmured.

J. Collins

Walnuts and Wine

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

"YOU'RE SAFE"

in the hands of the little captain at the helm,—the "complexion specialist" whose results are certain, whose fees are small.

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum

TOILET POWDER

protects and soothes, a sure relief from **Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chafing**, etc. Put up in **non-refillable boxes** for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover it is **genuine** and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542. Sold everywhere, or by mail for 25 cents.

SAMPLE FREE

G. MENNEN CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets

"THE BOX THAT LOX"



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

NO DANGER FOR HIM

Clerk: "Are n't you afraid to have the boy go round to 917 with an order? There 's smallpox there."

Grocer: "Oh, no! Send him along. I've been vaccinated."

J. M. Hendrickson

THE POT AND THE KETTLE

That New York City is the most cosmopolitan city in the world is sometimes amusingly demonstrated; and it is a curious circumstance that, however alien the individual units of its population may be, they become one and all, after a brief residence on American soil, true patriots.

Not long ago, a portly German of obvious Hebraic ancestry boarded a Broadway car. He handed the conductor—a ruddy-faced Irishman—a transfer, not good on that particular line. The inevitable wrangle followed, in which much vehement language found expression, colored with a strong Hibernian flavor and an unmistakable Teutonic accent.

At length the fat German, waxing exceeding wroth, rose, and as he left the car, he turned, shook his fist in the conductor's face, and exclaimed with profound contempt: "You! You are no American citizen. You have not yet lost your broc-que."

F. B. Sheaffer

THE OCEAN ROARED

By Charles Gingrich

"This breeze," said John, "is somewhat faulty.

It makes my mustache taste quite salty."

With smile demure, said pretty Sue:

"Yes, does n't it! I thought so, too."

FIGURES WON'T LIE

Benjy came home from school one day with "1776" pinned across his shirt front.

"What does that mean, Benjy?" his mother asked.

"You don't know no more 'n teacher," he grumbled; "that 's just what she wanted to know."

"But what does it mean, son?" repeated his mother.

"Those figures," answered the little man proudly, "stand for 'The Declaration of Appendicitis'!"

J. B. Harrison

The New Ocean House

Swampscott, Mass.
right by the ocean.

Is delightfully and conveniently situated on the famous North Shore near Boston, where New England's most popular and beautiful summer resorts are located.

¶ The New Ocean House enjoys an unrivaled reputation, its patrons returning to it season after season.

¶ Less than thirty minutes by train from Boston, the New Ocean House is an ideal spot of recreation for the tired man of business and his family.

¶ Every care and facility is offered for the comfort, delight, and safety of its four hundred guests.

¶ The New Ocean House has many large and luxuriously appointed rooms arranged en suite with bath and modern improvements.

¶ The beach, opposite Hotel, is smooth and sandy where safe surf bathing may be enjoyed — no undertow.

¶ No day seems long enough while there to fully appreciate the lavish hospitality, the health-giving charm, of the out-door life — tennis, driving, sailing, fishing, well-managed garage, spacious stable, picturesque shaded walks and the broad, smooth roads are acceded to be the finest in America for driving and automobiling.

¶ The appointments of the hotel are perfect — unequalled cuisine, electric lights, elevator, cool, broad verandas, beautiful ballroom, and an orchestra of highest standard. ¶ Until June first write for descriptive Booklet to

Ainslie Q. Grabow, Proprietors

270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.

¶ After June first, care of New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

"OUR DAILY BREAD"

Marjorie was enjoying with us a rare treat of real home-made bread which a neighbor had sent us, knowing that we never bake bread at our house, but depend upon the baker to supply our daily needs. We little realized the impression the delicious bread had made upon the little three-year-old girl until that night we overheard her saying her "Lord's Prayer" in this manner:

"And give us this day our daily *home-made* bread!"

Lucy Hampton

SLIGHTLY MIXED

This is told as an actual happening to a Kansas man. He and his family had gathered around the supper-table, and all heads were bowed for him to ask a blessing, when the telephone bell rang. The man answered it; and, coming back to the table, again bowed his head, but again the telephone rang. He answered that call; then for the third time seated himself and, bowing his head, said, "Hello!"

Mary C. Kittridge

MY GARDEN ROSE

By Nelle Parker Jones

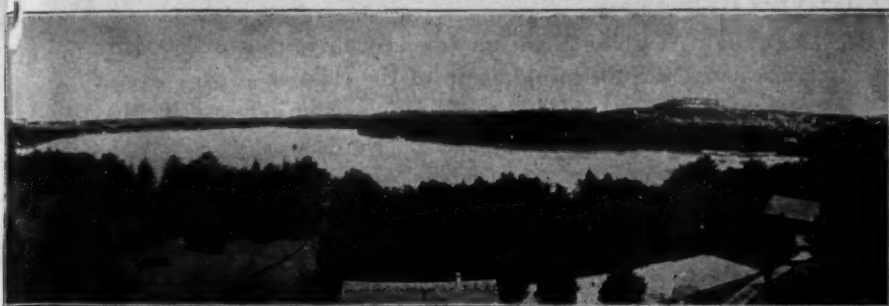
Rose is a vegetarian,
And every rule observes;
She would n't eat horseradish,
For 't would grate upon her nerves.

She always wears a canvas shoe,
And never duck, for she
Is one of the directors
Of the Bird Society!

Her parasols are linen dreams,
Her gowns of finest lace.
She won't wear gowns of kid or silk,
Or veil her pretty face.

And every day, on dress parade,
My dainty Rose walks by,
With cherry lips, and reddish hair,
And an iris in each eye!

Walnuts and Wine



From Photo, Copyright 1906, William H. Rau,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Crestmont Inn

EAGLES MERE
PENNSYLVANIA

THIS BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN RESORT
2200 feet above sea-level attracts those who want
refined and elegant surroundings



After September 3rd You Can Secure Accommodations
AT REDUCED RATES

WILLIAM Y. WARNER, Prop.



In writing to advertisers, kindly mention LIPPINCOTT'S.

Walnuts and Wine

GRANDPA OBJECTS

An elderly Washingtonian was recently discussing with a lady of his acquaintance the bringing up of the children of the present day, when he declared, with mingled sadness and indignation, that the present generation was "too much" for him.

"I'll give you an instance, madam," said he, "of an occurrence within my own personal observation that leads me to the conclusion that for pure, unadulterated impudence and assurance the American child is without an equal. While enjoying a leisurely stroll in a suburb the other afternoon I was approached by a boy of, I should say, twelve years. I had never seen him before, but this did not deter him from addressing me something in this wise:

"'Hello, grandpa! Have you seen my dog?'

"'You impudent little brat!' exclaimed I. 'How dare you address me in that way?'

"'Don't let that produce insomnia, grandpa,' resumed the audacious little rascal. 'I'm not trying to make a hit with you. Either you have seen my dog or you have not. If you have n't, we'll part in a friendly way, with no clothes torn; if you have, then please produce the pup. - It's a Boston bull, thoroughbred, a prize winner, and answers to the name of Bootles. Anything doing in the canine line?'

"'I have not seen your dog,' I responded coldly.

"'Then au revoir, grandpa,' shouted the little fiend, as he darted away.

"What do you think of that, madam? Is that a fair example of what we term the 'breeding' of our children? "

Fenimore Martin



NEW TO HIM

The leading lady of a road company playing in one of the smaller cities in Ohio concluded that she would press some of her lace collars one morning. She accordingly rang the bell, and when the hall-boy appeared said:

"Bring me up a hot iron."

In course of time he returned, empty-handed, and when the lady answered his knock he said:

"I could n't get it for you, lady."

"And why not?" she asked, mystified.

"The bar-tender said he did n't know how to mix it."

W. S. Ruhl

An Imitation Takes for Its Pattern the Real Article

THERE was never an imitation made of an imitation. Imitators always counterfeit the genuine article. The genuine is what you ask for, because genuine articles are the advertised ones. Imitations are not advertised, but depend for their business on the ability of the dealer to sell you something claimed to be "just as good" when you ask for the genuine, because he makes more profit on the imitation. Why accept imitations when you can get the genuine by insisting?

Refuse Imitations--Get What You Ask For

Walnuts and Wine

FROM VEGETABLE TO ANIMAL KINGDOM

The handwriting of Dr. Buckley, the eminent Methodist divine, is almost as illegible as was that of Horace Greeley. On one occasion when he was to deliver a sermon on "Oats and Wild Oats" he sent an announcement thereof to one of the religious weeklies. Imagine his mingled chagrin and amusement when it appeared in print that he would preach on "Cats and Wildcats."

Henrietta Lazarus

OLD FRIENDS

"Murray," as the parson's small boy intimately dubbed his mother, "before you was born, was you an angel up in heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"And before I was born, was I an angel up in heaven?"

"Why, yes, Paul."

"Then, before you was born and before I was born—was I 'quainted with you?"

Jane Belfield

ART IS LONG

By C. A. L.

To make the desert blossom like a rose,
Straight to the beauty shop my lady goes.
And 't is her tailor who with pads and laces
Doth undertake to build up the waist places.

THE REPORTER'S VERSION

How reporters sometimes make absurd mistakes in gathering news was humorously illustrated not long ago, when Helicon Hall, Upton Sinclair's Utopian Colony, burned down. Among those injured was Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, the well-known author. A youthful reporter on one of the big New York dailies, eager to get his story in the first edition, wrote hurriedly that "Grace MacGowan, the cook, suffered from serious burns."

And this reminds us of a typographical error in one of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poems. The author had written for a newspaper a sonnet containing this line:

My soul is a lighthouse keeper.

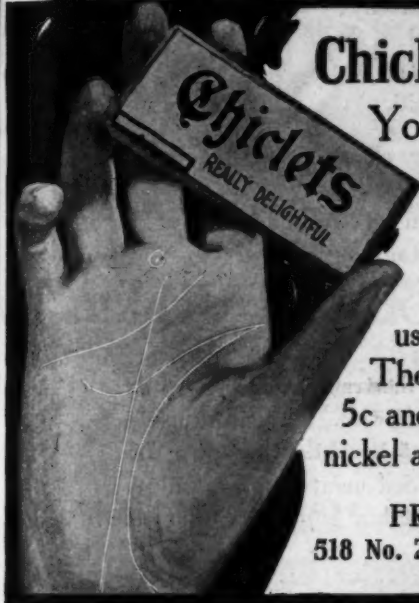
To her amazement, the verse read in print:

My soul is a light housekeeper.

Randolph Forbes

Walnuts and Wine

Chiclets



Chiclets! Chiclets! Chiclets!

You can't say Chiclets too often and if your neighborhood Druggist or Confectioner can't supply you with this dainty pearl-gray, candy-covered chewing gum when you ask for it, write to us and we'll send you a packet for a dime. The better kind of stores sell Chiclets in 5c and 10c packets and in little bags at a nickel an ounce.

FRANK H. FLEER & CO., Inc.
518 No. 24th Street Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary

THE great strides in every field of human activity during the century just closed have added thousands of new names to the lists of those whom the world delights to honor, a fact which the publishers of "LIPPINCOTT'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY AND MYTHOLOGY" have recognized by giving that notable work of reference a thorough and extended revision.

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By Charles Houston Goudiss

"T was dark upon the balcony;
I knew not what I did.
The moon (maybe conveniently)
Behind a cloud was hid.

I only know, lured on by charms
Quite dear to any man,
I pressed a shirt-waist in my arms
And kissed a coat of tan.

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"Lady, I'm out of work," explained the tramp, undismayed by the forbidding glare of the Illinois farmer's wife. "I'm a deep-sea fisherman; but the fish is all fished out of the Atlantic Ocean this year. Bein' a poor, unfortunate, but honest man, I'm now on my way walkin' to the Pacific coast, where the fishin' is good. Can't you help a feller along a bit?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the farmer's wife. "I'll just unloose the dog and help you run part of the way."

James True

HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE

There was once a man from Toledo, Ohio, who, while having "a good time" in the Tenderloin district, was, according to Simeon Ford, "held up" by an individual who suddenly darted out from a dark corner and presented a pistol at the head of the Westerner.

"Give me your money, or I'll blow out your brains!" observed the footpad.

Without flinching, the Toledo man calmly surveyed the highwayman. "Blow away," said he. "I'd rather be without brains in New York than without money."

Edwin Tarrisse

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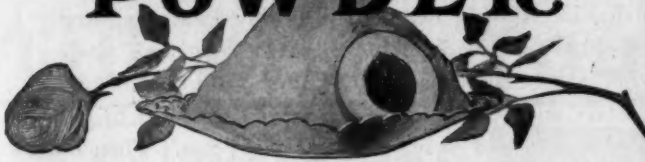
"Aunt Betsy, I hear that you are afraid to ride on the train."

"De truf, too, honey! Ef dar is anything dat I is skeered ob, it's dem white folks' cyars. I 'a' been on 'um but onct, an' den I nebber let all my weight down!"

S. L. Payne

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General Wheeler's body was brought to Washington draped in the Confederate flag as well as the Stars and Stripes, under both of which he had served so efficiently. While the body lay in state, an old Confederate soldier who had fought under General Wheeler in General Early's division, having heard of the Confederate flag and wishing to see his dear old leader in the light of long ago, made strenuous effort and at last stood beside the coffin. But on reaching Washington the Stars and Bars had been removed by order of the President, and the veteran looked in vain for his old flag. Then he looked at the body clad in the blue uniform, and, solemnly shaking his head, muttered:

"Wall, by gee, gen'ul! when you git on t'other side and Jubal Early catches you in them togs, I'm bettin' you 'll git the puttiest cussin' that ever cum your way!"

Willard French

A BETTER WAY

An early guest called the family away from the dinner table before the small boy had finished his pie. Mary, the new maid, was to stay with the little fellow till he was through. His mother's watchful eye gone, John picked his pie up in both hands and his face waded into it.

"No, no, John," said Mary. "Drap the poie onto yer plate, b'y, an' take yer knoife an' eat it loike a leddy."

Goldie Robertson Funk

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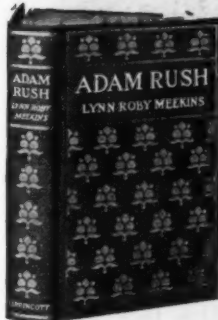
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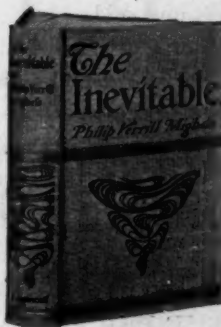
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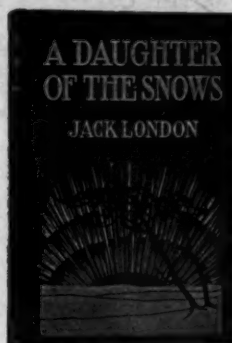
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"And what time was I born at?" asked her brother Jack.

"At seven o'clock."

"Huh! My birthday's longer 'n yours," cried Mabel exultingly.

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"That will do," thundered the magistrate. "Thirty days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is."

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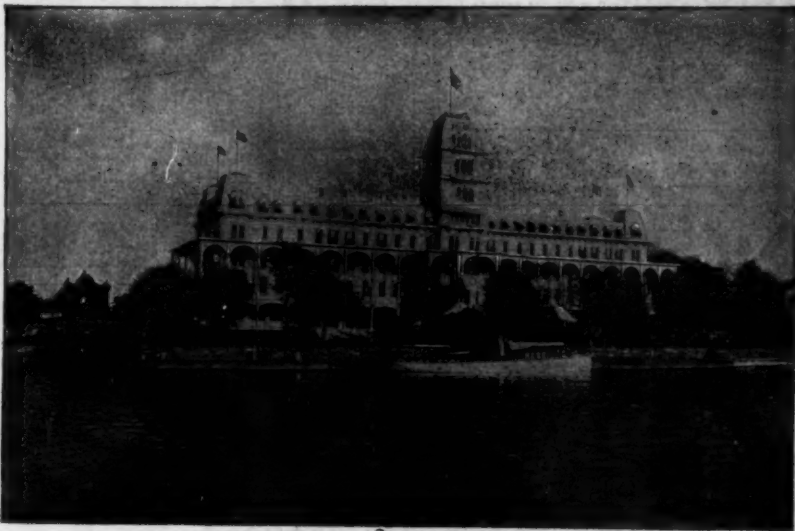
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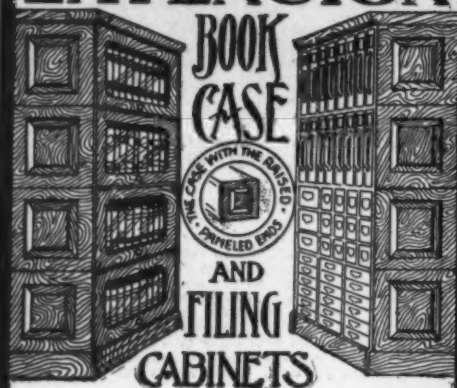
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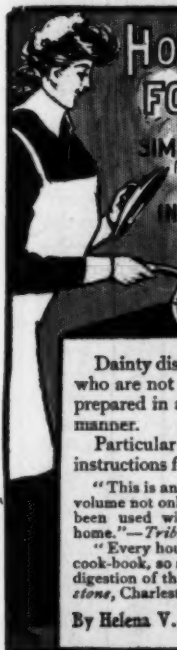
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All you need do is to write us on your business letter-head, or enclose your business card, and we will send you a box of 100 Baby Grand cigars on trial. If you like them send us \$3.75, but if for any reason you do not care for them, return the balance at our expense and no charge will be made for the few smoked. We pay expressage both ways.

The only secret connected with this cigar is the length of the filler. It's not composed of factory scraps, dust, dirt, or stems, but it is filled with the shorter leaves from the choice tobacco used in our highest-priced clear Havanas. This is LONG CUT so that any objection to a short filler is overcome.

Our complete line of over 36 styles is sold to business men, professional men, and clubs everywhere. We make cigars as high as 15c. each which compare favorably with those sold at 25c. straight in the usual retail way.

Our methods eliminate the profits of salesmen, jobbers, and dealers, and bring our high-grade cigars to you at Rock Bottom Prices.

As a means of introduction we offer our Baby Grand cigar. Send to-day for a box—on trial—just to convince yourself. No advance payment, no risk if you don't like them.

La Reclama Cuban Factory
1089 Third Ave., New York City

References—Union Exchange Bank, Dun and Bradstreet's



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BROWN'S BLUFF.—Continued.



BROWN.—“Help! help! Take 'em away!”
THE CAT.—“Well, that's one on me! I don't see anything.”



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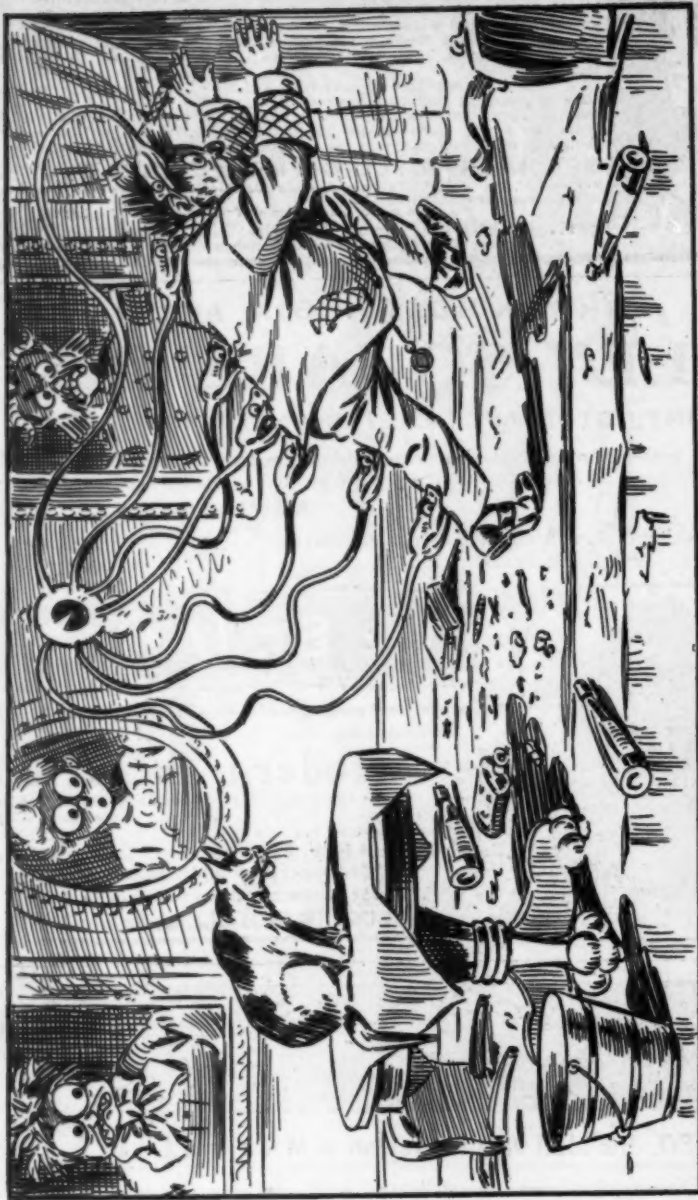
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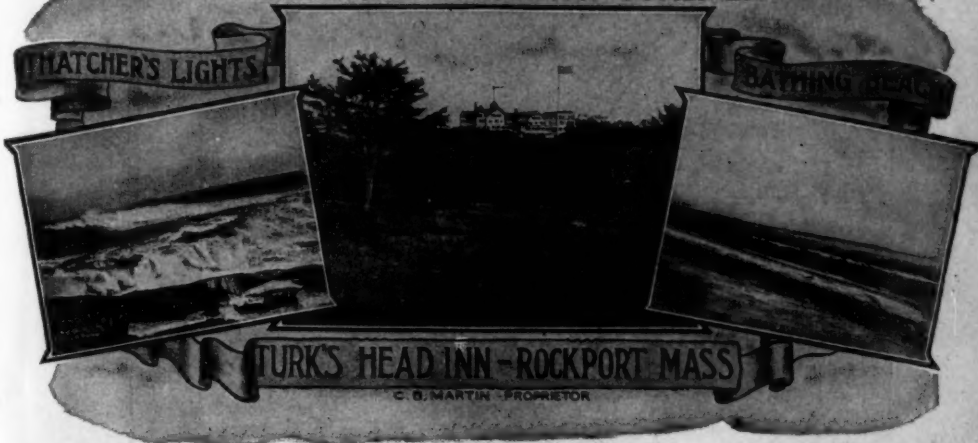
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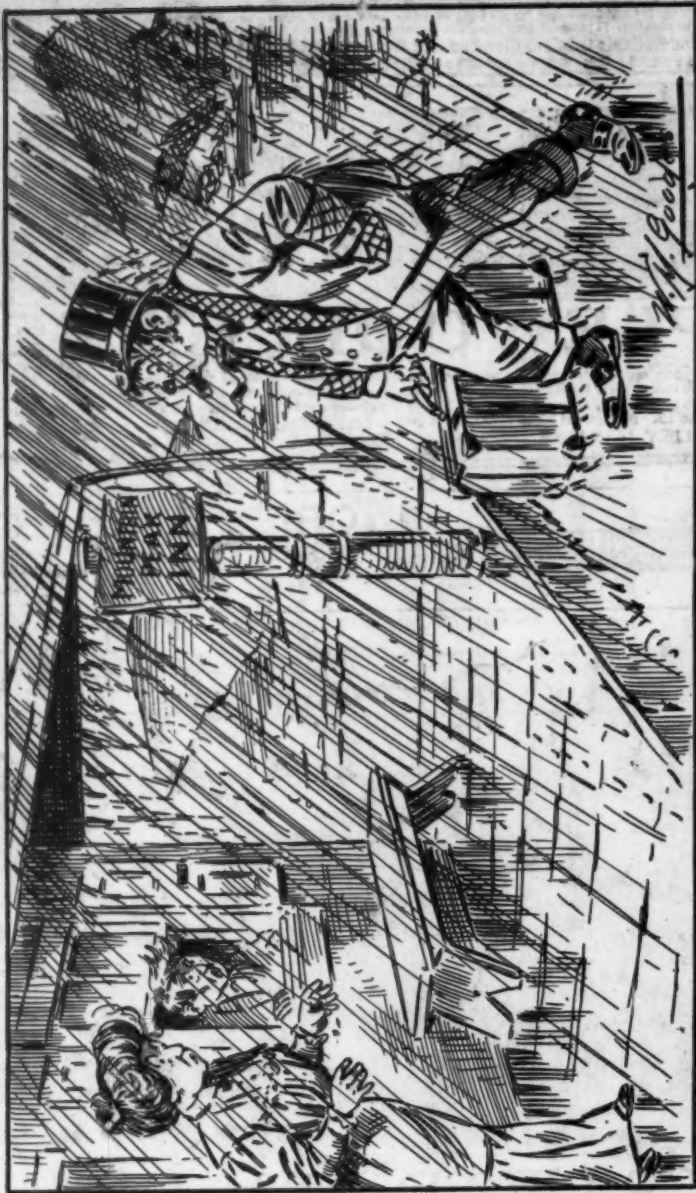
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